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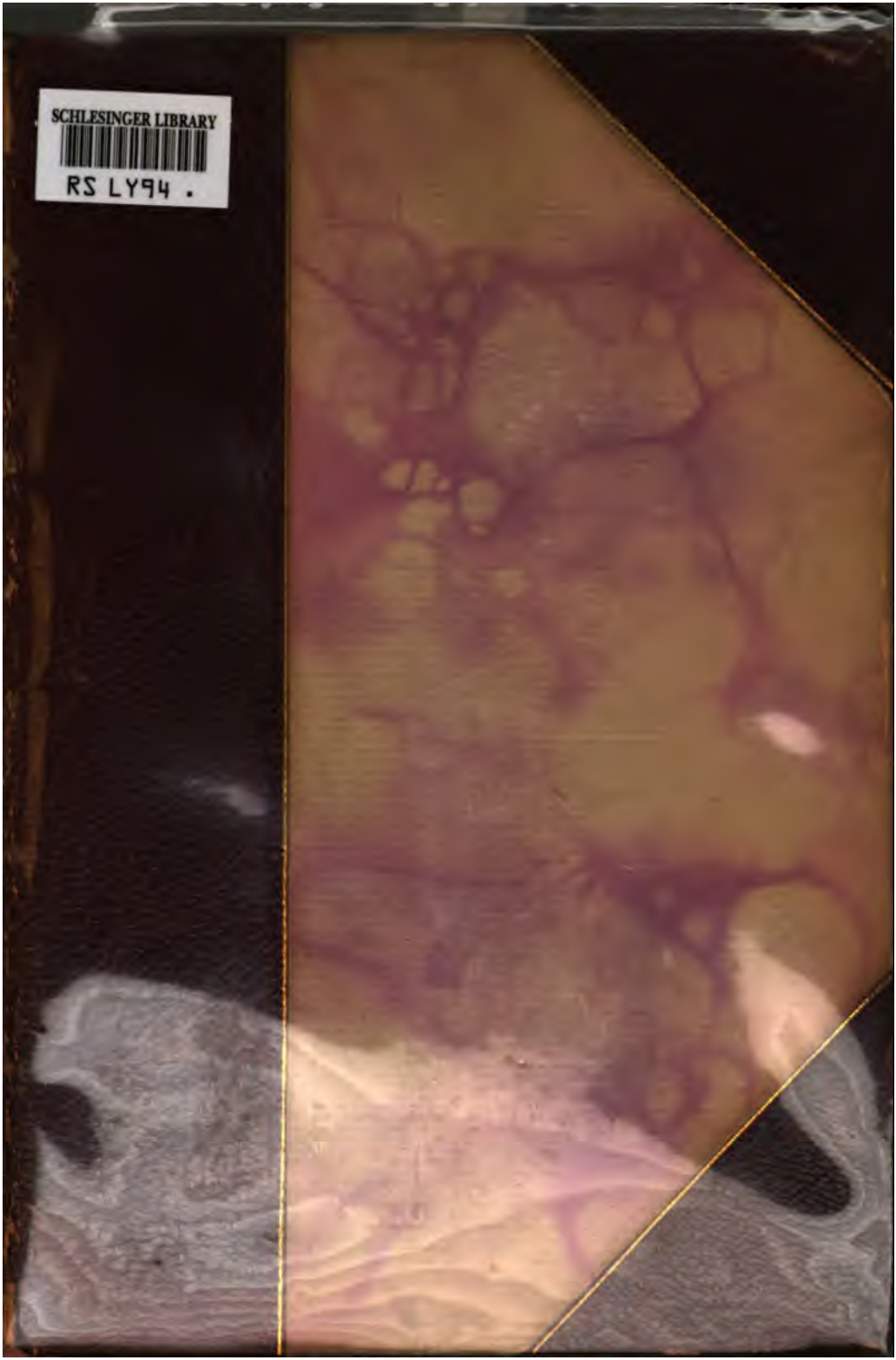

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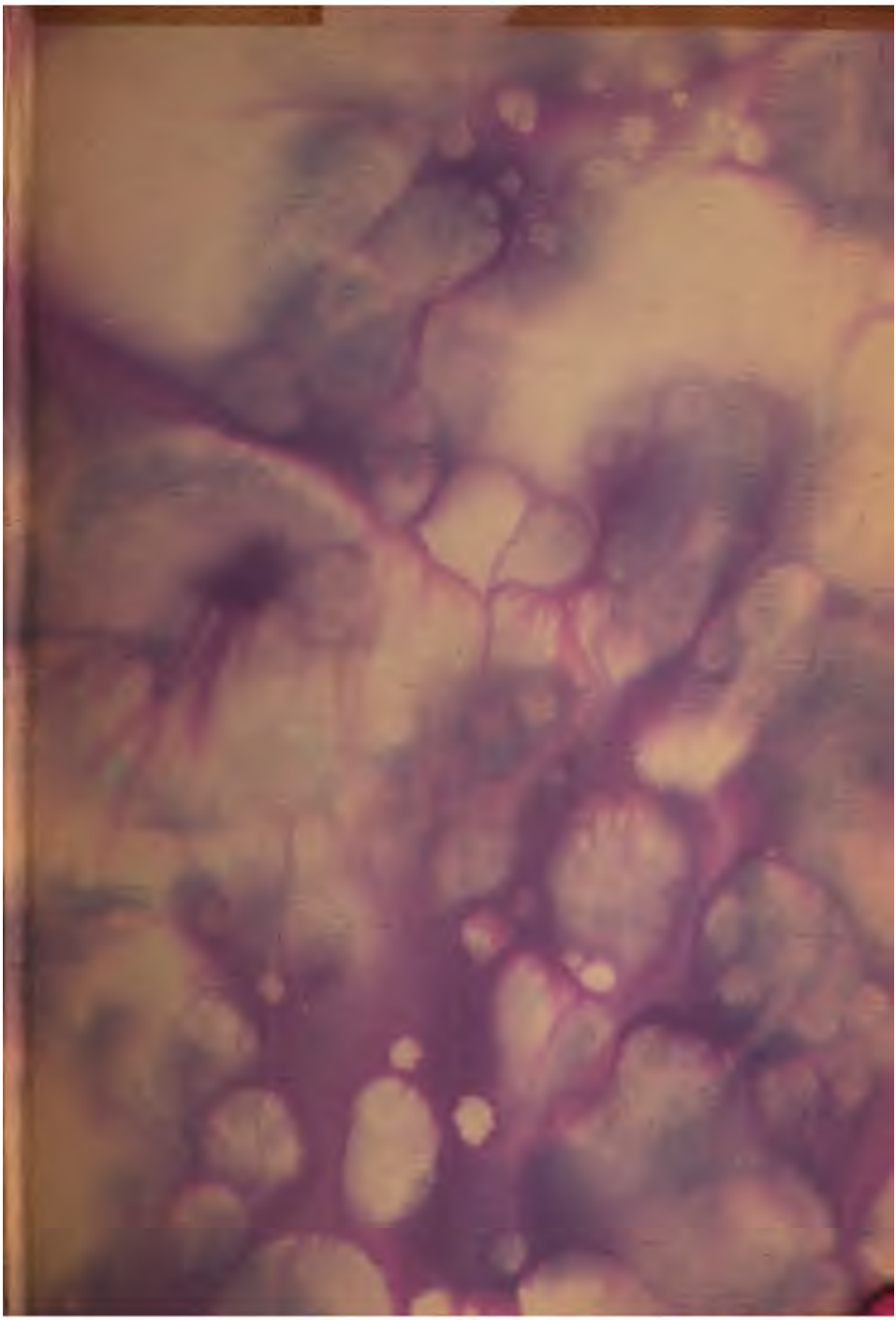

TWELVE MONTHS

WITH

FREDRIKA BREMER IN SWEDEN.

The Queen Dowager of Sweden.

TWELVE MONTHS

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FREDRIKA BREMER

IN SWEDEN.

BY

MARGARET HOWITT.

ÅRSTA.

VOL II.

London:
JACKSON, WALFORD, AND HODDER,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1866.

839.7
B83
9H
v.2

UNWIN BROTHERS, PRINTERS, BUCKLERSBURY, E.C.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE DANISH WAR 1

CHAPTER II.

LAPLAND AND THE LAPS 25

CHAPTER III.

THE ROYAL BRIDE AND THE SWEDISH STAGE 60

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE-CAPS OF UPSALA 72

CHAPTER V.

SPRING-TIME 82

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMER FLITTINGS 95

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO UPSALA 105

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE

VISIT TO UPSALA (CONTINUED) 131

CHAPTER IX.

MIDSUMMER DAY AND PARTINGS PRESENT AND FUTURE . 160

CHAPTER X.

THREE ROYAL RESIDENCES 174

CHAPTER XI.

ARSTA 198

CHAPTER XII.

OLD THINGS AND NEW 237

CHAPTER XIII.

NEIGHBOURS AND FRIENDS 253

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS BREMER'S BIRTHDAY 279

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END 301

CHAPTER XVI

THE CONFIRMATION. 314

CHAPTER XVII.

PAGE
COUNTRY WEDDINGS 327

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS BREMER AND FINLAND 337

CHAPTER XIX.

LAST DAYS AT ÅRSTA 347

CHAPTER XX.

LAST FAREWELLS 363

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CLOSE OF A NOBLE LIFE 373

CORRIGENDUM.

Page 99.—This incident refers to Johan Ihre; but owing to oral relation an anachronism has occurred.

TWELVE MONTHS

WITH

FREDRIKA BREMER IN SWEDEN.

VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

THE DANISH WAR.

MARCH 15TH.—Whilst the long winter still remains, and spring is only spoken of as coming in May, and whilst within doors all proceeds in its usual quietness, our Swedish sympathies are called forth on the right hand and on the left; first for suffering Denmark, and secondly for dreary Lapland.

I will, to-day, speak of the first, a subject which I have hitherto avoided, from the painful disappointment felt here by the English line of policy, and which, therefore, makes poor Denmark a still sorer subject to me. The Danes naturally look to the kindred Swedes for

help; the Swedes reply, let England support us, and we will gladly sacrifice ourselves in your cause; but we alone can do nothing. So speak and act those in authority; and in the meantime a number of warm-hearted Swedish volunteers have left for Denmark to enrol themselves in the Danish army. The Swedish ladies from the first rumour of war prepared lint and knit stockings, and provided other warm supplies for the poor Danish soldiers. At the commencement of February we were so engaged every evening. Hulda read aloud reports from Denmark, Tante Fredrika and I knitted; she using blue and gold coloured wool, wishing the Danes to see, by the well-known colours, the sympathy which Swedish women, at least, felt for them. Ida, too, was very busy in the same good work, and amongst other things knit a splendid "*Friend*," as comforters are here called, in crimson wool, on which she embroidered, in large black letters, "God be with thee." She desired that one poor Danish soldier at least, should have the expression of her sympathy, though he would never know from whom it came.

It seems from the Danish account of them-

selves in the papers, that "Jens," the familiar appellation of the Dane, is not naturally a military character. In this respect he differs from many other nations. The Frenchman with his innate tact, great courage, imperturbable good humour and intense love of *La Gloire* is a born soldier. The Prussian, brought up in a military state, can march with his battalion, without the barrel of his musket being a hair's breadth out of position. The well-disciplined Austrian, with his perfect *sang-froid* and dexterity with fire-arms is unrivalled on the field of battle. The Swede, with his little weakness for uniform, and his great desire to terrify the Russians, becomes a volunteer. But poor Jens, who abhors an army used for parade, oppression, or disciplined robbery, never would become a soldier, except for the defence of his country when his dearest ties are at stake.

These national characteristics being overlooked in the first instance, everyone spoke positively of the Danes' success.

Never shall I forget Saturday evening, the 6th of February. We were busy knitting, as usual, when a gentleman, a friend of Tante Fredrika's, rushed into the drawing-room,

exclaiming, "Have you heard the sad news? Dannevirke is abandoned!"

Down dropped Tante Fredrika's blue and yellow "*friend*" with the words, "I will never work for cowards!"

A moment's reflection, and she continued, "Hand me back my knitting. How could I doubt the Danes! This is some bold stratagem which will inevitably crown them with glory!"

The following day telegrams arrived which confirmed the bewildering intelligence. The event had been one of necessity, not of stratagem. The whole city was absorbed by the Dannevirke, and people called on each other, anxious to exchange their opinions and to collect fresh information.

On Monday there was a still more universal excitement; the air was filled with the words, "Denmark!" "Dannevirke!" "Treachery!" "The king!" "Uproar in Copenhagen!"

Crowds of artisans and madams gathered at the corners of the streets, where the latest telegrams were posted, some declaring that the Danish crown would be offered to the Swedish king; others asserting that were such the case the acceptance of it would be the greatest

misfortune which could happen to Sweden, as it would expose it to the powerful enemies of the oppressed land.

On the preceding Friday the Danish ambassador had been publicly serenaded in honour of the successes of his country. Now everything was changed; yet every heart felt the deepest commiseration, all the more acutely from the inability to help.

Miss Bremer no longer boasts of Denmark as before; she is silent on the subject, but has never again left off knitting, nor has she lost faith in the ultimate success of the Danish cause. She carries with her wherever she goes, Hans Christian Andersen's lines written at this time of sorrow, and if she hears a doubt regarding Denmark, she reads in confident hope—

"'Tis a stormy night; the wild sea raves,
Our small bark drives o'er the pitiless waves,
But the Lord our God by the helm doth stay,
He guides, let man forebode as he may.

"No one knows what the morrow will bring,
Save the Lord our God who knows everything;
But when for Denmark all looks so drear,
Then help and succour from God are near!"

Every word relative to Denmark is carefully read. Professor Bergfalk and Tante Fredrika hold Danish debates every Friday evening, in which I take a deep interest, and though every fact concerning Dannevirke and Dybbel may be known in England, still I retain the two following little episodes in the experience of poor "Jens" as particularly interesting; I translate them from the papers, and first the account of the dog "Raps," premising that the soldiers, like big children, are extremely fond of animals, especially of horses, hence they will often say, "so many horses have fallen," without reference to the riders, as if the horses counted for more than the men.

Now for the dog.

"This year the Danish soldiers have begun to train dogs, but the time as yet has been short, and their occupations of so serious a character that this amusement has not fully developed itself. One instance will suffice, merely observing that one dog will belong to several divisions of a regiment, the number of which is marked upon his back. He occupies the same quarters, and receives the same supplies as his regiment. He accompanies

his regiment wherever it is ordered, both on the march and to the battle, meets the men at the alarm-post when the signal for marching out is given, cheerfully leaving the snuggest and most agreeable dog-quarters to go to the outposts, in short, is inseparably one of the brave fellows whose number he bears.

"The dog about which I am particularly intending to speak was called Raps. I say *was*, because unfortunately he is now no more. He was a thin, long-bodied dog, ugly beyond measure; half cur, half poodle, draggled and dirty, but always in good temper. He had two rows of snow-white teeth, and two black, brilliant, faithful-looking eyes. For the rest he was a genius, a perfect Jack-of-all-trades, who did great credit to his teacher, a man of Copenhagen, by trade a shoemaker, by nature an adventurer, with a closely shorn head and a pair of large brass ear-rings, but who had been raised by his merits to the post of under-corporal. In quarters Raps was nearly always with the under-corporal, but whether the dog or the man most sought each other's company is not quite a settled question. It is enough that they spent their leisure hours together, the evidence of

which appeared in the person of Raps. The under-corporal disentangled his long matted hair, then clipped it with many artistic flourishes, till poor Raps presented a most grotesque figure. In the progress of his transformation he had at one time small tufts of hair hanging over his eyes and jaws, all along his back and down his legs, till he resembled a creature set over with prickles. Next his head was closely cropped and coloured bright green; the hair from his back was cut off, and his moustaches twisted up to his eyes. In short, there was no end to the devices of the under-corporal. Nor did he neglect Raps's intellectual training, as was evident one day when he accompanied him with some reports to the captain.

"When the under-corporal entered the room, making the military salute, the captain burst into a loud laugh, and no wonder, for in the doorway behind him stood Raps, on his hind legs in the very same position, his right fore-paw to his head. The dog with his half-crazy coiffure, looked so genuinely comic that not even his master could help laughing. Raps alone preserved his gravity, and remained standing stock still, with his paw to his head.

"'What sort of animal is that?' demanded the captain.

"'It is a dog, sir, which is as wise as a christian,' was the reply. 'Step forward, Raps,' said he, addressing his pupil, 'and show the captain what the Danes shall have.'

"On this, Raps, advancing a few steps on his hind-legs, pretended to be hugging and embracing something with the most comic delight. The under-corporal on this cast a triumphant look at the captain. 'And what shall the Austrians have?' Raps laid himself on the ground, stretched out his fore legs, and appeared to be stone dead. Another glance and a fresh question, 'What then shall the Prussians have?' Raps rose, showed his teeth, and his contempt for the imaginary Prussians by turning his tail upon them.

"After these proofs of his scholar's cleverness, the corporal having transacted his business, took a step backwards and bowed; Raps again standing on his hind legs did the same. And so the two withdrew.

"This intelligent and interesting animal was always present with his regiment at drill or at funerals, never trembled in danger, never gave

way in exertion; his whole life was devoted to the regiment which had adopted him. Was it to an engagement or the outposts that they were going, he marched of his own accord by the side of the left wing, silent and apparently absorbed in thought, as if he well knew the object of the expedition.

"In the retreat from Dannevirke, Raps leapt up by the side of the driver of a bread cart. When some of the soldiers of his regiment, worn out by fatigue and unable further to exert themselves, crept to the side of the cart, Raps welcomed them, and with every demonstration of satisfaction saw them stowed in the straw and the cover closed over them; but if any other soldiers sought the same shelter, he warned them off with such furious determination that they found it best to leave him and his companions in undisturbed possession of their comfortable quarters.

"One morning, Raps was on duty with his regiment at the extreme outposts on the other side of a wood before the redoubts. It had been bitterly cold through the night, with alternating rain and snow. The sky was leaden grey, and the faces of the poor, drenched

soldiers were the same. Immediately before the hour of relief a Prussian column came from behind the fences, below the line of the outposts, and began a fire on the Danes. Several were killed, amongst them the under-corporal with the ear-rings. During the attacks Raps went backwards and forwards, his tail in the air, facing the enemy and barking furiously.

"When, however, all was over, he was found lying silent in a snow-drift, a few steps from the corporal, a pool of blood around him, making it evident that he had been shot.

"The news of his death spread a universal sorrow through the whole line, and when the discharge from duty came, the men collected round the spot where he had breathed his last."

As regards the retreat from Dannevirke, I preserve the following which, referring to men, and not dogs, describes the strange visions which haunted the poor Danish soldiers in their sorrowful retreat.

"I have scarcely," says Erik Bögh, from whom I quote, "conversed with a single person who took part in that unhappy retreat—all of whom, it must be remembered, had previously been exhausted by want of rest, of

warmth and of food—who had not experienced the same phenomenon. That, perhaps, however, which astonished me most, was the remarkable analogy in the images presenting themselves to men of totally dissimilar constitutions and temperaments.

"We all know that in delirium-tremens and such disorders as are accompanied by congestion of the blood to the brain, the mind is generally haunted by larger or lesser black phantoms, flies, beetles, serpents, rats, chimney-sweeps, and so on, up to gloomy funeral processions. The cause of this peculiar phenomenon, however, is owing to purely mechanical obscuration of sight.

"But what can be the cause of the visions which appeared to the greater number of our worn-out soldiers, and which were generally of the same character, namely, interminable perspectives of splendid palaces and houses on both sides of the road? I have spoken to officers and privates, natives of towns and country places, and have learned that the same class of vision has appeared to all. In another respect, also, I have found a remarkable coincidence, namely, that spite of the night being

pitch dark, the palaces and buildings were bright as if seen by the clearest moonlight.

"Other visions have been of a still more fanciful character.

"One man appeared to be marching through incessant ranks of soldiers, who with arms presented, filled both sides of the way; another saw innumerable rows of white tents the whole length of the line; a third, a luxuriant summer landscape; a fourth, arcades of oriental lamps; a fifth, a complete illumination, with crackers, rockets, and fountains of fire, as far as the eye could reach. It was nearly always the same object which presented itself, repeated in endless variations, as a *Fata Morgana*, and the illusion was seldom of a painful or disagreeable character. Of the latter class of illusions, I have only heard one or two instances.

"The first was from an officer who was obliged to employ whatever time he could spare from severe field service in writing and making calculations in figures. 'By degrees,' said he, 'as the day darkened, and distant objects became indistinct, the white, snow-covered plain raised itself perpendicularly on either hand, like two immense sheets of paper,

which were ruled as the pages of an account-book, the posts of the telegraph representing the vertical and the wires the horizontal lines, and as I went on, becoming ever closer and closer to each other, and, at length, crowded with names and figures, which, in the fifth column, being all fractional, were enough to torment a man, in the full use of his faculties, to death, much more a poor wretch who felt himself on the eve of losing his senses altogether.'

"The other was from a private, from Copenhagen, who had been unusually exposed to hunger, cold, and night-duty, and who was barely able, by the extremest exertion of his will, to drag himself along in the ranks.

"'That which tormented me most,' he said, 'was that, whichever way I turned my eyes, I saw nothing but great storehouses, from all the windows of which looked forth famished warehousemen, making faces at me and singing 'Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!' just as is sung in the chorus of 'Orpheus.' I heard this tune for more than four hours together, and though I talked to my comrades, it was all the same; still the terrible melody went on, 'Ha!

ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!' and the famished countenances made grimaces at me, keeping time to the hideous tune. It was more than mortal could bear.'

"The effect of this excessive fatigue and anxiety was such, that many of the sufferers seemed nearly passing into mental aberration. There were some who temporally lost their memory to that degree, that they neither knew whence they were coming nor whither they were going. There were officers who were perfectly unable to state to what regiment they belonged; and I have heard one of the bravest amongst them acknowledge that there was a certain half-hour, during which he was in despair, feeling that in case of an attack he should be as much at his wit's end as a drunken man."

Tante Fredrika seeing the interest I take in these human experiences under such painful and anomalous conditions has given me a sketch of an old army-surgeon, which she has cut from a newspaper. The writer says:—

"I lately met our old head-surgeon under very sorrowful circumstances. He was not personally a stranger to me, for I had formerly

served in the same regiment with him, but it seems that I understood very little of his real character. I knew him only as a taciturn, disagreeable old fellow, of a crabbed temper; so much so, indeed, that I had already said, 'He is a pretty kind of doctor to send into the field.'

"Now, however, he appeared to me quite a different man. There was an animation in his eye, a kind of irresistible force which magnetised, as it were, all who came under his influence. He was now exactly in his proper element, moving about amongst the wounded, who were being constantly brought in. I never before saw the mere situation perform such a miracle on a man. Human sympathy, tender compassion, and true religion, together with the keen insight and experience of the profession, seemed to rule every thought and action, and to give expression to his countenance. One of the assistant surgeons who saw my combined astonishment and admiration as I watched his movements, whispered in passing 'Is it not a wonderful transformation?'

"I stood by a poor fellow who had just been

brought in severely wounded by a ball in the breast. His eyes ceaselessly followed the old head-surgeon. There was a straining anxiety in his looks which I interpreted as fear of death, and a presentiment of its near approach. After a little while, the old surgeon came up to the wounded man. In a moment he cut away his uniform, and laid bare the terrible wound. The poor fellow stared wildly in his face without a word. The doctor stroked his cheek tenderly, and said, 'Be of good courage, my child!'

"The wound was very speedily dressed.

"'Is it a dangerous wound, doctor?' asked the poor soldier in a tremulous voice.

"'Pray to God, my son, and He will help thee!' said the surgeon, in a voice that, seeming to come from another world, touched the most sacred chords of the innermost being. It seemed as if the anguish of his death-stricken soul were at once dispersed. A profound calm stole over his features. He pressed warmly the hand which the surgeon put forth towards him. A moment later clasped his own hands in prayer, and his spirit had departed.

"It was impossible for me to conceal my

emotion. A tear of tender compassion was in the veteran's eye, also, but the next moment he was busy with another wounded man.

"There was at no great distance a poor fellow frightfully injured in the lower part of the face, who could not speak, yet was most anxious to attract the doctor's attention, but his turn was not yet come. The ambulance-soldiers were bringing in the wounded, and the old surgeon, sending a rapid glance along the ghastly rows of bleeding and death-like men, showed no preference. This poor fellow, therefore, had to wait.

"In a few minutes, however, he was kneeling by his side, the wounded man making frightfully ineffectual efforts to speak.

"'Don't exert yourself, my son,' said the doctor, 'I perfectly understand you. Now quietly shut your eyes, and take a moment's rest. Be assured of my being beside you, and of my neglecting nothing.'

"The poor fellow was, as it were, magnetised. All his disquiet was gone. He closed his eyes, but he never more opened them in this world.

"A soldier, whose thigh was frightfully shattered, had, in the meantime, been brought in,

and placed on a mattress. The wounded limb had already been partially dressed and bound up, but the blood still flowed on every side. He lay bemoaning his fate.

"'Unfortunate man that I am! I shall lose my leg! Oh what a misfortune!'

"The old surgeon was by his side. As soon as the poor fellow saw him, he exclaimed:—

"'Oh, Mr. Head-Surgeon, I shall lose my leg!'

"The doctor, without a word, rapidly uncovered the limb and examined the wound. I watched him. He put his forefinger to his forehead, and seemed to meditate a second or two. After that he poured out a little brandy, and said as he gave it to the despairing man:—

"'Who told you that you would lose your leg?'

"'The under-surgeon, who dressed it, told me so,' replied he.

"'But I am the head-surgeon,' returned the good man, 'and I tell you that you shall not lose your leg; I promise you you shall not.'

"'But I feel it,' moaned the poor fellow, 'the wound is so high up, I feel that it is very bad.'

"The good surgeon took his hand, and said:—

"'I am an old man, and an old doctor. You may perfectly depend upon me. Be calm, that is all, and you shall not lose your leg, I promise you, nor will I leave you just at present. But you must be calm. Now pray to God. Your mental disquiet makes everything worse.'

"The poor fellow grew gradually tranquil, and thanked God.

"I heard the following day that in the evening cramp had come on, and he died, but he was peaceful to the last.

"On a field of battle a surgeon of the soul is equally important, though less thought of, than a surgeon for the body. Blessed is he who is equally skilful in both, like this old Danish army-surgeon."

Amongst the most warm-hearted sympathisers for Denmark are the Upsala students. So excited are they about the war that they cannot wait for news *viâ* Stockholm, but have telegrams sent direct to them from Denmark.

In the other University, Lund, a meeting has been called by one of the dignitaries, at which it was agreed that a national subscription should be set on foot for the providing a

national corps of volunteers to serve in the Danish war. The Bishop, Thomander, and the greater number of the Professors, support the movement.

A meeting was also held a week since in Stockholm, at which about a thousand people were present, when it was unanimously agreed that the cause of Denmark was likewise that of Sweden; and that they, the whole assembly representing the nation, were ready for any acts of self-sacrifice on her behalf, provided the Government would but go along with them.

The meeting was a very quiet one, but the common people, regarding it as a public demonstration, made a sort of riot for several succeeding evenings, thinking that Government was slow in befriending a suffering sister-country. There has not been for years in this quiet capital so much disturbance as this subject has occasioned. One night the mob assembled before the residence of Count Manderström, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the chief delinquent, as the people believe, and expressed their dissatisfaction by smashing his windows.

The head of the police, in the meantime, and his subordinates, a small body of quiet individuals, who usually walk about dreamily in loose dressing-gown sort of coats, with nothing apparently to do, suddenly roused themselves into a state of righteous indignation, and shaking off their torpor rushed into the scene of action, struck about with their batons, and turned upon the assembled mob the water of the city through long leathern hose. All enthusiasm for Denmark was thus damped for the moment; after which it was no longer the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but the head of the police, who was the enemy of Denmark. His windows had therefore to be smashed, and a public demonstration everywhere made against the police, who were pelted with stones wherever seen. Quiet patrols of soldiers were next called out to keep the people in order and subdue the popular commotion.

It always sounds formidable to talk of the soldiery being called out, but in truth, it was a very harmless affair. The streets were quite peaceable during the day, and it was only at night, between nine and eleven, when that class of men and boys who enjoy a little spree,

assembled in screaming companies, that there was even a suggestion of disorder. How, indeed, could people be frightened when little boys were heard to say one to another, "We'll have a turn at screeching to-night!"

There was certainly a great deal of barking, but very little biting. So it went on, more or less, through the whole of last week. On Sunday, however, spite of what I have said above, I must own to a momentary anxiety. Till then we had merely heard of the disturbance at a distance. About nine, however, shrieking was near at hand. On week-day nights the glowworm lights of the market-women's stalls shine out pleasantly, but on Sunday evenings all is dark, the shops being shut and trade suspended. This night, however, a splendid moonlight illumining the broad expanse of freshly fallen snow, brought out in bold relief dark groups of men and boys, who simultaneously begun to howl. They howled, and hooted, and yelled. It sounded dismal enough, when all of a sudden in dashed a small number of cavalry with the moonlight glancing on their unsheathed swords. Once seen, and that was enough, every yell was silenced, and

the black mass dissolving into atoms, vanished as if into thin air.

Yesterday, a further outburst occurred in another part of the town. This probably will end all tumult; the mob, grown hoarse, will have no further voice in public affairs.

CHAPTER II.

LAPLAND AND THE LAPS.

MARCH 19TH.—On rising this morning I perceived the square to be empty of market-women, and that all the shops were closed. It seemed strange, but still more was I surprised when, after breakfast, preparing for the Seminarium, I was told by Hulda that it was too early for church.

"Church!" I returned.

"Yes, it is a holy day. It is Annunciation."

Instead, therefore, of attending the Seminarium, which was closed, I have been with Hulda to full service in church, and having now a clear afternoon before me, will speak of our second object of interest, Lapland.

Tante Fredrika tells me that, in her various foreign journeyings, she has been surprised by the ignorance that exists even amongst intelli-

gent people with regard to Sweden; thus she had been asked whether reindeer are always used in Stockholm?

This seems very ridiculous to a Swede, for the reindeer are hundreds of miles distant, and, indeed, could not exist as far south as Stockholm. Both reindeer and their owners, the Laps, are rare in the capital.

When the late King Oscar was crowned, a party of these little people came to the capital with thirty reindeer as a present to his Majesty, who, they heard, had a large family; and as provisions were dear, these creatures, they thought, would be an acceptable offering from his loyal Lap subjects, and a proof also of their good will towards him. Probably, they might think that he would drink the milk and eat the flesh, and clothe himself in their skins, and that her Majesty the Queen would sew with needles made of their bones, and thread formed from their sinews.

The Laplanders are a cheerful, simple-hearted, and loyal people; they put great faith in their sovereign, though of necessity there can be but little intercourse with him. The party who brought down the reindeer were very

graciously received, and their present gladly acknowledged. Various entertainments were made in their honour, and on all such occasions they behaved in the simplest and most self-possessed manner. Even the little mistakes which they made were inoffensive from their child-like simplicity. At one party, at which Tante Fredrika was present, a Lap-woman gave the plate from which she had been eating ice to a very grand lady, believing that it was in order to do so.

When the present King, in 1858, made, as regent, a royal tour through his dominions and penetrated into Lapmark, Sara Maria, a young woman of Nasafjell, quietly went up to the Prince and presented him with a beautiful purse which she had embroidered in gold and silver thread.

Prince Carl inquired whether he might dispose of it as he pleased, and the young Lap-woman replying in the affirmative,—

"Then," said he, "I shall give it to my wife. She has more money than I have, and will thus make a better use of it. I spend so much in travelling."

Shortly afterwards Sara Maria received a

present of money from the Prince, who having some left after his journey had not forgotten his kind friend.

This awakening a grateful sentiment in her heart, she made a beautiful pair of slippers of reindeer-skin for the Prince, then King, desiring no acknowledgment for them, but simply that they might be accepted as a mark of pure loyalty. In this spirit the slippers were made, not in secret, but known to her whole tribe; and a great deal of talk and excitement arose amongst them in consequence. The greater number objected to her making this present as impertinent. The new King, they said, would have no time to think about Lapland, and it might displease him. Sara Maria, however, had faith in him, and a few of the tribe supporting her in this fidelity, the little offering was sent. Nor were they mistaken. The King, pleased to be thus remembered, returned his thanks officially, together with seventy-five riksdalers. This honour raised Sara Maria at once into a person of great importance; and all her tribe now pride themselves on belonging to her.

The Laplanders are short and squat in

figure, very unlike the tall, good-looking Finns, although both nations call themselves Suome, and are so designated by the Norwegians. The Russian name for them both, is Sum. They object to the name of Laps, this word being derived from the Russian lapor, *coward, sorcerer, poisoner.*

A few years since there happened to be a gigantic Lap-woman. She came to Stockholm, where, unfortunately, she died; her skeleton being preserved in the museum as a curiosity. She told Miss Bremer that she had never objected to being tall, until, one day, happening for the first time to notice her long shadow thrown across the snow, she became terrified at herself.

Laplanders are divided into three nations, and speak a distinct language. First, those in the promontory of Lapland, who are Russian subjects, and support themselves mainly by fishing; secondly, the occupiers of the northern portion of Sweden, called Lapmark, who rely chiefly on the reindeer for support; finally, the Norwegian Laps, who are fishermen and keepers of reindeer combined.

The whole race have square faces, black eyes

and straight black hair, which seldom curls. Like the Chinese and Tartars, they are of Mongolic descent. The swarthy complexion of the Laplander is not however derived alone from his Asiatic origin, but in part from dwelling in a constantly smoky hut or tent.

They are very honest; theft or murder is extremely unusual amongst them. Yet the old, miserable story of colonisation, where the civilised man persecutes and finally exterminates the native possessor of the soil, is being carried on in Lapmark, producing bitter strife between the squatter and the Lap, and very unwittingly so on the part of the latter.

The lemming, a species of mouse, leaves at irregular periods, its abode in the mountain-lands of Lapmark, and proceeding in immense hordes towards the cultivated districts, devours corn and every kind of vegetation on its way. The Swedish squatter, pressing steadily forward in the opposite direction, enacts on the poor Lap the part of the lemming. Never stopping whilst any pasturage or fuel lasts, he drives the bewildered Lap constantly forward towards the perpetual snow. He has now driven him to regions where the very fish cease, and where the fir, un-

able to grow, abandons the chill morass to dwarf knotted birch, now no longer of a bright, joyous green, but of a dreary brown hue. And farther still will the pitiless squatter drive him, for the whortleberry still grows there, and of that too he will possess himself.

The Lap dreads to sojourn within 800 feet of the eternal snow, for there the food totally fails his reindeer. But the remorseless squatter will not rest until he has driven the weary Lap beyond the snow-line to perish with the last feeble lichen. It is a melancholy, but apparently an inevitable fate.

The Laplander, forced back by cruel winter into the lowlands, wanders with his reindeer over the moors, once common to all his nation. No fences mark private property, yet hardly has the intelligent reindeer, scenting his necessary food underneath, began to tear away the hard, incrusted snow with his hoof, than an angry squatter appears and drives away the frightened herd and its master, from his property. The amazed Laplander patiently takes up his hut, and wanders away with his children and his reindeer into the forest. No sooner settled again than another squatter appears. It is his clearing;

still he will not be too hard on the Laplander, he will allow him to plant his hut there for the winter only he will not have the reindeer, which does mischief in the forest, which is his.

Deprive a Swedish Laplander of his reindeer and you deprive him of his means of temporal existence; for the squatter has appropriated his fisheries.

To darken this already gloomy picture, the squatters are in general a rude, lawless race, often the scum of the nation; though there are happily bright exceptions—Læstadius, the missionary, for example, the descendant of a long line of squatters who had been the pastors of Arieplog for about 100 years. His father, however, learnt the trade of a goldsmith in Stockholm, and returning to Lapmark, became the inspector of Nasafjell silver mine, with a salary of about £3 a year. The life and deprivations of the family, as related by Læstadius, are very touching. He must himself have been a noble and devoted character, for after many vicissitudes, and being well educated in Upsala, he returned into Hades, as he called Lapmark, to lead the people to Paradise. Thus he lived in a land where dense swarms of midges form

a devouring mist in summer, and where, with the first autumn evening, a cold fog arises which spreads a shroud of hoar-frost over the whole vegetation.

He laboured indefatigably from 1832 to August 16th, 1844, when he died in the prime of life, universally deplored. During the latter part of his earthly existence, he considered himself extremely well-off, being possessed of a living of £50 a year.

As early as the fifteenth century, Christianity was introduced into Lapmark, but it met with little success, the Laps being strongly attached to their own male and female deities, a sentiment which remains even to the present day, people often making use of old native religious rites. What with the generally evil example of the squatters, and the want of instruction, there being only six missionary schools in the whole extent of Lapmark, with upwards of 600 miles between the two most out-lying, Christian knowledge is at a low ebb. The children who attend the schools, which they do most willingly, are obliged to be boarded as well as taught, their families being often fifty miles distant if stationary, or hundreds of miles away if

wandering with their reindeer. Children therefore are never kept at school longer than two years. Still, even amongst the poor Laps themselves, there are those who deplore this state of things and are seeking to remedy it. Of these I must mention a young Lapwoman, Maria Magdalena Mattsdotter, in whom we are all taking great interest.

In the beginning of this month, Mrs. Fredrika L——, who was entertaining in Edla's name the Seminarium and National School union, of which I have already spoken, at her house, read to the assembled company from the *Aftonblad*, an account of this young Lapwoman, and the remarkable errand which had brought her to Stockholm.

" She," it appears, " lives in the district of Åsele and belongs to a Lap family which makes annual journeys between the mountains and the neighbourhood of Ångerman river, and is now come to lay before the King the anxiety which possesses the thinking portion of the people regarding their want of enlightenment. Her especial object is to solicit the establishment of schools, in the first place in the district where the tribe to which her family be-

longs sojourn during the greater part of the year. She has learned Swedish, which she speaks fluently and correctly, in the only school which is found in that extensive tract. There also she gained the small stock of knowledge which has exercised her thinking powers, and widened her gaze beyond the usually narrow horizon of the Laplander. According to her own account she has for some time been meditating the possibility of raising her people out of their state of degradation, and many a cold winter's night, whilst solitarily keeping watch over the herd of reindeer against bears and wolves, this subject has occupied her mind. At last, some weeks since, when she and her family and the reindeer were on the confines of Sweden, she was seized with the sudden resolution of coming to Stockholm to solicit an interview with the King, and to lay before him the earnest wishes of her heart.

Without further hesitation, therefore, this courageous young woman bade farewell to her family, who feared they should never behold her more, and buckling on her *skidor*, or light snow-skates, arrived a week afterwards at Gefle,

having in this way traversed alone a stretch of about 300 English miles.

At Gefle, the snow being ended, she made the remainder of her journey by diligence, and reached Stockholm at the beginning of the present week. Some persons here, to whom she had been recommended, received her very kindly, and through their agency she has succeeded in obtaining an audience of the two Queens, who are said to take a lively interest in the noble mission which has brought her hither.

She has visited the chief of the Ecclesiastical Department, the Councillor of State, Carlsson, and later in the day will be received by the King."

Such was the account which Mrs. L—— read in the *Aftonblad*, and which I brought back with me for dear Tante Fredrika to read. But the news had already reached her, and on the Sunday morning she went to the Finnish church intending to bring this interesting stranger back with her to dinner, having, in anticipation, invited a countrywoman, Sara Albertina, to join her here afterwards. But poor Maria Magdalena was so fatigued by her journey and

the excitement through which she had passed, that when service was over she begged to remain quietly where she was, in Södermalm, promising to call here on the morrow.

But if we had not the greater heroine we had the lesser. Punctually between four and five came Sara Albertina Månsdotter, accompanied by the young matron of the hospital, where the little Lapwoman has come to study. I wish I could relate the matron's history as well, for it is a very remarkable one, and so much to her credit that she is always an honoured guest here. But I must confine myself to the Lapwoman.

She is twenty-six years of age, very intelligent, speaks good Swedish, and is by no means shy, with the pleasantest simplicity about her imaginable. She came in her very best costume. The Lapwomen are skilful with their needles, and all her clothes were of her own making. Her stomacher was ornamented at the sides with wonderful brass and silver ornaments, which she inherited from her mother. Her silver wedding-ring sat like a little shield on her finger. She brought in her pocket a round silver spoon with a very short handle,

like a little scoop or large caddy-spoon, the bridegroom's present to his bride on the betrothal.

Like all her people, Sara Albertina is greatly attached to her country, with its lofty table lands and deep snows. She considers it quite warm here, though I, of course, think it extremely cold.

In her own land she has been accustomed to follow the troops of reindeer, which lead their owners vast distances over the wild rocky country. The personal possessions of these nomades are very few. She laughs at the idea of a Laplander having a watch.

"What could he do with it?" she says. "In our wild life, perpetually getting into danger, as we are, watches would soon be broken. And when we have followed the deer for miles, and it is so dark that we cannot see a hand's-breadth before us, what would be the use of a watch? We know the herd is safe, and that is enough; then we lie down upon the snow to sleep, and thank God that we have it to rest upon!"

Often at night they have to watch their herds, to defend them against the wolves, the

approach of which they perceive by the glistening of their eyes, which glow in the darkness like fiery sparks. We had been told that there were frequently malicious or mischievous deer in the herd, but she said this was a mistake. Reindeer are, however, extremely timid, and this creates a difficulty in their management. They tremble all over if you merely touch them, and they will rather die of starvation than eat of the moss which human hands, even the loving, familiar hands of their owners, have touched, and that even when the ground is so deeply covered with snow that it is extremely difficult for the animal to obtain its food. One cause of the extreme sensitiveness of the reindeer is the tenderness of their heads during the time they are casting their horns. The male sheds his horns every year, the new ones rising up and pushing off the old, which are then sold by the Laps for about a riksdaler a pair. Sometimes the reindeer die from receiving injury on their heads whilst in this tender state.

Sara Albertina's father had a thousand reindeer that they used to follow, and she thought it a great pity that people here did not slaughter their animals as quickly as the Laplander his

reindeer. A little stab is given in the back of the neck, and the creature falls without a struggle or a groan. Her father tried the experiment at the Governor's of Norrland and Lapmark, and it perfectly succeeded.

The nomade Lap, it appears, not only possesses numerous herds of his own, but will take charge of those of others. They have favourites in the herd, those, for instance, which draw the sledges, and are their domestic animals, and to which they give names. Every Laplander knows the animals of his own herd by a peculiar mark on the ears. The herd does not remain longer than from two days to a fortnight in one place, for as soon as the pasturage is consumed it is moved on to another.

During the summer, Sara Albertina's family cross over to the Norway side of the mountains, the Swedish side being too hot, and the reindeer cannot live without snow. In this way her family have learned Norwegian, which they speak with great fluency. Her own father is dead, and her step-father, for her mother has married again, is much younger than his wife, though both look like old people. The herd-life, which is one of great hardship, tells upon

the constitution, and at sixty a Laplander is quite aged. The Laplanders are very kind to their old people, the nomades boarding their aged relatives in the families of the stationary Laps. The number of reindeer is annually diminishing, owing to the change which is gradually creeping over the country.

Poor Sara Albertina has had a great sorrow since she has been in Stockholm. Her husband, who came with her last summer, returning home was drowned in crossing a river when near the end of his journey. She is now, therefore, a widow, and her one child, a little girl, is with its maternal grandmother. This next summer she hopes to return to her beloved Lapland. She is not happy here; but more so than she was at first. The morning after her arrival her heart dreadfully failed her; there seemed to be so many people and so much noise that she burst into tears, and leaving the town went into a wood, where she spent the day by herself, and could feel more at home. Poor little woman!

She told us many Lap words; thus, when the Laplanders meet they accost each other as cousin, *boo-rest-lavean*, good day, cousin;

when they part it is *goo-nat-i-ie*, farewell to you, of course from the Swedish *god natt*, which they have picked up; *goot-sa*, *goot-sa*, thank you; *moorsia*, betrothed girl; *fria*, her lover; *boot-sa*, rein-deer; *cootee*, a tent; *taloee*, winter; *yar-may-am*, death; *Lotnistia*, the Saviour; *alle-me*, heaven. I write these words as they sounded, having no idea of the spelling. She repeated to us the Lord's Prayer, gave us the call of the deer, and sang us a Lap song, but said that all sounded much better when heard in the forest. The singing reminded me of the joddling of the Swiss peasants. Every Laplander has his own peculiar song, by which he is distinguished in the distance. It was *Pappas Visa*, her father's peculiar song, which she gave us. The call of the deer was a kind of *koo-koo-ko !*

The next morning Miss Bremer's Sara fetched me upstairs, Maria Magdalena having arrived, together with Sara Albertina, who had again been invited to meet her. Until now they were strangers to each other. I stood for some little time with Tante Fredrika, listening to the two talking together in the adjoining room. Their language was by no means unpleasing in

sound. We then joined them, and refreshments were brought in.

Maria Magdalena wore a little red cap and a black and white checked shawl, which she had probably obtained from the missionaries, fastened with a shawl-pin, the head of which was a little photograph portrait of the King. Her dress was of dark green woollen cloth, almost as thick as a blanket, but light enough to fall in rich folds, though it reached but little below the knee. Her stockings were of dark blue, and she wore little boots with reindeer fur outside. Her *skidor* had been left at Gefle.

Maria Magdalena has the same free and confiding manners as Sara Albertina. They walked about the room, inspecting everything, and making their remarks in open, honest Swedish. A case of humming-birds especially drew their attention. Maria Magdalena, supposing them to be alive, was corrected by her companion, who was naturally supposed to possess superior knowledge. Greatly, therefore, was she taken aback when, being here again on Easter Day, a friend of Miss Bremer's, who has the faculty of imitating birds' songs, began to

twitter as for the humming-birds. She stood confounded at the thought of her former mistake.

Maria Magdalena is deeply religious, and related to us her conversion. It was a long time before she could comprehend that Christ had died for her. She was in a very uncomfortable and unhappy state of mind, when one night a good missionary prayed with her from six in the evening till three in the morning. He induced her to go to the Lord's Supper. She consented, though still feeling no sense of Divine favour; seeing, however, the embroidered cross on the back of the missionary, all at once she heard a voice saying to her, "For thee! for thee!" and instantly became conscious that her sins were forgiven, and such a wonderful sense of spiritual life took possession of her that she could never find words to relate what she experienced.

"Nobody," she said, "could have judged me more hardly than I judged myself when my conscience was first awakened. Up in Lapland we have here and there a good Christian, but everywhere persecution. Ah! it is a very different thing to be a Christian here. Here it is easy."

At parting, she embraced both Tante

Fredrika and myself, and hoped that God's peace would be with us. And when Miss Bremer played her favourite "Hosianna" on the piano for her and Sara Albertina, she said,

"I never hear music without thinking what it will be in heaven!"

Tante Fredrika gave her at parting a copy of "Guldkorn," an excellent little book of daily texts compiled by herself, and a medal of the King; and I gave her a pair of red and black mittens which I had knit, to keep the wrists of some poor Danish soldier warm. I sewed them up smaller for the little Lap-woman's little hands, and now they will be worn on snow and ice, when the wearer is watching, not against Prussians and Austrians, but against bears and wolves. She seemed quite delighted with her visit to us.

Shortly after this, she started on her long homeward journey. She seems thoroughly to have enjoyed her stay in Stockholm. Every one made much of her; the Princess Lovisa even being her entertainer at a private repast on one occasion.

It was not, however, any personal distinction

that gratified her most, but that her earnest appeals for her dear country-people were listened to.

Her great object is to establish a school where children should be clothed, boarded, and taught until they had received their first communion. So zealous is she in the cause that she induced various squatters to contribute timber and boards for the school-house before she left Lapmark, and the building is now in course of erection. She will not be the teacher, as she does not wish to leave her parents, but has already chosen a lame young Laplander and a young Lapland girl, who have been brought up in missionary schools, to teach the children.

Broad-hearted in her sympathies, Maria Magdalena carried with her a list to obtain pecuniary aid for a number of children in whom she feels great interest; no other than the offspring of squatters reduced to poverty. She has also begged the King to order the squatters to fence in their stations, so that the Laplanders may not ignorantly trespass, and have to suffer for their innocent offence.

April 4th.—Since my last mention of Sara

Albertina, she has been several times to see us, and only yesterday, looking out of my window, who should I see daintily tripping across the market-place but the little Lapwoman, very gaily attired, her scarlet cap immediately catching the eye. A few minutes afterwards, a gentle tap sounding at my door, I opened it, and in she jauntily stepped. I drew forward my throne, and made her very welcome, and she, with her self-possession, seemed immediately at home. I showed her my photographs, and interested her very much by telling her something about all my dear friends, for she too has a photograph book which she brought with her the other evening to show us, so that we did not lack subjects of conversation.

The immediate object of her call, however, was to ask me to accompany her to Miss Lindegren's, who having met her here on Easter Day, was much pleased with her, and asked her to call, I volunteering to accompany her, as otherwise she might not probably have found her way.

Sara Albertina may be accounted one of the present lions of Stockholm; whilst therefore I was putting on my things, Fru Knutsson came in probably to see the sight, and if I had had a

live South Sea islander she could not have looked more amazed. The whole way, in going to Miss Lindegren's, it was difficult for me to keep a serious countenance. Swedish madams, leathern-aproned men, fat old gentlemen, and of course boys and girls, all wheeled round to stare at my smart little companion, who went gaily tripping at my side. She was now wearing a bright purple and green shawl, loosely knotted over her costume, coquettish little blue cloth trowsers to her ankles, and a pair of white kid gloves on her little hands.

When we reached Miss Lindegren's, no previous appointment having been made, we rang three times to no purpose, and then learning that both she and her maid were out, came away, I undertaking to make Miss Lindegren aware of the call.

We walked back, finding much to talk of by the way, and whether it be peculiar to Lap conversation or not, I cannot tell, but I was amazed by the manner in which she repeated all my sentences, as for instance—

"I have been here six months," said I.

"You have been here six months!" repeated she.

"Think of my coming here and knowing an Englishwoman!" remarked she.

"Think of my coming here and knowing a Lapwoman!" returned I, adopting her mode.

So we came back, and when I think of our walking together I cannot refrain from smiling. You wonder why. But then you have not seen Sara Albertina's dainty little ways. Many a fine lady in society would be thankful if she could only be possessed of this Lapwoman's easy and unembarrassed manner. The way in which she took leave of us on Easter Day was perfect.

"*Adjo*, Mamsell Bremer! *Adjo allihop!*" and with a bow and a wave of her hand to us all, she passed out of the room. It was the unembarrassed grace of nature.

April 23rd.—Still interested in Lapland! And no wonder, for Hulda has told us of an excellent predecessor of Maria Magdalena, in her noble work of humanization. This is an elderly lady, a Miss Berg, who shares the same flat as Hulda's mother and sisters. She has lived amongst the Laplanders and taught them. Edla is now bent upon doing the same, and Tante Fredrika, who is deeply interested in the subject, not only strengthens Edla's resolve, but,

intending to make the acquaintance of this Miss Berg, has kindly asked me to accompany her.

We have been to call upon her. We were shown into a small drawing-room, on the table of which lay a splendidly bound and clasped Bible in the Lap language, the pages of which we were turning over, when an elderly lady, dressed in black, briskly entered and made us heartily welcome. Her lightness and agility were astonishing to me, as I had heard of her being between seventy and eighty.

Miss Bremer, after speaking of Edla, requested her to give us some of her experiences.

It was, she said, a hard life which Edla was willing to undertake; harder than she had any idea of, for that the people were coarse and brutal in their habits, and extremely jealous of any preference which they imagined was shown to others.

"They may be wild savages," said Edla soon afterwards, when I was talking with her, "but Mamsell Berg was on the borders, and not amongst the genuine Laps."

Nothing as yet can daunt this brave young woman in her determination, and in this respect

she resembles what Miss Berg was herself when she first set out.

The story of this lady is as follows:—

She lived till she was turned fifty with a dear female friend who was as a beloved sister to her. Then she died, and Miss Berg's life became an empty, unsatisfied blank. She cared for nothing any longer in life, and would herself have been content to die. But the Holy Spirit roused her, spoke as it were within her, and urged her to go to Lapland and teach the poor children there. She could not get away from this exhortation. She asked a friend, a clergyman, what he thought of it, and whether or not it could be a temptation of evil.

"Endeavour," said he, "to shake off the feeling. If you cannot, then accept it as a vocation from God and try it for six months."

"If I go," replied she, "it shall not be for six months. The distance, and the necessary preparations are too great for so short a time. It shall be for three years."

She followed his advice; endeavoured to put away the impulse from her, but could not. Consequently, she went to Lapland, and the three years became seven. There was no build-

ing which she could use as a schoolhouse in the district where she commenced her labours, but she built one of stone out of her private means, for she had a little property of her own, and laid in sacks of potatoes that she might feed the half-famished children every morning before lessons began. As for the warm clothing which she had taken for her own use, it was applied, by her compassionate, generous heart, to the necessities of the children, so that eventually on her return home, she had barely sufficient for her sea-passage.

Her system was that prayers should be said one morning in Swedish and the next in the Lap-tongue, the children reciting them on the Swedish day, and she on the Laplandish. The people were pleased to see a stranger take this interest in their language.

One day when she was telling the children of the love of God, "Our Lord," she said, "is nothing but love. You must not think of Him otherwise. When you read of His angry denunciations in the Bible, you must think that it is His intense love which makes Him speak thus, just as a mother calls out, almost threateningly, when she sees her little child thrusting its

hand into the stove, or otherwise running into danger."

There were five young girls in the room who, overcome with emotion on hearing these words, rushed to the table in the middle of the room and clasping each others' hands across it, exclaimed by one accord, and as it were, involuntarily—

"We will always be the Lord's! We will belong to none other!"

"What is it they are doing?" asked a tiny little girl, rushing forward and trying to reach up her small hand. "Whatever it is, I'm in it, I'm in it!"

From that day these five became awakened Christians. Four of them, now grown up, have remained so to this day, but the fifth has fallen away from the faith and love of her early youth.

This school of Miss Berg's, though still continued, has fallen into neglect. But what has been done is sufficient to show that the human soil there is capable of rich cultivation.

My wish has now been granted. I have seen a real Aurora Borealis, a NORTHERN DAYBREAK

far more lasting and glorious than the most effulgent atmospheric glow gazed at by the visible eye.

First, there is the great black cloud which rises in a circular segment above the horizon. Such represents the dense ignorance of the Laplanders and the hard cupidity of the squatters. Then spring forth glorious and brilliant beams of light out of the opaque body of the cloud, namely, the missionary here and there, Læstadius, Miss Berg, Maria Magdalena, and other noble fellow-workers. The rays ever increase, a general movement and agitation of light follows, and a glorious crown forms in the centre, towards which tend all the beams of living rainbow splendour, the whole not so much fading away as being absorbed into the great sun which now ascends into the perfect day.

A general burst of love and sympathy has vivified the entire capital. The labours of these noble workers are being already crowned with a success which will, we trust, remain till the true day-spring arises on high.

The King promises Maria Magdalena his support. Mrs. Carlén has employed her clever pen on an article entitled, "The Daughter of

the Nomades," in which she speaks of the human river pouring into Lapland, and wishes she could compare it to the Nile, which merely inundates to bless.

Nor is it Swedes alone who have embraced the cause. M. Roehrich, the young and zealous minister of the French Reformed Church, has started a Farthing Society for the benefit of Lapland, to co-operate especially with Maria Magdalena. This Society, which originated in his church, has now become a national one; all who pay a farthing a week are members, so that everybody seems to have a personal concern in the cause of the Laps.

The English too, it now appears, have an interest in Lapland. At all events, the news has come to Stockholm that a wealthy English company has purchased Gellivara, an iron district, a perfect Duchy in extent, for the sum of £250,000. Gellivara Proper is a mountain of pure iron, one of the richest description, lying beyond the polar circle in a sterile uninhabited region, at the point where the dwarf birch ceases, so that hitherto it has been utterly worthless. Now, however, it is stated that the English, with their enterprise, will lay down a railway

over this ice-bound land, this region of arctic wealth, to the Gulf of Bothnia. Should these plans be put in execution, let us hope that instead of English assumption, of which the Swedes seem to stand in dread, English benevolence may flow forth, and that under its fostering care a beautiful immortal vegetation may spring up in that icy and desolate land.

With the following little cutting of a Lap-woman, I close my remarks on her country and people.

April 25th.—We are much interested in the accounts sent from Denmark of the Swedish deaconesses and their labours.

At the request of the Deaconess Institution of Copenhagen, deaconesses Ottilia Holm, Lovisa Carlsson, and Lovisa Björck, with probationary sister Albertina Kihlström, were sent in March to the hospitals at Als. Ottilia and Albertina went to Nordborg, whilst the two Lovisas were despatched to Augustenborg. Here to their amazement they met with the greatest coldness and indifference, and were made to feel themselves intruders. Still undaunted, they determined to remain and prove their usefulness. Asking for an apartment, they were shown to a barn, and told that there they might, if they chose, take up their quarters. They accepted this churlish offer, and had to endure the greatest inconveniences. Opportunities, however, soon occurred of attending the sorely sick and wounded, and so wisely and efficiently did they now act, that in a short time they became indispensable. The deaconesses were wanted everywhere, to bind up wounds, to wait on the sick, and console the dying. Night and day they laboured. By this time they were accommodated with a suitable apartment, but before long gave it up to serve as the amputation-room. Ready, unobtrusive,

skilful, and wise, they excited the admiration of the surgeons, whilst to the sufferers they were as angels of mercy and consolation. More deaconesses were now sent for, and Elise Djurberg is gone, and more are to follow in May.

Hulda, who is acquainted with a deaconess, went to the children's treat which the deaconessés gave at Christmas. If Hulda had not an especial vocation in life, she would probably become one of that excellent body. There are thirty-eight deaconesses in the Institution here—forty-five probationary sisters, and fourteen servants. Fifty also are scattered over Sweden, principally at the head of infant schools, and kept in communication with the mother institution by quarterly circular letters. Any woman is received in the Institution between the ages of eighteen and forty, if able to read, write, and cast accounts. The applicant, however, must take the position of a servant, without payment, and if she prove her capability she then becomes a probationary sister, with a salary of between £3 and £4 a year, and the regular dress. It is only when she has become thoroughly acquainted with the duties of

her situation, and proved her real fitness for her vocation, that she can become a deaconess. The sisters in general have not much inclination for the care of the sick, consequently it is the minority who enter the Deaconess Hospital, or devote themselves to private nursing; the majority select the school or the children's refuge. The Magdalene Home is under the management of one deaconess, and the inmates are employed in spinning, weaving, and other Swedish female employments.

The deaconesses will, in the course of the present year, be located in their new Institution at St. Ersta.

Not alone subscriptions of money are sent in to the deaconesses, but contributions of all kinds; clothes, butter, cheese, haricot-beans, rye-meal, and other provisions. I learn too, that a gift of no less than 400 copies of Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," translated into Swedish, has been made to them.

The deaconesses are under no vows. Three have married within the course of the last year.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROYAL BRIDE AND THE SWEDISH STAGE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 27TH.—Prince August, the Duke of Dalecarlia, has just arrived with his bride, and all Stockholm is in a state of rejoicing. He has fulfilled the desire of the nation, and brought back a wife of his own choice, Theresa, of Saxe Altenburg, a young orphan German princess.

Tante Fredrika, Hulda, and I, were on our way at noon, under the escort of Miss Octavia Carlén, to the Historical Museum, when crossing an open square before the palace, a royal carriage and four, preceded by an outrider with a drawn sword, dashed round a corner of the palace; then came a second, containing the King, Queen, and Princess Lovisa; the Queen in a white summer bonnet, and all looking remarkably festal and happy. They were on

their way to welcome the bride and bridegroom; the Queen Dowager and the Princess Eugenie remaining at home to receive them in the evening.

The royal party, being joined by the Duke and Duchess of East Gothland, embarked in the "Valkyria," and steamed away through the Baltic Archipelago to meet the "Svea," which was conveying the young couple from Lübeck, whither General and Mrs. Bildt had been sent to meet them.

At four o'clock, crowds began to assemble along the quay before the palace, where a guard of honour paraded. Other crowds collected on Castellholm and Skeppsholm, and the decks of all the vessels were crowded with spectators, whilst flags and pennons flaunted from every mast in the wide and picturesque harbour.

After long waiting, salutes were fired from island to island, and the "Valkyria" appeared, gaily decorated, gliding over the smooth water, now resplendent with the glowing sunset. The air rung with huzzahs, for the bride and bridegroom were on board; the royal family, who had met and welcomed them, having already

steamed back in another vessel to Stockholm, to await them in the palace. The cheers grew vociferous when the bride, in rose-coloured silk, an ermine mantle, and white bonnet, and the bridegroom, in uniform, were seen standing together on deck, evidently gratified and touched by their reception. Booming cannon announced the landing; music played, shouts rent the air, and everybody seemed to feel a personal interest in the happy couple that now drove into the palace.

May 8th.—The Bride and the Gala Spectacle are the great topics of general talk just now. The young princess will make her first public appearance at the opera to-morrow, when a state performance is to take place. The stage, both in Denmark and Sweden, is much more connected with the royal family and government than with us.

Sweden had no regular stage until the time of Gustavus III., who not only encouraged literature by the formation of the Swedish Academy, but the drama by building the opera-house, of which he himself was the proprietor. Before the reign of this monarch, foreign *troupes* had sometimes visited Sweden, and strolling

players had wandered about, but the theatre was no national feature. In the early part of the seventeenth century, we certainly hear of a learned professor Messenius, of Upsala, who composed four dramas on the History of Sweden for the students to act, which was done so successfully that they were sent for to Stockholm to edify and entertain the court. At the present time, spite of Jenny Lind, "the most highly-gifted being of the age," as Mendelssohn called her, the Swedes are not, as it appears to me, a theatrical nation. The people do not feel the stage as an essential part of their life. It was in keeping with this sentiment that when a lady, a friend of Tante Fredrika's, sent her two country maid-servants to the theatre, thinking to give them a pleasure, they quickly reappeared.

"You have surely never been to the theatre?" said their mistress, surprised.

"Oh, yes, we went to the theatre, and sat there," said they, "till suddenly a curtain drew up, and some ladies and gentlemen began talking together, but as it was on family matters, we felt we were intruding, and so came home."

But whether a Swede care for the stage or

not, he is proud of and enthusiastic about Jenny Lind.

"Jenny Lind and Fredrika Bremer," say they, "are our two great women of the present time." The latter still remains in the midst of her people; the former, though absent, is still cherished in their hearts. She is, as it were, the beloved, gifted member who has brought enduring honour on her family, for the Swedish nation forms but one great family. Every act and expression of hers is remembered and treasured up, and by no one more than Miss Bremer.

Lindblad, now an elderly man, who may often be seen walking in the streets of Stockholm, is honoured not merely on account of his musical compositions, but as having been Jenny Lind's early friend and master.

In 1837, Miss Agatha Bremer came to Stockholm in the autumn, and was present at a performance by the pupils of the theatre. On her return, she related how much she was struck and bewitched by the acting of a little girl as a beggar child. There was wit and genius in every movement. She threw herself heart and soul into the character, and put in droll inven-

tions of her own which were inimitable. There never was such an ingenious, saucy, fascinating little beggar! Miss Agatha, who had a quick, native perception of what was truly good, prophesied a great success for her. The following year her prophecy was fulfilled. The same young girl, Jenny Lind, appeared in the character of Agatha, in the "Hunter's Bride," and won such immense admiration, that the very orchestra, forgetting themselves, paused to listen to her heavenly soprano.

It is not, however, her enchanting vocal powers, but her thorough womanliness, her Christian love, her faithful and kindly remembrance of her native land, which makes Madame Goldschmidt so beloved here.

Hulda tells me that she once resided with some excellent people whom she knows, and that she endeared herself to them by her singular goodness and consideration for all.

"I asked Jenny of what she thought on a certain night in the midst of her greatest success," said Tante Fredrika, "and the simple reply was, 'I remembered that I had forgotten in the morning to sew a string on my cloak.'"

This very year she has sent nearly two

hundred ells of homespun linen, and one hundred ells of homespun woollen to the deaconesses, and she is perpetually helping the sick and sorrowful in Sweden.

In 1843, Jenny Lind visited Copenhagen, when a fellow-countrywoman, Mrs. Bournonville, the wife of Bournonville, the ballet-master of that city, a friend of hers, wished to induce her to take some parts at the Theatre Royal, but in vain; the Bournonvilles then called their friend Hans Christian Andersen to their aid, but she replied,—

"I have never made my appearance out of Sweden. Everybody in my native land is kind and affectionate to me. If I made my appearance in Copenhagen, I might be hissed. I dare not venture it."

Andersen, however, tells us in his life that "Bournonville's persuasion succeeded, and that he obtained for the people of Copenhagen the greatest enjoyment which they ever had."

With the name of Bournonville, I must now return to our own private life.

Last evening, Tante Fredrika had a little party in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Bournonville,

who are now staying in Stockholm, and for whom she has a great regard.

When I entered the drawing-room I imagined that the courtly, well-bred, lively gentleman talking Swedish with a Danish accent could be no other than the Danish ambassador. Tante Fredrika, however, introduced me to Bournonville, then to his handsome, self-possessed wife, and I was equally pleased with both; Miss Vennberg, the son of the Swedish consul at Copenhagen, the widow of the former leader of the Conservative party in Stockholm, and a young Swedish lady were the guests.

Tante Fredrika is desirous of showing the Bournonvilles all the attention she can during their stay, and they certainly are worthy of her respect.

Unlike the people of Stockholm, those of Copenhagen are a thoroughly theatre-going race.

"You should go to Copenhagen merely to visit the theatre," is said continually, "especially to see the rich, amusing comedies of the inimitable Holberg, or Bournonville's highly imaginative and picturesque ballets."

Auguste Bournonville, Knight of the Danne-

brog, and Court ballet-master at the theatre of Copenhagen, has, since 1829, produced a great change on the Danish stage. Following in the steps of his father, Antoine Bournonville, a Frenchman by birth, but a naturalized Dane, and the late ballet-master at Copenhagen Galeotti, he has elevated the Danish ballet from its low, corrupt state into a branch of dramatic poetry, expressed in brilliantly-coloured living figures. People talk of his "Festival in Albano," or his "Faust," as if they were, at least, operas. These are only two out of almost forty clever dramatic or lyric ballets. He is known and admired in other countries besides his own. He was called to Vienna, which prides itself on its stage, to give his aid on some occasion.

His solo-dancing, when a young man, as for instance, his "Zephyr" in the ballet of "Psyche," would alone have made him famous. As a proof of this may be mentioned, that an aged relation, accustomed to the stage, was very much distressed at the young man, with all his musical and dramatic talent, devoting himself to dancing and ballet-making, yet once having seen him, he was so delighted that years after-

wards, when Bournonville went to visit him on his death-bed, and asked if he could do anything for him, the dying man replied :—

"Yes, Auguste, let me once more see thee dance as on the night of thy *début.*"

And Bournonville, glad to give him any pleasure, danced beside the bed of death.

Some years ago, when on a visit to Stockholm, Bournonville, after having given dancing and deportment lessons to aristocratic young ladies, declared that he was fully aware of their natural grace and ease, but that as long as Stockholm had such badly-paved streets, it was an impossibility for a Stockholm lady to walk gracefully, let her possess the easiest deportment and the prettiest feet in the world.

There is hope, however, for the Stockholm ladies now that the streets are being gradually improved.

May 10*th.*—Knowing Tante Fredrika's aversion to going out in the evening, how much was I touched one morning last week by her holding up two tickets, and exclaiming in glee to Miss Vennberg :—

"I have procured the best places in the house, and Margret and I shall go to the Gala Spectacle!"

"I, too, am lucky," returned Miss Vennberg, and produced another ticket.

"As I came along," she said, "I met a footman of my acquaintance with a most woebegone face, and actually tears in his eyes."

"'What's the matter?'" said I.

"'Oh! Mamsell Vennberg,' said he, 'my gentlefolks will not take the tickets which I have bought for them, because they are in the fourth tier!' So I made him hand them over to me. One I shall keep for myself, and within a quarter of an hour I shall dispose of the rest."

We went to the Gala Spectacle, and sat amongst the brilliant audience, did our part in welcoming the Bride, and returned home quite early, after portions from the Opera of Ernani and the "Ballet of the Bees," by Théodore Martin, the Swedish ballet-master. The Queen Bee and her court were young girls dressed in white tulle, with remarkable wings and lappets

of black velvet and gold. This costume had given infinite anxiety to the theatrical dress-maker, an excellent young lady from the country, an acquaintance of Tante Fredrika's, but after all it had been a great success.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE-CAPS OF UPSALA.

MAY 16TH.—The great event of the last week, and which has equalled in interest the arrival of the Royal Bride and the Gala Spectacle, has been a visit from the students of Upsala to Stockholm.

These young men, 230 in number, desirous of showing their sympathy with Denmark, have come hither, and given three very successful concerts. Their visit had been talked of for some time; therefore, last Thursday, when towards noon the steamer from Upsala arrived, crowds were waiting to welcome them, and accompanied by the enthusiastic populace, they proceeded from the steamer to the palace, in the court of which they gave an opening serenade; after which, the King and the new Duchess of Dalecarlia went down to welcome and thank

them. They next proceeded to the statue of Gustavus Vasa, this being the anniversary of a great event in the life of that favourite national hero.

This little ceremonial concluded, they were severally conducted to the different families who had already made known their willingness to receive them, one family entertaining ten. At six the same evening their first concert was given, and the second at the same hour on the following day; but as I was only at the last, which took place at noon on Saturday, I shall merely speak of that.

It must be understood, in the meantime, that enthusiasm for Denmark was fanned into a perfect flame by the singing of these young fellows, and that the city, whether or not it were sufficiently excited to march out in a body for the defence of its Scandinavian sister, was, at all events, perfectly wild to obtain tickets for the concerts.

These concerts were given in St. Catherine's, Church. It is a large building, as, indeed, are all the churches here, and as there are but few, the deficiency in number seems made up by their ample dimensions. This of St. Catherine, being one of the largest, is capable of holding

between 2,000 and 3,000 persons. The interior, in the form of a broad cross, without pillars, and with a spacious centre dome, is well adapted for the accommodation of large public assemblies. Unless the churches here were used for such benevolent purposes, I know not how a vast number of people could be accommodated.

The Swedes, although they may be a very old branch of the Scandinavian family, have a great deal of youthful blood in their veins, and, at the same time, a vast amount of patience. The throng bent on purchasing tickets was so great as to form one densely struggling mass, extending from the opera-house, where they were sold, into the adjoining square. On all hands you heard the fear expressed that there would not be room in the church for all who desired to be there, and also remarks on the high price at which the tickets were sold—two riksdalers, less than half-a-crown, which would have been thought wonderfully cheap in London. But, dear or cheap, all Stockholm was mad about buying them.

By half-past ten on Saturday, therefore, Hulda and I were at the house of kind, good

Miss Vennberg, who had asked us to accompany her and her sister to the concluding concert. We had not, however, gone far on our way to St. Catherine's Church before that universal Atlas who bears on her shoulders the cares of all the needy in Stockholm, Miss Vennberg, had to stop at some kind of office to inquire about poor Fröken Segersäll's little pension, which, if not seen after this day, would be lost, and she herself being now too ill to do this necessary business, had unexpectedly committed it to the universal friend in need.

At Miss Vennberg's entreaties we walked on, and she promised to hurry after us; there was only somebody to see, and something to sign, that was all, and she would be with us before we reached the ferry. But the little steamer was gone when we reached the shore, and we had plenty of time to hear that all was now safely and comfortably arranged for the poor sick Fröken before the next steamer crossed.

We were, apparently, the last to arrive at the church, which was now full to overflowing. What was to be done? There seemed no possibility of our entering, much less finding seats. We looked at each other in dismay.

"I know that Fröken Segersäll will find us seats," said good Miss Vennberg, cheerily, "for it is she who has detained us."

There was an amazing amount of faith in this, and as the noble Fröken and her mother were both ill, I did not see how it was to be managed. But sure enough, scarcely had the question begun to make us uneasy, when one of the attentive stewards, one of the white-capped students of Upsala, with a red silk scarf tied round his arm, was seen carrying a wooden bench from the vestry, or somewhere else, for our use, which he placed in a cool, roomy corner, apart from the crowd, where we could hear perfectly, and have an excellent view of the singers.

"It is all Fröken Segersäll's doing," said Miss Vennberg, who insisted on our first seating ourselves, it being now discovered that the bench would only hold three. "I have an excellent seat here," said she, pointing to a ledge in the wall.

Hulda would have pushed her way through the crowd in search of a chair, if Miss Vennberg would have permitted it. But she would not, simply saying that if it were needful for

her to be seated, Fröken Segersäll would find her a chair.

And strange as it may seem, another young red-scarfed steward soon bore aloft a chair over the heads of the seated crowd, and good Miss Vennberg, as she placed herself in it, calmly remarked that the kind Fröken Segersäll would not desert us.

Two hundred students composed the choir, the remaining thirty acting as stewards, and most attentive and kind they were; decanters of deliciously cold water, with glasses, being carried round to the whole audience during the interval in the performance.

That portion of the nave which contained the altar was appropriated to the singers, who seemed to occupy nearly a fourth of the church. The organ loft was filled by the Royal family, and the remainder of the church by the people.

When the two hundred voices burst forth, a thrill passed through my whole being, for, unaccompanied by instrumental music, the voices themselves were like a grand organ, or well-appointed orchestra. The programme contained the words of all the songs, fourteen in

number, and the concert was divided into two parts. The songs were principally Swedish, but there were Danish and Norwegian, also a few German and one French.

The third song, a version of the well-known German student song,

"*Was ist der Deutschen vaterland?*"

was wonderfully fine, and perhaps better than anything else gives the spirit of the concert:

What is the Scandinavian's land?
Is it Svealand?* Is it Throndeland?†
Or where the blue Sound's waters play
Round Copenhagen fair and gay?
Oh, yes! yes, yes! All, all is Scandinavia!

What is the Scandinavian's land?
It is a great, a triune land!
Where'er the northern tongue is known,
One heart beats in the north alone;
One blood, one hope, one triune band
Unites the Scandinavian land!

One are we, one in heart and will;
Oh, God! defend Thy work from ill!
And call forth from our youthful race,
The heroes of their fathers' days.
Then come what may of loss or gain,
One Scandinavia we remain!

I was delighted with a pleasant rural picture,

* Sweden. † Norway.

"The Bridal Processionon Hardangerfjord,' as true as that lovely outward picture produced by the combined genius of Tidemand and Gude, of which I have spoken.

I wish it were possible for me to give a translation of this exquisite picture song with its imagery of the summer-day sun shining on the sparkling waters of the fjord, the mountains piercing the blue sky, the verdure and joyousness of the scene, all clad, as it were, in holiday attire, to welcome the procession that is bringing home the bride, whose attendants sing the while a sweet pastoral chorus to the ringing of the bells of the little church that stands on the receding promontory.

Very different to this was the first piece in the second part, a drum-march, in which the lines

> Fire! and carry off the fallen;
> Clear the deck, and sweep it clean!

produced almost a sickening effect, reminding me of what a veteran blue-jacket once said was the most awful moment to him in a naval engagement—the moment when the deck was strewn with sawdust, preparatory to the bloodshed of the encounter.

These songs were followed by the sweetest

little Folks-songs, some Norwegian, which I wish I could give here, so full are they of the half-mournful spirit of that strong, earnest northern life.

I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of the Stockholmers on this occasion, for independently of the intention, which was a very popular one, the spirit of the whole was more than national, and seemed to embrace the entire Scandinavian north as one great brotherhood.

These concerts were entirely successful in a money point of view, yielding about eighteen thousand riksdalers.

Of course, for days afterwards nothing was talked of but the young fellows, whose white caps, flecking the yet wintry streets like sunshine, were a very pleasant sight. Wherever you went you saw white caps—white caps calling on acquaintance; white caps seeing the lions of Stockholm; white caps driving out by themselves, or being driven out by their entertainers to places of resort. White caps mingled with the crowd which assembled to gaze on the Royalties when they really made their long-expected, but long-delayed, spring appearance on Whitsun-eve, in their customary drive to the Djurgård.

There was but one shadow to the pleasant, sunny picture of the visit of the White-caps, and that was, the quantity of punch which many of them drank, and which certain wise and sober people mourned over considerably.

I must not omit to add, in connection with this subject, that Madame Michaeli, the Swedish prima donna, also desirous of aiding Denmark, gave a concert last Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the suffering inhabitants of Sönderborg. Tante Fredrika took Hulda and me, and though we went extremely early, we had the greatest difficulty in obtaining places.

Madame Norman, once Wilhelmina Neruda, the celebrated violinist, likewise gave her services, and charmed the audience by the sweet and brilliant tones of her instrument. The enchanted Swedes felt carried back to the triumphant days of Ole Bull.

CHAPTER V.

SPRING-TIME.

MAY 26TH.—One evening lately, Mr. E——, Tante Fredrika's literary friend of many years' standing, remarked to her that he supposed the happiest hours that she had ever known were those employed in writing.

"I have known far happier hours than those, God be praised!" was her reply.

He then inquired how it happened that her first work was published at Upsala.

"I quietly wrote "The Solitary, and other Tales," replied she, "and without saying anything to my family, sent the manuscript to my brother at Upsala; and the bookseller to whom he took it, having a literary sister-in-law, she read the sketches, and strongly recommending her brother to purchase them, he sent me a much larger sum of money than I expected.

Still I kept my secret, and the first time that I heard of the book in its published form was from our friend, Count Manderström, then a young man, at a dinner-party at our house. He spoke in raptures of a little book, called "The Solitary, and other Tales," wondering much who the author could be, and strongly recommending it for our perusal. Afterwards, having no particular desire to appear in public, I continued to write for some time without my name."

The conversation still continuing on the subject of her works, Miss Bremer regretted that the "President's Daughters" was out of print, as Queen Josephine had in vain endeavoured to procure a copy as a present to her new daughter-in-law, and concluded with saying—

"I am meditating a new complete edition of my novels; not that I consider all I have written as worth preserving, but because it would serve as a mental chronicle or literary biography."

The plump, well-to-do sparrows are still chirping merrily on the tall red roof opposite, which, now devoid of snow, presents the same appearance as when I first came. Not so the

long, blank wall, with its two closed windows. The canvass curtain is now removed from the interior of one of these, the window is open, the sunshine and fresh air stream in, and I discern casts and busts dimly visible in the large room which is thus partially revealed.

The shut-up building, formerly so meaningless, is now transformed into a place of purpose, about which a strong interest gathers for us. It is the studio of the great sculptor, Qvarnström. This would alone invest it with importance, but even beyond the admiration which is naturally felt for his genius and noble work, we are now warmly grateful to him for the interest which he takes in Hulda, and the generous cordiality with which he has invited her to work in this his own studio.

The busy School of Design, or rather of arts and industry, with its 775 male and its 475 female students, with its drawing, modelling, painting, architecture, geometry, china-painting, lithography, and French and English lessons at a penny each, is now closed for the summer.

What hard work it has been for Hulda through the winter! what endless competitions!

It was a blessing that this gigantic school was close by us, in Master Samuel Street, else the fatigue must have been still greater. She was always anxious, and sometimes so niggardly of time as not to allow sufficient for her mid-day meal. Twice she was unable to leave the school at that hour, and Tante Fredrika, full of anxiety regarding her health, despatched me with her dinner daintily packed in a little basket, but I doubted whether she would find time to swallow it, even when I had set it out as temptingly as I could near her easel.

Miss Bremer greatly deplores this excessive work, this wearing and tearing competition, not alone for Hulda's sake, but for that also of her fellow-competitors, and fears that the many hours' standing in the close, oppressively hot rooms, to say nothing of the constant anxiety, will undermine their health.

The poor worn and weary workers were a daily subject of thought to Tante Fredrika; one day, therefore, she took me out with her and purchased a quantity of oranges, (this fruit, it must be understood, being a far greater rarity and delicacy in Stockholm than with us in England),

and we carried them to Hulda to divide amongst her fevered and over-worked comrades.

Even Sara could not keep silence, but put in her word of advice, telling Mamsell Dahl that "*she* would not slave in that way for anybody, or for any purpose, not she! She considered it nothing short of wickedness!" Hulda replied by reminding her how much she owed to Mamsell Bremer and her dear kind friends, and how anxious she was, not only not to disappoint them, but to do them honour.

Nor has Hulda failed. On the contrary, she has gained many medals and much commendation. Miss Bremer is delighted by such a termination, especially as Hulda's health does not appear to have suffered; and now, having mentioned her to Qvarnström, her industry and great talents are again acknowledged in the most gratifying manner, by his generously offering to take her to work under him in his studio till she makes her summer visit to Södertelje with friends. In the meantime she has herself a key of the great sculptor's studio, and is beginning to be quite at home there. We also, who have his permission, go to see her at work, scrupulously choosing the hours of

his absence that he may not be annoyed by our intrusion.

The first time we went alone, the second time Tante Fredrika took with her some American friends, that they might see Qvarnström's splendid statue of the old Swedish hero of liberty, Engebrekt, who, in the fifteenth century, at the head of 100,000 Dalesmen and others, drove the iniquitous Danish oppressors from the land, during the reign of the cruel Erik XIII., a King who alone was worthy of honour when he permitted his good Queen, Philippa of England, to reign in his stead.

This fine statue is now about to be sent to Munich, to be cast at the renowned brass foundry there, and next year it will be erected with great honour at Örebro. This town, the scene of "Hertha," has been handsomely rebuilt and greatly improved since the noted fire, which makes so important a feature in that story, and will be justly distinguished by the statue of this noble Swedish hero, who was murdered, when sick and weary on a little island not far from Örebro, by the treacherous Måns Bengtsson Natt och Dag (Night and Day),

and buried afterwards in that town, though the exact spot of his interment is unknown.

Magister Eneroth has accompanied Miss Bremer and me to call on his friend, Professor Bergh. He wished us to see his beautiful and elegant house, with its works of art and fine old furniture; above all, Professor Bergh himself, his wife, their two lovely little boys, and his pictures. We were as much pleased in every respect as he could desire. The house stands loftily in a garden, once an old orchard, and is exactly the home for this painter. He is just now completing a fine landscape, "A Waterfall on Gullspång's River," which flows into the great Wener Lake. The exuberant, transparent waters seem to rush from under the stone bridge out of the very picture itself.

28*th of May*, or flower-month, according to the old Swedish name, and truly flowers have at last come, not with May-day, however, the real May-day being here that of Midsummer; although people drove out into the Djurgård to welcome the return of spring on the first of the month, yet it seemed a perfect mockery. There

may almost be said to be no spring here. It is but the initial-letter in the missal-page of summer. The Royal Family were wise, and deferred their customary state spring drive until Whitsuntide, as I have already said. Not so, however, the town generally. Between six and seven in the evening, a stream of vehicles, some private carriages, many hired ones, with a pair of horses, droskies, and vans, amongst the others the familiar Garibaldi and Swallow, conveyed grand gentlemen and ladies in summer costume, tradesmen, and artisans out to the Djurgård.

Fru Knutsson, who is a stickler for all outward observances, also took her drive, in grand attire, attended by Herman and Fritz, and has been very poorly ever since from the cold she caught on the occasion.

"But I would rather have influenza, rather strip the very dress off my back, than not be able to take my spring drive to the Djurgård in a carriage with my boys! It's a rule, and I'll never swerve from it on the first of May!" said she as emphatically as her hoarseness would allow.

Snow has fallen slightly since the first of

May, but the weather has been generally dry and bleak, so that the grass is stunted, and the budding of the trees is checked. When the woods in England had assumed their first ruddy flush of spring, and primroses starred the banks, the flinty earth here was flowerless, and the trees cold and corpse-like. At length, blue hepaticas, the immortalized flower of Swedish poets, appeared in the market; next came white anemones, then ficaries, and a few single daffodils, called Whitsuntide lilies by the old market-women. After them the little wild pansy, called pensée, or stepmother's violet, bunches of small cowslips, and these now are intermingled with dwarf purple orchises; also little nosegays of beldame's teeth, as they are called, a kind of large yellow trefoil or lotus.

Young nettle-tops are now sold for spring-soup, which is made smooth and thick, of a spinach-colour, eaten with poached eggs. We ate our first nettle soup some time since, the day after that on which Tante Fredrika and I had been to a certain sunny spot in Skeppsholm, where, she says, the grass springs earliest, to find the first green blades. We brought a few back

with us for Hulda, together with a little brown-stemmed, yellow coltsfoot flower.

Since then a great change has taken place. The air is warm and pleasant, and buxom Dalecarlian lasses, in their canary-coloured or scarlet aprons and close-fitting white or fancy chintz skull-caps, may be seen outside Stockholm, digging the now loosened mould amongst metallic-green gooseberry-bushes. To-day the sun shines warmly, and Tante Fredrika, Miss Octavia Carlén and I, have been a country ramble at noon, making a circuit by the Observatory and Sabbatsberg, a rural asylum for poor old people.

Evelina, in "The Home," says, "My family belonged to the middle-class, and we prided ourselves upon it. We looked down on the privileges of the aristocracy, and still more despised the pleasures of the lower orders. When any public festivity attracted the world to Haga or the Djurgård, our calèche, if it went out at all, was sure to drive to Sabbatsberg, or some other then deserted place, and we commended our philosophy. Yet we were never in our hearts the happier for it."

We, on the contrary, were made extremely

happy by our ramble to Sabbatsberg. We entered an enclosure, and climbed a grey, primitive rock, the interstices of which were covered with stone-crop and milk-white saxifrage, little vetches, and small forget-me-nots. An old ash-grey, hooded crow, with black wings, croaked hoarsely on a budding tree.

"A sign that some one is coming, as they say in the country," remarked Miss Carlén.

What may be in the future for us I cannot say, but of one stranger who has already been to our house, I can speak confidently.

Sara presented herself one day at dinner with a face full of utter despair and consternation.

"Very bad news have I to give!" she exclaimed. "Mamsell Bremer's own particular silver knife is gone! Mamsell Bremer won't fancy her dinner without it! But it shall be got back! I know the thief; a great tall Dalesman, who came this morning with a begging-list. I told him that I never encouraged such people, and that Mamsell Bremer was out. There he stood, pleading hunger and a large family, and a great deal more, till at last, in desperation, I came to lay the cloth, and

when I went back he was gone, and with him Mamsell Bremer's favourite silver knife, for it was on the table when I left. But I have sent a hue and cry after him, I have! and lilla Mamsell Dahl can spring round to the silversmiths in the afternoon, and warn them against buying the knife!"

"Nay, that cannot be!" said Tante Fredrika, calmly, "she has something better to do; besides, they would be insulted at the idea of buying stolen goods!"

The next morning, to make the matter worse, the wicked Dalecarlian stranger sent his little boy to beg, "so sore was their distress!" Even Tante Fredrika was annoyed at this, and returned a stern message that she had reason to suspect his father of having stolen a silver knife the day before, and that it was her intention to have the matter investigated.

The boy fled in alarm.

Some days elapsed, and Sara again made her appearance at dinner-time, with a face of such consternation and dismay as we had never before beheld, with the missing knife in her hand.

"Oh! Mamsell Bremer," she said, almost in

a broken voice, "It was the *hazel hen* that had the knife, and not that tall, famishing Dalesman! Oh, Mamsell Bremer! if it had not been for plucking that foolish bird for company in the evening, there never would have been this piece of work. I found the silver knife amongst the feathers! Oh, Mamsell Bremer! and that poor man is trembling all over this while, and as innocent as a lamb! But I'll find him and befriend him!"

As soon, therefore, as our dinner was over, Sara set off in search of the falsely accused Dalesman. Hours passed before she returned; she had sought him everywhere, but in vain. She could learn nothing of him, but had reason to believe that he had fled back to the Dales.

So much for our stranger.

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMER FLITTINGS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7TH.—The Seminarium is now closed. The long hardworking session is over. Many students leave entirely, for the three sessions since the opening of the institution are now ended. What anxious, earnest faces have been visible amongst the hard-working students, with the examinations before them or in progress! Now, in possession of their satisfactory certificates, what a change is come over every one!

Amongst the foremost who have passed with honour is Edla. She now leaves with flying colours.

It is pleasant too to hear of the stipends which the Government has given to several girls who had insufficient means to pursue their studies, were out of health, or to whom, from

some other cause, such a provision was needful.

The little Seminarium world is now dispersed; some of the girls have left for different country homes; some are already preparing for situations which are offered to them as governesses. The leave-takings have been unending; some real farewells; others *auf wiedersehen*, and never, certainly, was the general good understanding amongst the young students so apparent as now. One warm-hearted girl, Lucia, devotes her life, at the present moment, to speed the parting scholar. It matters not to her at what hour or at what distance, she is sure to be found at the boat ready to say a last adieu, and to testify her good-will by some parting token of affection.

Physiology, theology, chemistry, mathematics, history, all have to abdicate in favour of rest, recreation, and country relaxation. Nor indeed, is this general uprising and going away confined to the Seminarium, it is the whole spirit of Stockholm at this season. The custom here seems to be that people should spend the long winter months in laying up, like bees, a yearly supply of mental food, and then

as soon as the beautiful, and here thoroughly appreciated, summer sets in, to fly away into sunshine, and to linger amongst flowers until autumn blasts and desolating rain send them back again into their hives.

During the whole of this month heavily-laden carts have been seen leaving Stockholm; some bound west, some east, some north, some south, containing the household plenishing, the baby's cradle, and the canary in its cage, for some little shanty by the side of a pleasant creek, and amongst meadow lands and birch woods. Grandees flit to their country residences without the inconvenience of their town furniture having to do double duty. In the meantime the capital assumes its *déshabillé*. Splendid flats and more modest ones also testify to their occupants' flight to the country, by their opaque windows which now, in the absence of blinds or shutters, are carefully whitewashed within to exclude the sun. Many of these dwellings are locked up for the summer, the servants having been removed with the families to enjoy with them "the verdure." Everyone endeavours to be off and away before Midsummer-day, after which Stockholm is

abandoned to stray tourists, who, naturally coming to the north in summer, find the Swedish capital a very dull place. None remain who are not compelled by circumstances to do so, and they compensate themselves by constant visits to the rural Djurgård, Haga, and other sweet places of resort.

The question which everybody now addresses to me is, "Where is the summer residence to be?"

To which I reply, "I am going with Tante Fredrika in the first intance to Årsta, the old family seat, afterwards with her to Kolmorden marble quarry. In the first place, however, Ingeborg, Edla, and I, start for a three days' visit to our Upsala aunt, who is already there, and expecting us."

We start to-morrow if it do not absolutely, as is said here, rain old men and women, which looks likely enough. Tante Fredrika, however, says it will be fine. She has great luck in travelling, and has invested us with the same, having no need of it herself whilst she stays quietly at home.

Tante Fredrika takes great pleasure in the prospect of three of her children, as she calls us, seeing Upsala, a city connected with Swedish

history from the very earliest times, and assuredly it is one of the most remarkable localities in the land.

The whole town and neighbourhood teem with historic memories. In fiction and in fact, Upsala has ever been the site of pageant and peaceful learning. Yet amongst the many memories which this ancient city recall to Miss Bremer's mind none are pleasanter than two incidents which have come under her personal knowledge, and which I will relate; namely:

There was, in the early part of this century, a young student lately come to Upsala, the son of a poor widow, who was standing with some of his college companions in one of the public walks on a fine Sunday morning. As they were thus standing, the young daughter of the Governor, a good and beautiful girl, was seen approaching them on her way to church, accompanied by her governess.

Suddenly the widow's son exclaimed, "I am sure that young girl would give me a kiss!"

His companions laughed, and one of them, a rich young fellow, said, "It is impossible! Thou, an utter stranger, and in a public thoroughfare. It is too absurd to think of."

"Nevertheless, I am confident of what I say," returned the other.

The rich student offered to lay a heavy wager that, so far from succeeding, he would not even venture to propose such a thing.

Taking him at his word, the poor student, the moment the young lady and her attendant had passed, followed them, and politely addressing them they stopped, on which in a modest and straightforward manner he said, speaking to the Governor's daughter, "It entirely rests with Fröken to make my fortune."

"How so?" demanded she, greatly amazed.

"I am a poor student," said he, "the son of a widow. If Fröken would condescend to give me a kiss, I should win a large sum of money, which, enabling me to continue my studies, would relieve my mother of a great anxiety."

"If success depend on so small a thing," said the innocent girl, "I can but comply;" and therewith, sweetly blushing, she gave him a kiss, just as if he had been her brother.

Without a thought of wrong-doing, the young girl went to church, and afterwards told her father of the encounter.

The next day, the Governor summoned the bold student to his presence, anxious to see the sort of person who had thus dared to accost his daughter. But the young man's modest demeanour at once favourably impressed him. He heard his story, and was so well pleased that he invited him to dine at the castle twice a week.

In about a year the young lady married the student whose fortune she had thus made, and who is at the present day one of the most celebrated Swedish philologists. His amiable wife died a few years since.

The second story was told to Tante Fredrika when on a visit in Upsala.

A young physician, Carl A——, accompanied the Swedish army on the Norwegian campaign. A terrible ophthalmia broke out as an epidemic in the camp, to the treatment of which the young doctor devoted himself. Shortly after, however, he himself became attacked by it, and sad to say, although all who were under his treatment recovered, yet he himself, either from his inability to prescribe in his own case, or some other cause, was obliged to leave the army and return to Stockholm. Here he placed

himself under the care of the most skilful oculist, but in vain. He knew himself to be hopelessly blind.

Doctor A—— was only three and twenty when life was thus darkened to him. Blind as he was, however, he had fortunately an occupation, amidst which it was possible, at least for the time, to forget his misfortune. He was a fine musician, and the hours spent at the piano were now his happiest. Nevertheless, the early, joyous current of his life was changed, and unconsciously, his youthful countenance became aged before its time.

A friend desirous of diverting his mind invited him, after his blindness had continued for a year or two, to take a little journey with him into the country. On the afternoon of the first day they took up their quarters at an inn in the town of N——, Carl A—— being conducted by his friend to a room on the second story, where he requested him to wait whilst he went out to call on an acquaintance.

One hour passed; several hours passed, and his friend did not return. It was now evening, and the blind young man, uneasy and alarmed, groped his way into another apartment opening

into the passage, whence he could hear what went on below. Here he perceived sounds of going and coming, all the usual business of the inn, but nothing that could solve the mystery of his friend's strange absence. He called, but no one heard. Hungry and uneasy, he seated himself and again waited.

Presently he caught a sound of light footsteps in the passage. He rose hastily, came forward, and again calling, a friendly female voice answered, inquiring who spoke.

He mentioned his name, and described his situation.

"Carl A——!" exclaimed the friendly young voice, drawing near to where he stood. "Then we are cousins. How singular this meeting! I am Helena N——, and am now here with my father on our homeward journey. Let me lead you to him. Stay with us; we are just going to supper, and in the meantime we will have your friend inquired after."

The blind physician gladly stretched out his hand, and Helena conducted him to her father.

The friend never returned. News almost immediately reached the inn that he had been seized by apoplexy in the street, where he had

fallen, and being carried into a surgery, died there shortly afterwards.

Helena and her father took their blind relative with them to their country home. She devoted herself to him as a cheerful friend and guide, and he rewarded her by the deepest love.

Two years after their first meeting in N—— they became husband and wife, and when Helena's father died, and their circumstances were less prosperous, she was able to maintain him by the work of her clever fingers.

They were aged people when Miss Bremer saw them. They were walking side by side under green summer trees at Upsala, calm, bright figures, and all was bright and calm around them.

"See, is not that beautiful?" said the friend who was with Miss Bremer, pointing to them. "She never leaves him. She has ever been a kind and faithful wife, and he lives but in her. They are a happy couple. Love has conquered misfortune!"

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO UPSALA.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11TH.—On Wednesday morning, rising unusually early, I beheld the sun shining gloriously on a ground moistened by very acceptable rain, which had fallen during the night. Vegetation, hitherto so parched and drooping, now shone forth in its spring freshness and verdure.

We were all early, but Tante Fredrika was, I believe, the earliest. We took coffee at half-past six, and between seven and eight started for the boat. Tante Fredrika and Hulda both kindly determined to see us off.

When we reached the ferry, where a little steamer would convey us in a few minutes to Riddarholm, our place of embarkation, we found my two travelling companions, with Lucia and another Seminarium friend awaiting

me, and after hearty congratulations on the change in the weather, we went on board the "Garibaldi."

The pleasant, many-islanded Mälar stretched temptingly before us, and as we gazed Stockholm-ward we saw white waving signals in the receding distance, the waving pocket-handkerchiefs of dear Tante Fredrika and the young group around her, who, instead of returning home directly, had gone on board the "Westerås," which was lying to, and thence sent their kind wishes after us with untiring goodwill.

Our course was up the Mälar, and exceedingly pleasant, winding about amongst its many islands, although, perhaps, at length, rather wearisome from its unvarying features. These consist of innumerable rocky islands, generally covered with fir and birch, and sprinkled with, here and there, a large square mansion standing on an eminence and often built of wood, but still more frequently with red or yellow painted cabins, sheltered by tall grey moss-covered rocks, or standing free on some pleasant, sunny promontory.

We caught a flitting glimpse of Drottning-

holm, the Royal residence, surrounded by its park; and beyond, a settlement of brightly-coloured wooden cottages, of which I have already spoken, where the citizens of Stockholm settle themselves down during the summer, and lead rural unsophisticated lives.

There are no large towns, nor even villages. Every now and then the "Garibaldi" stops at some wooden bridge or little pier, at which a country-woman or other quiet passenger is put out, apparently as if to visit the tenderly green birch trees or the white anemones, for rarely is a human being in sight; or perhaps it may be to take in some solitary passenger brought off from those pleasant shores in a little boat.

The Mälar has between three and four hundred islands, some say more, which divide the lake into innumerable straits, so that now one feels as if steaming up a river, and anon as if upon a small lake. The islands becoming fewer as we approach Upsala, the water assumes a more important character.

The only town we pass is the venerable and historical Sigtuna, the old city of Odin, where he settled with his followers on his great

migration from the East. It lies like a quiet village on a low hill commanding a wide creek, and with its prominent old grey square tower, is one of the last remains of bygone ages. The next place of especial interest is the huge pile of Skokloster, rising square and white on the left bank, backed by woods, and characterized by four octagonal towers. This place is connected with the memories of the Brahes and the Wrangels, and is again in possession of the former celebrated family. St. Brigitta, the holy patroness of Sweden, was by birth a Brahe, and the beautiful Ebba Brahe is renowned in history for the love given to her by Gustavus Adolphus. It is now celebrated for its rare collection of pictures, armour, and old furniture.

Towards two o'clock we entered the narrow channel of the much sung and talked of little river Fyris, which, rising in the neighbourhood of the great mine of Dannemora, passes through Upsala, and at the distance of a few miles links the old city with the Mälar. Here a vast plain opens on our right.

"Yonder is the church of Danmark!" said an elderly gentleman who had kindly pointed

out to us the various places of interest which we had passed, "so called from a victory gained over the Danes many hundred years ago."

Furthermore, our companion informed us that, going to Upsala as the guests of Mrs. Theta, otherwise Aunt Jane, we should see everything under the most favourable auspices: a piece of information which we were quite prepared for.

Of the minor features of this Swedish landscape, I must not omit the nodding fritillaries (*Fritillaria meleagris*), of a dusky chequered red, and the bud of which so exactly resembles the head of a serpent. These flowers, interspersed with a white variety, cover this vast extent of marshy meadow land, called the King's Meadow, and give to it a character of singular beauty. Though these flowers abound here they are rare in Sweden, growing only in one other tract, where they are called the King's Meadow lilies, from their having been introduced from Upsala.

"Yonder are the tumuli of Old Upsala," said our friendly cicerone, pointing to some round lofty mounds on the horizon, with a simple old church by their side, "and here you

have the Cathedral of New Upsala on the hill," added he, as we neared a red-brick pile with its twin spires.

Anon we are steaming alongside a promenade on the left bank, where White-caps are pacing up and down in friendly groups, interspersed with quiet inhabitants who are evidently in no hurry about anything. Now we are at the landing-place, and amongst others who are waiting for their friends, we recognize Mrs. Theta, who nods and smiles to us from under her broad hat trimmed with Tartan ribbons. All the world here is wearing the Tartan plaid in ribbons, trimmings, and cloaks, from the Royalties downwards.

The moment I was on shore I was accosted by a young lady, whose bright intelligent countenance attracted me at once.

"I am Thora Kappasigma," she said, "and we are to say *Du* from the first; Tante Theta says we may, and this will make our conversation easy."

I was well pleased with the arrangement, and my companions were escorted by Marie Upsilon, another young lady, of equally winning appearance and manners.

It was now early afternoon, very warm, regular summer weather, which everybody seemed greatly to enjoy. The house of Mrs. Theta was at some distance, and on our way thither we followed the course of the little Fyris, which is crossed here and there by a bridge, and on each side of which runs a street of wooden houses. Stone houses are rare, nor am I sure that these streets were paved; at all events, not on both sides, and the whole place seemed to me as primitive and countrified as any little town in the far west of America would have been.

"This house is *Perfectum*, and that *Plus-quam-perfectum*," said my friend Thora, pointing out two houses. "It is the usual style here. *Confectum* is, for instance, the confectioner's; *Infectum* is the Anatomy Institute; and *Sachsen Brandenburg*, a house rebuilt after a fire. But you'll hear all the names in time. The students have given them these names."

The students here, I may mention, are divided into *nations*, and each nation has its House, or place of meeting, where they read the papers and congregate for social intercourse, a sort of club, in fact. On our way, therefore,

we turned into the "Östgötha-nation House," a primitive, yellow-painted, wooden building, with a little grass-plot in front. Inside it consists simply of a large hall, with a second apartment leading out of it, which is the news-room, supplied with papers and hung round with oil-portraits of distinguished members, amongst which was that of Berzelius.

Next we found ourselves in a little fair, one of the three annual fairs held in Upsala, but, unfortunately, the least important, the only wares they seemed to be selling being wooden pails, spades, and other implements, all made of wood as white as snow. There was, however, a crowd of country people, and plenty of little brown horses.

After the fair we came to the Upsala water-mill, and here again crossing the river to the side on which we landed we found ourselves at the entrance of a shady court with a white house at the farther end, and on either hand, standing at right angles, a little bright brown-red cottage of two stories.

"Now, my girls, you are at the monastery! and a hearty welcome to it!" said our kind hostess.

The white house shaded by the fresh green trees, the house of Mrs. Theta, had formerly been a monastery, which fact is commemorated by a grey stone over the entrance, on which may be read: "*Reste d'un Monastère Franciscain. Reparé l'an* 1788." Our especial quarters were not, however, under the roof of the old Franciscans, but within the quaint cottage on the left hand. A most quaint and homely cottage it was, but all the more amusing on that account. The little staircase, for instance, had such narrow steps that it required you to fly up on tiptoe. How the students, whose rooms, now in their absence, we were to occupy, climbed it I know not. All the wood-work, too, was rough and simple. The two little chambers appropriated to us, with their windows facing the road, were occupied during the University session, each by its student, but this being now closed, they were vacant, and we were left to draw surmises as to the habits and characters of their usual occupants from the traces which they had left behind. Their names, written on cards and nailed to the doors, gave the first information. Mine was that of a student of law, as I divined from the

books on his shelves, and a religious-minded, industrious, and somewhat poetical young man, from the well-worn New Testament, old dictionaries, and Milton's "Paradise Lost," in Swedish. I had a grand silk patchwork quilt on my bed, but this I suspect belonged to my hostess.

When I looked from my window I could have fancied myself in some real little Welsh inn, for the aspect of things out of doors was quite of that character. There was the little river running along its stony bed, its banks scattered with trees, but instead of opposite mountains, rose the old red-brick cathedral with its twin spires, the whole imposing from its bulk rather than its architectural pretensions, with more wooden houses and overshadowing trees.

I have now seen the three most important towns of Sweden, Gothenburg, Stockholm, and Upsala. But where was Upsala? I had expected a grand old city, and was introduced into a large rural village, and this was Upsala! But all the pleasanter from its delicious quietness and primitive style.

I see that in 1839 there were two iron-

mongers, four clothiers, thirteen grocers, one linen-draper, seven leather-sellers, and eleven provision-dealers, nor can there certainly be many more now. The twelve hundred students lodge all over the town in these cosy wooden houses, some of which are mere cottages, but pretty, with their creepers, lilac bushes, and little kitchen and flower-gardens. Ingeborg and Edla, though Swedes, were as much charmed as I was, although the simplicity and patriarchal character of everything could hardly strike them as it did me. I could not lock my door inside, nor was there any means of fastening it, but I felt perfectly safe, although it is questionable whether the lower door was secured. The rooms were so low that I could easily reach the ceiling with my hand, whence it seemed a necessary condition that the law-student should not be of the race of *lille* Lars.

Aunt Jane, though residing mostly in Stockholm, still retains her rooms in the opposite cottage, where her aged mother, Mrs. Muro, the widow of a Scotch captain, lives. Her rooms are very prettily furnished with good engravings on the walls. One of these was Miss Margaret Gillies' "Past and Future,"

which appears to be a great favourite in this northern land. Its thoughtful and somewhat pathetic character accords with the national spirit; hence, when it was discovered that I had the pleasure of knowing this amiable and accomplished artist, I had many affectionate inquiries to answer.

The apartment which was used as our dining-room, was a complete library, and usually belonged to a student or professor, who now, like most others, was absent.

A few, however, of the White-capped race still remained, as we had already seen, and no sooner was dinner over than Thora and Marie again appeared, and were speedily followed by their respective brothers, Arvid and Walter, the former accompanied by a large, solemn-looking dog, called "Harlequin." If henceforth I speak of these young men and their friends by their simple names, let it be understood as being merely in the spirit of that good faith and open-hearted friendliness which marked the whole of this Upsala visit.

Accompanied by these young men we set off, a regular excursion train, to explore the old city, and first were taken to the Carolina Rediviva,

a large, important building, situated on high ground, overlooking the great plain which stretches away like a sea. A road leading from the front of the building directly through the town, cuts across the plain eastward, with the arrow-like straightness of a Roman road, and is called the Queen's Highway, in honour of Queen Christina, by whom it was made. On our way we went round the cathedral, through Odin's Lund or Grove, a beautiful avenue on the hill, with the Gustavianska Academy a little below on the right hand. Along this grove it was that Tante Fredrika's faithful couple walked, and where also the Governor's daughter gave that fortunate kiss to the poor student.

One wooden house succeeded another, all shaded by trees, now clothed in their early tender green. The last of these dwellings had been the home of the great historian Geijer, into the garden of which we had pleasant peeps from the Carolina Rediviva.

Just beyond this building stands the large red-brick castle, which resembles a huge barracks, with two round towers, the tops of which are queerly like wide-awakes. It is now occu-

pied by the Governor, but has its historical reminiscences, one of which is the abdication of Queen Christina, who, unwilling to be forgotten by her people, erected the large bell on the green before the castle, and which, according to her injunctions, rings to this day, morning and evening, for the peace of her soul.

Sitting on the iron chains which swing between the posts in front of the Carolina Rediviva was Magister Kappalambda, a relative of our friends the Kappasigmas, waiting to join us, a young professor, though wearing the white cap and attire of the student. This building was erected by Carl Johan, and is called after him. Its library contains many interesting manuscripts, amongst others that of Tegnér's, Frithiof's Saga, and the writings of Linnæus and Swedenborg. Long rows of the works of the last-named stand on the shelves of the library, and his autograph under glass, but his portrait is in the Westmanland and Dala-nation House. This magnificent library occupies the second floor, and is imposing even after the British Museum. The entire story is divided into two spacious parallel galleries, where the well-bound books

look as tempting as books always do under such circumstances. They represent the intellect of all countries, and conspicuously that of England, one valuable English work after another being taken down, and proudly laid before me. All the young men seemed well versed in the contents of the library, especially Magister Kappalambda and Walter Upsilon. There is also an ample collection of light foreign literature, but ranged up aloft in a high balcony which encircles the room. There are also Swedish novels in plenty, but perched up so high that they are only accessible by a ladder, and are, at the same time, watched over by a professor, perhaps as a seductive temptation which requires guarding against with unusual care. Happening to take up a small book which was lying amongst a heap of others, I was no little pleased to find it Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," and, truly, I think the worthy old author would not have felt himself out of place there.

The great treasure of the library is the renowned "Codex Argenteus," Bishop Ulphilas's Mœso-gothic translation of the Gospels. I had read of this book in Latham, who speaks of

the old Roman province of Mœsia on the Danube, which was afterwards possessed by the Goths, and the oldest colony extant in which Anglo-Saxon, or the languages akin to it, were written, so that this very manuscript, which illustrates Anglo-Saxon and the old Scandinavian tongues, is of the utmost value, not only to the Scandinavian people, but to us, and very thankful should we English be to possess it. How little I thought, when reading first of this rare old book, that it would ever be my good fortune to see it. It is in excellent preservation, though it dates back to 360—380. It is written in gold and silver letters, on red parchment, now faded and discoloured, and bound in silver. It is this silver binding which gives the name to the book, and very rich and costly it is.

This ancient work, after lying neglected in Germany, fell into the hands of Queen Christina, who gave it to her librarian, Isaac Vossius, who carried it to Holland, whence it afterwards returned to Sweden. Here also is the celebrated Codex, in parchment, of Snorre Sturleson's "Edda," and other curious old sagas, and the journal of the unfortunate Erik

XIV.; from 1566 to 1567, and a Bible which belonged both to Luther and Melancthon, with their autographs.

One singular feature in the construction of this great building is, that its staircase, very handsomely constructed of stone, stands as an adjunct at the back of the whole. The reason of this is variously explained, some say that the necessity for a staircase was overlooked in the original plan, and added on afterwards, but our good Magister maintains that it was originally hoped that the need of after times would require the building to be enlarged so as to enclose the staircase, and bring it into its proper place, the centre of the building.

We ran up the great stairs, being told the while how splendid the music of the students' songs sounds on this staircase, and entered a vast hall over the library, in which the students' concerts and other entertainments are given, and from here as from below had the same extensive views over the great green plain, dotted here and there with homesteads. Again the Danmark church was conspicuous in the distance, and the tall Lincolnshire-like spire of another church. Besides these more distin-

guishable objects are others signalized by the students as Dybbel, Dannevirke, &c. Above the trees, and beyond the towers of the cathedral, northward, we again saw the three tumuli, and the little ancient church which mark Old Upsala. To the west, woods and park-like enclosures, with the handsome modern laboratory.

We were soon in the park, which, though laid out to represent an English park, is much more like the grounds and plantations of an English mansion, and very pleasant it is with its charming alleys and copses, all adding greatly to the attraction of Upsala. The new Botanic Gardens, celebrated for their connection with Linnæus, adjoin this park. They are laid out in a formal French or Dutch style, the tall fir-trees, as thick in their growth as yew-trees in England, being cut in topiary work. This, however, is not, properly speaking the botanic garden of Linnæus. He superintended that which is now called the Old Botanic Garden, but on account of its exposed situation, and even the inundations to which it was liable, he removed to Hammarby, eight miles from Upsala, where he pursued his botanical occupations. Nevertheless, this present garden owes its existence to him.

It lies just below the Castle-hill, and has a Grecian building with Doric pillars, and conservatories attached. The bust of Linnæus, by Byström, occupies the place of honour in the hall of this building. It was placed here by the students, adorned with wreaths, and surrounded with flowers on one of the "Promotion Days." The Promotion Days, which occur only every two or three years, are those on which the highest honours of the University are awarded, and we were shown the laurel-trees in the conservatory, from which the wreaths for the lucky students are made on these occasions. The ceremony takes place about Midsummer, when the evergreens and other plants, preserved in this conservatory during the winter, are placed in the open air, and the banquet is given in the space thus cleared, the heroes of the day sitting in bowers of laurel.

The flower-borders are edged with box, very much taller than is usual with us, but remarkable as being the greatest height to which this shrub grows in this country. I saw in the conservatory, as in the Djurgård in Stockholm, many of our common shrubs, nor are the flowers

remarkable. But then I saw with English eyes, and flowers which, in our rich abundance, we almost disregard, are highly valued here.

From these gardens we went to the Laboratory, which, to my ignorance, looked very much like the abode of a magician, although the young sorcerer, who was busy amongst retorts and simmering, vilely-smelling decoctions, which would have enchanted the witches in Macbeth, did not look at all alarming.

We spent the evening at Professor Upsilon's, whose son and daughter had been amongst our friendly conductors through the afternoon. The countenance of the Professor is one of the noblest I ever saw, singularly intellectual and benevolent at the same time. Like everybody else, he lives in a wooden house, and entering the simple sitting-room, we found, to our surprise, a large assembly of pleasant-looking young men and women, all of whom seemed as fresh and simple in their costume and manners as their native wild flowers. They were Kappa-sigmas and Upsilons, and with them an old Seminarium acquaintance whom it was an agreeable surprise to meet here, besides Magister Kappalambda and Miss Alpha.

Aunt Jane, who had parted from us at the Laboratory, sat with her mother in state on the sofa. It was quite a large party, yet anything simpler or more cordial could not have been; stamped, at the same time, with that genuine refinement which springs from the pure unpretending truth of life.

Raspberry-vinegar and other simple beverages, with rusks and biscuits, were handed round, and people chatted together. Professor Upsilon requested to have the portraits of his Stockholm visitors which all felt to be an honour, and then, we being by that time, well rested, were escorted by the young men to their Nation-house, that of Westmanland and Dala, one of the most important, and which, fortunately, was near at hand.

In the large hall of this house stands the same statue of Iduna, by Qvarnström, as that at the Seminarium, and, like it also, a present from Miss Bremer. The walls of the reading-room are adorned with oil-portraits of former members, amongst others those of Jasper Svedberg and his celebrated son Emanuel, who changed his name to Swedenborg. As a sign of the present day, a large photographic album is kept here, which contains all the portraits of

the present members, including the Duke of Dalecarlia. The great banner of the corps with its double coat-of-arms was displayed before us, a tattered trophy, which these cheerful young fellows were hoping shortly to replace with another worked by the ladies of Westmanland and Dalecarlia.

After this we progressed to other Nation-houses, for nothing came amiss to us, and then returned to supper, which, as usual in this Northern land, was taken standing, everybody helping themselves to that which took their fancy most, and the whole finishing with a cup of tea made at a side-table. People collected in little groups, and chatted merrily together. How easy, and simple, and friendly it was!

At about half-past ten, whilst it was yet so light that the thought of sleep seemed almost unnatural, we went home, escorted by a large party.

I had not been long in my chamber when Aunt Jane's neat little servant came in with a tall, unlighted candle in a silver candlestick.

"Ah, Lovisa, what is the use of a candle in these glorious nights?" I asked.

Lovisa replied, in the prettiest manner possible, that her mistress had sent her with the candle, in case the gentlemen gave us a serenade, when we would be so good as to light it.

Alas, what did I know of serenades and their proper etiquette, coming out of England! I begged her, therefore, to carry the candle to the other young ladies, who understood these things better; and I followed for a cabinet council.

Aunt Jane had already thrown out hints of a serenade, saying it was lucky that our rooms adjoined. Now, therefore, having arranged with my companions to hasten to them in case of such an occurrence, I returned to my own chamber.

Very quiet and very delicious was the night; as light as at nine o'clock at midsummer in England. The cathedral clock chimed quarter after quarter in the most melodious manner possible. The murmur of the river over its stony bed came up like the only voice of the night; and so midnight having passed, and no students coming with their serenade, I undressed, and am almost ashamed to say, was glad that I might go to sleep. Scarcely, however, had

unconsciousness stolen over me, when the sound of clear, youthful, harmonious voices, like a passage out of the concert at Stockholm, striking up a beautiful melody in the still night air, at once aroused me. I threw my shepherd's plaid shawl around me, and approaching as near the window as I dared, saw a group of seven or eight White-caps singing beneath, with about the same number standing around, some on the green sward, others leaning against the great grey boulders by the road side, with the green trees and the murmuring river beyond. It was a charming scene, a little bit of the real poetry of life, and I enjoyed it with my whole soul.

In a very short time I was in the other chamber with my companions all sitting on one of the beds, with the unlighted candle between us. But the question now was, when ought the candle to be lighted?

"How can we best thank them? How lovely their singing is, and what a pleasure they are giving us! This is better even than the Stockholm concert!"

Such were some of our remarks in the intervals of the four songs with which we were honoured. But still the candle was an unde-

termined perplexity, for having lighted it, we did not know when to extinguish it. If we did it too soon, it would be like saying, "We have heard enough! now go about your business!" If we continued it burning it might, on the other hand, look as if we wanted more than they were, perhaps, prepared to give us. It seemed a very delicate question to decide.

At length, however, we extinguished it, and the concert still continuing to the fourth song, we hoped we had done what was right.

The next morning we were able to thank the young men. Arvid Kappasigma had been the prime mover; he had collected his friends after we had left, and as regarded the candle we found that we had done what was quite correct.

"All we want by the candle," said Arvid, "is a sign that we are not singing to deaf ears." We could not see any movement in one chamber, only a living shadow floating through the other. As to Mrs. Theta, there was no disguise about her; we saw her as large as life amongst her flower-pots."

He said that there was no greater pleasure than singing to willing ears in the balmy summer nights. It was quite another thing in the

winter, besides which the sharp, frosty air was so trying to the voice!

Like all students, these young men have an unbounded joy and pride in their university life. Arvid told us that he knew young men who had been at Oxford and Cambridge, and to the German universities, but that in none of them, by their own account, was the life as free and as happy as in this old Swedish seat of learning.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO UPSALA (CONTINUED.)

THE morning sun shone gloriously, and we were up as early as larks. We crossed the river, and proceeding to St. Erik's Well, drunk each a glass of the deliciously fresh cold water, which pours forth from the rock like a living stream. The legend of this fountain is similar to that of St. Winifred's Well in North Wales, in so far that the spring gushes forth where the head of the saint fell. History relates that in the twelfth century, Prince Magnus Henrikson, of Denmark, made war on Erik of Sweden, with the ambitious design of winning for himself the crown of that country. Erik, who was a very pious man, was attending service in Upsala Cathedral at the moment when the army of his enemy was at hand. But though he knew his danger, he

would not leave till the service was concluded, and then, attended by a few followers, issued forth, and being cut down outside the cathedral, the living water at once gushed forth to commemorate the spot for ever.

At ten o'clock, two carriages containing Kappasigmas and Upsilons drove up, and we, accompanied by Aunt Jane, also taking our seats, away they dashed over the plain to Old Upsala, which is scarcely more than a poor village, though, in the days of yore, it was the proudest spot in all Scandinavia.

The first old colonist, Odin, settled with his followers at Sigtuna, but King Frey, who followed him from Asia, travelled still further north, and built a mighty temple on a great plain in honour of Thor, Odin, and Frigga. It was called Upp-sala, or the lofty hall of the gods. The ceiling and pillars were covered with pure gold, and the roof, which was of gold, and enriched by a golden chain, shone out over the vast plain, testifying by its brilliancy to the constant presence of the mightiest gods of the north.

Frey's sister Freya, a re-incarnation of the goddess of love of the same name, was the priestess

here. Nor must I omit to mention that an immense unknown tree grew at the entrance of the temple, and spread far and wide its mighty evergreen branches.

People, attracted by the fame of the place, came hither from Norway, Denmark, and all parts of Sweden, not merely to worship in the temple, but to behold also the magnificence of the royal residence, which towered proudly at its side.

As the Upp-sala gods were supreme above all gods, so were the Upp-sala kings above all petty sovereigns. They were a bold and plundering race, who, traversing the seas in their dragon-shaped vessels, brought back from foreign shores the riches of other countries to dazzle and amaze their people.

All this glory lives merely in tradition and history. Poor huts now stand on the site of the once royal residence. The temple, however, has been somewhat more fortunate, as the present christian church is said to contain within itself a portion of the ancient temple, simple and unpretending as it is with its white-washed interior.

We climbed the first of the three gigantic

tumuli, that which bears the name of Odin, though his bones are said to lie under a cairn in Småland, where the peasants assert that from time to time he himself may be seen. Here we sat in the balmy sunshine, and saw, at the distance of three miles, the imposing cathedral of the once little trading town of Aros, now Upsala, the city of youths and sages.

This day, as we had learned from Edla, was our Ingeborg's birthday. She was twenty-one, and, as our friends Walter, Arvid, and his brother Birger, now in student and Scandinavian style appeared with an immense drinking-horn, a yard long, mounted in silver, which is kept at a neighbouring cottage, and filled with mead which was made from Frey's original recipe, we were able to do seemly honour to the occasion.

Here then is a health to Frey, in whose days crops were abundant, and folks were peaceable; a health to old Odin, and a health to Thor, and above all a hearty health to Ingeborg, who is worth all their mouldering old majesties together!

Right was it that our Ingeborg's birthday was celebrated here to-day, as if to comme-

morate Ingeborg of Upp-sala, King Ane's beautiful daughter, who here slew herself in her faithful love for Hjalmar, who had died for her.

Descending from the tumulus, we made an incursion into the school below, where a flock of country children in patched garments, the lads with shaggy heads of hair, and the girls with cotton headkerchiefs pinned under the chin, were being taught to read and write by a rustic, yet kind-looking schoolmaster. Green leaves waved pleasantly outside, and near at hand was a smaller mound where we had seen the children at play, covering it like a flock of merry lambs. Now they sat in the school, quiet and subdued, and greatly amazed by the advent of strangers.

This is probably a stationary school, many of the children walking several miles to it, otherwise it often happens in this sparsely-populated land that ambulatory schoolmasters go round in a regular circuit, teaching for a month or two at a time in a room hired for the purpose, the children even then coming from considerable distances. A very primitive mode of instruction this, and very wonderful it seems

to me, that the children can retain any learning at all with the great gaps that of necessity occur in their instruction.

Again we were driving over the plain on our return. The roadside, as we approached the town, was bordered with trees, and the ground golden with dandelions.

Arvid Kappasigma was in our carriage, his faithful "Harlequin" running by his side. He amused us with the account of a memorable student meeting in Copenhagen two or three years ago, when the White-caps of Upsala, visiting their Danish kinsmen were received by them as brothers. The visit has since then been returned at Stockholm, the students of the two countries walking about the streets arm-in-arm. Arvid described the effect produced by the similarity, yet difference, of the two languages. The similarity made them suppose that they could freely converse together, but it was often more like a game at cross questions and crooked answers.

When Kappasigma walked through Copenhagen with his entertainer, every person they met, man or woman, bowed. "It is very extra-

ordinary; but you are universally known!" said he to his host.

"It is to you, not to me that they are bowing," returned his Danish friend, "they are acknowledging you as a Swedish student." After this, he had nothing to do but to bow right and left, as if he had been a king; and so had they all, for nothing could equal the courtesy of the Danes. Bouquets of flowers and visiting cards also were poured in upon them. Nor when the Danes returned their visit were they less honoured. "Now, however," sighed the poor young fellow, "now in the war, when there is such need of help, how are the promises of brotherhood fulfilled?"

We young lady visitors in Upsala fared like the Danish students in the days of their prosperity. The kindness of our entertainers was without bounds.

On our return we were taken to the cemetery, which lies pleasantly on a hill near one of the usual groves. Here we saw Geijer's simple grave, and the various student burial-places of the different nations, each inclosed, and often containing an upright rock, on which are

inscribed the names of those who, called to the other life in the midst of their studies, and far from home, have been followed here to their graves by their companions.

From the cemetery we went to the Academia Gustaviana, so called from Gustavus Adolphus, containing a large lecture-room, a museum of natural history, and a picture-gallery, in which are many Swedish kings, queens, and nobles, and a collection of casts. That which interested me most, however, was a casket fit to figure in a fairy-tale. It is called the Art Cabinet, and was a present from the magistrates of Augsburg to Queen Maria Eleonora, in 1632, bequeathed by her to Queen Christina, and in 1692 given by Ulrika Eleonora to the University of Upsala. It is about five ells high, made of cypress and ebony, richly carved and ornamented. It opens on three sides, and presents an interior dazzling with settings of crystal, coral, amethysts, and other precious stones. One side consists of drawers, containing every necessary for the toilet of a queen; another is of a devotional character, ornamented with a painting of our Saviour; the third, a regular treasury of games and toys, amongst

which is a doll. We were permitted to open all the drawers, and even handle the jewelled contents. In one drawer I was greatly surprised to find a Jericho rose exactly like the smallest of Tante Fredrika's. It was now curled up like the fist of a little skeleton. Who was the adventurous traveller that had visited the Holy Land in those days, and brought back this relic for a queen?

Upsala has at various times been desolated by fire. But the conflagration of 1702 was the most terrible. It began in the night between the 15th and 16th of May, and within fourteen hours nearly the whole place was destroyed.

At that time, an aged man named Olof Rudbeck resided in Upsala. He was one of its most respected inhabitants, and proved on this occasion a great benefactor to the university by saving the noble library which was then contained in the Academia Gustaviana. Though seventy-two years of age he climbed to the roof, directing the water-pipes himself; nor could he be prevailed upon to leave his post, though he was informed that his own house was in flames, and knew that the two great

works, still unpublished, on which he had been employed for upwards of forty years, must be lost for ever. He was a noble instance of self-sacrifice.

At the request of the Consistory he drew out a plan for rebuilding the town, but died the following September from his losses and over exertion. He was a man of remarkable energy and enterprise, and, forty years before, in order to obviate the difficulties and inconveniences of travelling from Upsala to Stockholm, established "post-yachts" to sail between the two towns. In 1719, Government granted to the son of old Rudbeck the right of continuing these yachts, with certain privileges.

The account of the great fire in which the aged Rudbeck so nobly exerted himself still remains, as written by him to the Chancellor of the Academy, Count Oxenstjerna.

"If your Excellency," begins he, quaintly, "were not patience itself, as your life testifies, and if you did not esteem this mortal existence no more than I do, in my treatise of 'Dust and Ashes,' I should not venture to describe the rod with which the Almighty has been pleased to chastise us, and which we His children ought

to kiss, as being less severe than our crimes merit.

"The fire began at one o'clock at Professor Uppmark's premises and with a S.W. wind, which changed to W. and then to N. During this time a terrible storm raged, so that it was more like fiery rain from heaven than an earthly conflagration. The fire raged backwards and forwards, burning up everything between two gates; not a stone house, whether great or small, was saved, excepting the one I built last year at the garden of the Academy, where I am now sitting with my son. Both his premises and mine were burned down. In my house my printed matter was burnt up, from the passage being completely filled with the goods of my neighbours which they had brought into the house, whilst what could not be brought in stood outside in the court; for having lent my horses to others to convey away their property, I lost all I possessed in clothes and furniture, so that I and my wife are as poor as if we lay in swaddling clothes. Afterwards, the N.E. wind carried the fire to the other side, burning the belfry and bells, and afterwards setting fire to the cathedral—the beautiful House of God—to

the parish church, St. Erik's chapel, and the whole castle. The balcony which I built last year on the Academy was, through the grace of God, preserved, both it and the library. (It was upon this balcony that he took his stand, and issued his directions for the saving of the library.) The quarter above the cathedral is the only one remaining, where five professors are untouched, but all the rest have removed to their prebends in the country, and the Treasurer, Mayor, Apothecary, and Aldermen, are boarded with townspeople. The altar, pulpit, and organ in the cathedral, together with all my works which were in the great vault, the first three volumes of my 'Atlantica,' and what was printed of the fourth; my Botanical work, 'Campi Elysii,' and all the designs, from seven to eight thousand already engraved, and amounting in worth to 4,000 riksdalers,—all are consumed. The Lord gave and the Lord took. Blessed be His name everlastingly. The Almighty God preserve our King and give him peace, and vouchsafe that this be not an omen of anything worse."

So high was the wind and so fearful was the conflagration that Albrecht Sture, the Gover nor

of the Castle, returning from Stockholm by night, saw, when passing Skokloster, burning papers flying with the wind, which prepared him for the great misfortune before reaching the scene of the tragedy.

Immediately after the fire the lectures were resumed, and the studies continued until the usual vacation; Professor Uppmark, in whose house the fire began, giving, only three days after the great calamity, a lecture on "The Tranquillity of the Soul," in which he exhorted professors and students not to lose courage, spite of the present terror and the prevailing misery.

We dined this day with the Kappasigmas. We had repeatedly passed their gate, and now were to become acquainted with the house and home, the father and the mother of our indefatigable friends. The whole house and household might have belonged to one of Miss Bremer's novels. The large, lofty, spacious mansion built of wood, at the end of a long garden, with stables and wooden outhouses standing on one side. I had wondered as we sailed on the Mälar why Swedish country-seats looked so much less imposing than they would do in England. It

is, I believe, because they are almost always built of wood. The general style of these houses is for the centre to be a story higher than the two ends.

Mr. Kappasigma, the father of our friends, formerly resided in the country, but becoming perfectly blind, he removed some years ago to Upsala. His large house bears the stamp of affluence and prosperity. The suite of apartments on the first floor, principally occupied by the family, was now filled with a number of young people,—a cousin, a lady who lives with them ; the *house mamsell*, a second lady too who had formerly held that position and was now there on a visit.

The benevolent-looking master of the house sat on a sofa in the drawing-room, with a green shade over his eyes, holding a sort of little court. We were, I am ashamed to say, very late, and had kept the dinner waiting ; also good Mrs. Muro with our Edla, who had parted company from us, and who were to come together in a drosky, lost their way, and were seen by the dinner-waiting family driving about hopelessly. At last, however, all the wandering elements assembled, and we went to dinner.

None, however, were seated, with the exception of the master of the house, who was led in and placed at a little side table near one of the windows, and Aunt Jane and her mother at a second. Every one else stood round the room, going each in their turn to the centre table and helping themselves.

"We usually sit at dinner," said Thora, "but to-day we thought it quieter and simpler, with so large a party, to stand as at supper."

After dinner, people rested in the various rooms. I was taken into the bedroom of Thora and her sister Gerda, a pleasant apartment, in which was a sewing-machine. It was a kind of adjunct to the drawing-room.

They have a large collection of books, and as a proof of the earnest simplicity of this northern life, I may mention that Thora, though the daughter of a wealthy family, which holds a high position in Upsala, is one of the principal teachers in the large school here which belonged to Aunt Jane before she removed to the Seminarium in Stockholm, in the juvenile school of which Thora will this autumn also take the situation of teacher.

In the afternoon, Aunt Jane, Ingeborg, Edla,

and I, paid a visit to Mrs. O——, a lady of importance in Upsala, the wife of one of the professors of jurisprudence, and herself an authoress and co-editress, with Fröken Esselde, of the "Home Magazine."

An air of artistic elegance pervaded the house. The rooms were papered with those small, quiet-patterned papers of modern introduction; there were old cabinets; and the furniture, though simple, and fitted for every-day use, was elegant in construction. Scarcely had we taken our seats, when she showed me in her relic-book some pressed sweet-peas which my father had given her some years before in England. English books, and various English periodicals, lay on the table, and seemed well read. She appeared surprised that so little was known in our country of what was doing in Sweden for the intellectual development of women, and of the desire there is to open up new paths of employment and usefulness to them.

Mrs. O——, who is singularly bright and intelligent, has six children, and is an admirable mother and mistress of a household, although a literary woman. But this is by no means

rare, and I hardly know why I write it. Her husband, too, is a very agreeable and intelligent man.

Returning from this visit, we joined our friends at the Cathedral. The interior of this church was destroyed in the great fire, when also the marble pillars were so much injured that they are now white-washed—as, unfortunately, is the whole inside—so that its grandeur is solely attributable to the symmetry of the lofty pillars, its great height and extent. It contains many interesting relics. The gilt-silver shrine which holds the bones of St. Erik; the rich old embroidered garments kept in the robe-room; St. Brita's silver-tin frontlet, covered with gold, set with small pearls and precious stones, together with a little embroidered apron, pincushion, and scissors-sheath, belonging to her; the huge hones, two ells long, which King Albert sent to Margaret of Sweden to sharpen her needles upon, instead of going to war; but most interesting of all, the old faded garments, stained with blood and pierced with weapons, worn by old Count Svante Sture and his sons, Nils and Erik, Lord Abraham Stenbock and Ivar Ivarsson, who were cruelly

put to death by the infatuated Erik XIV. These murders, with all their picturesque details—their dark, horrible savagery, and their touching pathos — furnish one of the most striking incidents in Swedish history, which is full of poetry and romance.

But to return to the relics. The most noted of all stands in the choir of the Cathedral: the tomb of Gustavus Vasa, containing also the remains of his two first wives, Catherine of Saxe Lauenburg and his beloved Margaretha Leijonhufvud. The walls of the choir are painted in fresco from the life of the hero-king by Professor Sandberg, and the whole of the little chapel is not only interesting, but beautiful.

Near the western entrance, a flat stone in the pavement bears this inscription: "*Ossa Caroli a Linné. Equ. Aur.—Marito Optimo, Filio, Unico Carolo a Linné. Patris Successori et Sibi Sara Elisabeta Moræa.*" Besides this, he has a monument in one of the side chapels.

From the Cathedral, we crossed the court to the Academical Consistory, or *Kuggis*, as it is called by the students, who not only receive here their degrees, but may be *plucked*; *kugga*

being the verb which expresses the act of that unhappy condition. But the terrible days of *kuggis* are now over. The large room is decorated with portraits of various Swedish sovereigns. From *Kuggis* we flew back to the Kappasigmas to tea and supper, and then accompanied a larger party to the Observatory, all deploring that now the nights were so light we could see but very little, even if we stayed till after midnight.

The astronomer is an Englishman, of German origin, who has lived many years in Sweden—in fact, has become naturalized. There are not here many students of astronomy; for, as there are posts in this country only for five official astronomers, it is hardly worth a young man's while to adopt the study as a profession. Two of the five, a principal and sub-astronomer, are at the Stockholm Observatory; two are at Upsala, and the one somewhere else. Nor is the life of an astronomer, as described to me, enviable—sometimes sitting for hours, almost frozen through, waiting for an observation.

There was just then a young moon, and the night so light that we could see very little; nevertheless, to some of our inexperienced eyes,

that little was interesting, and with the greatest delight we ascended the ladder, and, looking through the gigantic telescope, felt, as it appeared, the whole observatory wheeling round with us, so that we might have a view of Jupiter and his moons.

The next morning, our last at Upsala, we enjoyed a new pleasure, the sudden inspiration of Thora the evening before. This was having breakfast on the shore of the Mälar, a few English miles from Upsala.

We rose early, took each a cup of coffee about seven, then went out to execute various little commissions for Tante Fredrika and others, by which time the three carriages engaged to take the party to Lurbo Temple arrived. Nothing could be more delicious than the morning; the air was fresh and balmy, and the leaves, now fully expanded, were stirred by a light breeze. On our way through the town, we took up one and another of our party—Miss Alpha, the sweet presiding genius in a home consisting of a father and several brothers, who came with three bouquets, one for each of the visitors, and Magister Kappalambda, who waited near at hand.

We drove out of the town for three or four miles through scenery very much resembling some parts of Surrey, if, in addition to the fir-woods and heaths of that pleasant county, be added grey rocks piercing or resting on the surface. Every now and then we came to gates across the road, to mark the boundaries of property. This is a drawback to the pleasure of driving, at least according to my English notions, which object to the constant interruptions, even though there may be generally two or three ragged urchins waiting to open them, and earn a "slant"—a general term for pence—with which, our gallant attendants being well supplied, the little ragged regiment fared sumptuously. Pehr Thomasson has written a poem called "The Boy at the Gate," and such furnish a general feature of Swedish country life.

After a very merry and pleasant drive, the three carriages stopped at a cottage by a water-mill, with the Mälar glittering at a little distance before us, and a wooded rocky hill on the right. This we climbed, crossing a stream by a little bridge, and wandered over grey lichen and moss by a rocky path through the pleasant spring woods to a little old summer-house on a rock

called Lurbo, whence we had a glorious view over the brilliant, sparkling Mälar, with its wooded banks. Here most of us seated ourselves, wreathed cowslips, pelted each other with fir-cones, and listened to the bullfinches singing in the woods, till some one suggested that breakfast would be welcome, and, as if in answer to the idea, a summons came from Thora that the meal was ready, and away we trooped down the hill to enjoy it.

Here a pleasant surprise awaited us: an abundant repast, charmingly arranged on the green, sloping sward; and in case any critical mind should demur to a sloping bank for a breakfast, let me describe all. A table borrowed from the cottage was covered with a snow-white cloth; the sugar-basket and other apparatus of the meal were decorated by Walter with rosy young fir-blossoms on their light green twigs. It was a lovely decoration; whilst the white cloth spread on the turf was covered with that profusion of biscuits, rusks, and fancy bread which belongs to Swedish housekeeping, and all adorned in some simple, graceful, rustic fashion. A country woman, with a pink kerchief on her head, came up from the cottage with two large

copper vessels of steaming coffee. Imagine us then, reclining on the sloping sward of our sylvan saloon, and say whether we should not do justice to the meal.

When we recrossed the bridge to return to the carriages, two peasant children, a boy and girl, were fishing for perch—letting their lines float away, in utter forgetfulness of everything but the group of strangers before them. They made a perfect little picture. Not less amazed than they was an old man whom we startled in the mill, into which we made an incursion, as he sate in deep thought, or perhaps without a single thought, watching the corn being ground.

The carriages, during our breakfast, had been decorated for the return by the drivers, who, as if inspired by the sentiment of the hour, had wreathed them with the fragrant bird-cherry, now in full bloom.

We drove back by another road, passing, in so doing, the largest agricultural school in Sweden, which had very much the appearance of any gentleman-farmer's place in England. After this, we passed the camp, a little Aldershot, where the militia were being drilled. Every man in Sweden must pass through mili-

tary training during three years, for a short time each year; and as the dress of the private descends from one to another, the uniform has a tolerably shabby and ill-fitting look.

In the afternoon, all our kind friends, Magister Kappalambda amongst them, came down, laden with flowers, to see us on board the steamer; whilst Birger and Arvid, accompanied by his faithful "Harlequin," undertook to be our escort as far as Sigtuna; and of "Harlequin" be it said, though it has been omitted before, that he too was his master's companion wherever he kindly accompanied us.

Now we are steaming down the river, past the meadows purple with fritillaries, which our friends inform us, were first introduced here by the old botanist Olof Rudbeck, to whose memory, as also that of his son, Linnæus dedicated the well-known genus of plants, Rudbeckia. Half-an-hour later we are on the Mälar, circling amongst its many islands, and listening to that subject which is never threadbare to the student —his university life.

"If you could only have been here for the spring festival!" exclaimed the usually quiet Birger, with enthusiasm; "it is really worth

coming from Stockholm to see. You are too late for the carnival procession this year. But promise us that you will come for the next!"

"What shall we see if we do?" we asked.

"Every nation," returned Birger, in his grave way, "shows on such an occasion of what stuff it is made; and there will be grand doings. Mark my words now; the Gothenburg nation will represent the Past and the Present, that is to say, Julius Cæsar and Louis Napoleon, with other types; Gottland nation will startle the world with the great Bergsjö serpent, fifty yards long, a real, living serpent, with scores of men inside him! As for Wermland, it will enact Don Quixote, with human windmills, and Sancho Panza on an ass, if that animal can be procured from the south of Sweden, for it is easier to obtain a sea-serpent than an ass in these fabulous regions, you perceive. But I must say no more, for I am revealing deep secrets of the future. But you *will* come!"

All this time a dark, handsome gentleman was keeping an eye on us from a distance. He had been brought up in Scotland, and had travelled in America, and being an acquaintance

of Aunt Jane's, had been commissioned by her to give us his kind attention on our way.

The boat was crowded with passengers, besides a great deal of luggage and furniture on deck.

"You will arrive very late in Stockholm," we were told as we came on board, "for a family has to disembark at Stäket with their furniture for their summer sojourn."

The dark Scoto-Swede, though he kept his eye upon us, seemed deeply occupied by an interesting-looking lady in black, whose hair, though she was yet only of middle age, was grey. As we neared Sigtuna, however, he approached us, introduced himself, and somewhat strangely as it seemed to us, yet perhaps judiciously, expressed a strong opinion against smoking, and no sooner had our student friends left us, than he took us in charge.

The delay at Stäket which we had anticipated as an unpleasant interruption proved on the contrary agreeable. It is in itself a charming spot; the Mälar here passing between pleasant rural banks, resembles a little river, whilst at the entrance of this narrow strait, a handsome modern suspension-bridge is thrown across,

giving a look of wealth, prosperity, and population, though neither town nor village is visible, only here and there a cottage, and peasants watching us as we went by.

The boat steamed past the little jetty without any attempt at a stay, and we supposed that we had been incorrectly informed, when just as the Mälar was again grandly expanding before us, the steamer suddenly swung round, passing a little island with a Grecian temple upon it; a salute was fired from the shore, which was instantly answered from the steamer, and the next moment we saw a crowd of servants hastening down to the landing-place in front of a spacious, yellow-painted mansion. The vessel lay to, and men and women, chests of drawers, presses, boxes, portmanteaus, packages, baskets, bundles, a large arum in flower in a large pot, copper and crockery, pots of lingon-jam, and no end of things were all in motion.

It was the arrival of the Lagercronas at their country seat, so our new acquaintance informed us, adding from the lady of the grey ringlets, Mrs. Lagercrona herself, that she requested us to land and walk in the grounds, whilst the disembarkation took place. This was a

delightful permission, which we lost no time in availing ourselves of. Here we saw the young, newly-come Lagercronas rushing about with other youthful members of the family, who had arrived earlier, visiting the green-house, the kitchen-garden, gathering white narcissus, which grew abundantly in the pleasant home-crofts, and racing down the long lime-avenue which formed a beautiful cathedral-like aisle.

Anything more joyous than this could not be conceived. We, too, walked from one garden to another, admired the narcissus, and paced the lime-tree avenue. The house, it appears, was once a church, but of this there is now no sign. Flowers stood grouped in the portico, and there was no end of the greetings and welcomes from the country domestics to their fellows from Upsala.

Everywhere, and through all, there was such a feeling of home-life and happy arrival, that we could not but participate in it, feeling that it was a joy in which we had a right to share.

At length all the furniture and luggage, all the multitudinous bundles and boxes, the stores, and the flowers had been landed. Finally, came the lady herself and her last attendant. Then

we went on board, and the remainder of the little voyage was made agreeable by the intelligence of our new friend.

Now we are again at the Riddarholm quay, and here stand Lucia and Ingeborg's mother, who had felt solitary without her daughter; and here is Hulda, all patiently and lovingly awaiting us in the sweet summer evening. How their faces brighten as they see us, and how cordial is their welcome after our delightful Upsala trip!

CHAPTER IX.

MIDSUMMER DAY AND PARTINGS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

EVENING OF MIDSUMMER DAY.—Last night I slept in a sylvan bower; slept in a green wood all on a summer night!

Yesterday evening when the rapturous Fritz and I returned from the Midsummer fair at Monk's Bridge in, the city, he holding in one hand the string of an immense pink air-ball, which had sailed aloft triumphantly in the calm evening air, to the admiration of Stockholm youngsters, and a miniature may-pole in the other, decked with moss, gay fancy papers and coloured egg-shells, and we had reached our landing, I discovered to my great amazement that my room had undergone a verdant transformation. Young birch-trees waved before the tall white, porcelain stove; bronzy-

green oak-boughs covered the walls, whilst Herman was hanging up wreaths of blue corn-flowers, and Fru Knutsson was arranging a bouquet of green-house flowers on my table.

I uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, to which she replied, "It is very little, but well meant!"

Jerusalem, at the happy feast of Tabernacles, could not have looked more festive than does Stockholm at this moment. Yesterday, where fir-trees had formed at Christmas a wood on our great market-place, birch-trees were now gracefully nodding. Nor was this other than according to the botanic law in Sweden, where, when the fir is burned down to clear the land for cultivation, the birch springs up in its stead.

Greenery is everywhere; pliant birch-boughs twined round the shop-doors form literal bowers. The silvery stems and rustling leaves of the universal birch surmounting even scaffoldings, for now, when all who can have left Stockholm, the bricklayers are carrying on a brisk trade in building and making alterations. Unfortunately, poor women are employed to carry the mortar and bricks up the lofty scaffold-

ladders. But I will speak of nothing sad on this bright, joyous day.

Even these very women have been holiday-making, as for instance, this *gumma* (old wife) and her *gubbe* (old man).

Everybody compelled to remain in the capital has been out ruralizing. Scores of pleasure-steamboats, decorated with flowers and flags, and with bands of music on board, have left the city for some of the country palaces or places of favourite resort. Hundreds have wandered to pleasant Haga, or to the extensive Djurgård, and carrying their dinners with them, have danced under the shady trees. There is now a great deal of dancing out "in the verdure," according to the Swedish expression, on these

summer evenings. Last evening people were dancing, throughout the length and breadth of Sweden, round the *May-pole*, so called, some learned men say, from *Maja*, a provincial verb, to decorate with leaves and flowers. Others suppose that the may-pole has been introduced from France or England, and that the Northern climate has compelled a change in the date, although the name has been retained.

But is it not, I would suggest, derived from a still earlier age, and brings down the forgotten memory, if I may so speak, of the primeval and universal Maia, the mother of Buddha, in the East, and of Mercury in Greece—the presiding genius of Nature, whose presence is acknowledged by all the earlier races of mankind?

Tante Fredrika and I have also been out merry-making. We have been to Marieberg, to Baron Wrede's country residence, and celebrated a great joy which has just occurred in the private family circle; have rejoiced over the return of Tante Fredrika's only surviving sister and her husband from their long absence abroad; have rejoiced amongst hedges of blossoming lilacs. Every country house is now

gay with its thickets of lovely lilac and white syringas, as they are botanically called in Sweden.

Mrs. Qviding, Tante Fredrika's sister, for whose welcome back to her native land she had remained until now in Stockholm, said that she has seen the lilac four times in blossom this year; first, in the early spring at Nice; secondly, in May, at Paris; in the first weeks of June, in the south of Sweden; and now in Stockholm, on Midsummer Day. But every thing is unusually late this year.

Where was Hulda all this time, and amidst this general pleasure-taking?

She was miles away at the little watering place of Södertelje.

About ten days ago she left us. I went one day with a message to the friend whom she was to accompany, and was sent back from her snug little wooden house with an earnest entreaty that good lilla Hulda Dahl might be spared there and then, for they must be off the next morning; and there were clothes and linen and lingon-jam to be packed, and nothing could be done without "lilla Hulda."

Thus we suddenly lost our good helpful

Hulda, and consoled ourselves by the thoughts of her country enjoyment, and by the reading of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes," in an evening. These books were kindly lent us by a lady, half English and half Swedish, and never have I enjoyed them so much as now, when reading them aloud to Tante Fredrika, who thoroughly understands English, and is charmed by the keen, worldly perception, and the underlying geniality of Thackeray.

We often make excursions in some of the little puffing and paddling steamers which ply on these waters; revisit the many beautiful and interesting spots to which they take us, and enjoy Nature in all her virgin freshness. These little boats are an unspeakable advantage during the summer, especially as the fares are very low. Tante Fredrika says they have quite opened up the near-lying shores, to which, a few years ago, there was access only by boats, rowed by sturdy women, and that merely when the distances were short.

One evening we went to Löfholm, or leaf island, enjoying first the sight of Stockholm rising from its golden waters, like a Northern Venice, and afterwards a country ramble through

a rocky, park-like country, passing along under brilliant, golden green leaves, penetrated by the evening sun. Tante Fredrika's enjoyment was equal to mine, and she exclaimed,—

"Ah, it is good here in Sweden! We can wander where we will, without troubling ourselves whether we are on the Almighty's property or trespassing on that of man!"

Our first cuckoo made itself heard in a meadow, and Tante Fredrika, remembering her earlier years, sang,—

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! on the bough,
Tell me truly, tell me how
Many years there will be
Till a husband comes to me?"

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!" sounded from an alder-tree.

"He sits *på galen qvist* (on a bewitched bough), and therefore his prophecy means nothing," said Tante, merrily.

Another day we spent at Mr. Ekmarck's country cottage, near the Djurgård, where he and his wife and daughter ruralize delightfully, and row in their private boat to Stockholm for provisions.

As I have already said, Stockholm is deserted.

Some are gone to Scania; some to the wild Dales, where there are no inns but hospitable country parsonages. Some to the great crystal rivers and the beautifully romantic scenery of Norrland. Steamers convey people even to Lapland. The Professor of Botany at the Seminarium has gone thither to botanize, accompanied by his wife, who is his assistant. We are looking for a certain English traveller who is now on his way back from Haparanda, after witnessing the midnight sun.

June 30th.—We have gone through many leave-takings during the earlier part of this month. Tante Fredrika's valued Finnish friend, Major M., returned, it is true, with the yellow and brown field-fares, but both he and they prefer the thorough country, even to rural Stockholm, and he has only appeared again to disappear. Edla has gone back to her beloved Gottland. Tante Fredrika and I saw her off, as did also the indefatigably kind Lucia. She was taking with her the little son of her friend, Mrs. Fredrika L——. This boy has an immense enjoyment before him in that universally warm-hearted Gottland, where all are made welcome, where even the starlings find

little houses built for them in the trees. Ingeborg and her mother are also off to the same hospitable island; their visit, however, being to the venerable old capital, Visby, the Chester of Swedén.

Visby, once a mighty trading town, one of the most important ports of the middle ages, still retains innumerable ruins of churches and ramparts. These remains are all the more prized in this country from its possessing so few ruins, owing to the prevalence of wooden buildings. Indeed, it is a great matter here to possess a stone house, and people are thought very fortunate who do so.

Tante Fredrika knew many years ago a poor young orphan girl, who, being at her wits' end to maintain herself and two younger children, turned her attention to the making of a particular kind of pastry for which she had a receipt. This proving successful, she not only maintained herself and her brother and sister, but became eventually the possessor of a stone house.

"A stone house, however," as dear Tante Fredrika added, "is not all the world, nor can it always make its possessor happy."

In proof of this she told the following:—

"Two madams lived together; the one I will call A——, the other B——. They were both poor, but being industrious earned their daily bread, which they ate contentedly, and slept soundly and peacefully at night.

"After awhile, one of Madam A——'s relations dying, left her a small stone house. This seemed a piece of great good luck, but brought with it a host of cares; tenants came in, tenants went out, sometimes paying no rent. It was a continual anxiety; then it always wanted repairing, and after that came fear of fire. Poor Madam A—— could no longer sleep soundly. She rose up and paced about the room. This woke Madam B——, who said nothing, and lay still, in the hope of dropping asleep again.

"Presently, however, her friend stopped by her bedside, and moaned forth,—

"'She can sleep well enough, that she can! She should just get a stone house, then she would see that there's an end of her sleep!'

"So it is, lilla Margret," moralized Tante Fredrika, "*A stone house is not all the world.*"

Good-tempered, fat Fru Knutsson, faithful Herman, studious lille Fritz and I, must soon part company. In a few days, Tante Fredrika will spread her wings and soar away, and whither she flies there I follow, according to her kind desire, as long as I can remain in Sweden. We shall first take our flight to Arsta, the old family seat, and then to the vast quarry of Kolmorden, where the limestone comes forth as splendid green marble, and where kind affectionate hearts are anxiously awaiting Miss Bremer's long-talked-of visit.

Fru Knutsson is consequently looking out for another tenant. Hence this very hour a somewhat amusing scene of lodging-letting occurred.

I sat writing, with my key on the table, when the door was unlocked from without by Fru Knutsson's own key.

Enter a strange, pale lady, who starts back on seeing me; and Fru Knutsson following, exclaims:

"Oh pray proceed! It is only a foreigner; they never understand!"

Strange lady hesitates, gives a hasty glance round the room, and retires, remarking, "A handsome room, and in great order."

Fru Knutsson's voice in the passage is heard through the quietly closing door.

"I speak the truth when I affirm that I have given the greatest satisfaction both to Count Blackhelmet and this English *mees*, though she does belong to Mamsell Bremer, and is so particular as to pick up all her bits of paper from the floor."

July 4th.—Fahlcrantz, the witty, sarcastic poet and Bishop of Westerås, now an aged man and a great sufferer, is in Stockholm. Tante Fredrika was with him on Friday. He was very cheerful, and spoke of the blessing which he had experienced from chloroform; he spoke with tears too of his loving young wife, who had proved herself a perfect angel to him. As he remembers with pleasure a merry day that he spent with my parents years ago in England, lying out on the lawn in summer and eating grapes, I am to call on him with Miss Bremer before we leave Stockholm, which will be on Friday.

But Bishop Fahlcrantz is not the only sufferer who is bearing a bitter cross with noble endurance.

It is with the deepest grief that I now record the secret, silent suffering of one who has become very dear to me.

A few evenings since, going up as usual to Tante Fredrika, I found her and Miss Vennberg evidently holding a private consultation. I was immediately retiring when they called me back. I was then asked to lay my hand on Miss Vennberg's bosom, on which her jacket was loosened. I did so, and should instantly have withdrawn it but from an unwillingness to reveal my own painful surprise, for it seemed to me that I had touched hard, unimpressive marble.

So it was; the tender-hearted Lotten was petrifying.

"Do not look so unhappy, lilla Margret," she said, cheerily. "It is very strange though. It has come gradually; but it does not at present prevent my going about and doing my work as usual. Though my breast may be turning to stone, I feel just as warmly for others as I ever did."

We both entreated her to have advice.

"I will go to Södertelje for a little water cure," she said, "as soon as I can liberate

myself, but at present I am so busy." And she smiled at us because we both looked so sad.

This is, and long will be, a sorrowful thought to us both. Tante Fredrika hopes that her dear Lotten will take advice before this strange malady becomes incurable.

CHAPTER X.

THREE ROYAL RESIDENCES.

GRIPSHOLM.

JULY 6TH.—Before visiting fresh scenes, which we are now on the eve of doing, I will speak of three remarkable excursions which we made in the neighbourhood of Stockholm during last month.

First then, to Gripsholm, a fine old red-brick castle, with four towers rising pleasantly and sleepily on a creek of the Mälar, many miles from Stockholm, with the little town of Mariefred nestling beside it.

This castle, built as a pleasant country residence by Gustavus Vasa, became, not only the prison of two of his own sons, both Kings of Sweden, but also of the last of his race, the hapless Gustavus IV. Many celebrated State prisoners have also been immured here.

Scarcely had we entered the grim portals of the palace, when the aged guide, a tall, thin, hale old man, recognised my companion although she had not been there for years.

"It is Mamsell Bremer!" said he, with marked deference, as if to a crowned head. "I remember the last visit paid by Mamsell Bremer. Mamsell will be so good as to go where it is agreeable."

And, with a profound bow, he stood aside for us to pass, and then turned to a party of foreigners who had come with us in the boat.

Thus, having full permission, we wandered through the grand, dreary old apartments, which are in thorough repair, and are occasionally inhabited by the Royal Family for a few days at a time. Nor would any one, it seems to me, desire to remain longer.

The endless portraits of the dead, unrelieved by any landscape or figure-piece, the majority painted in that hard, old clumsy style which transforms flesh and bone, as it were, into stone and wood; kings and queens, some even of our own, as Mary, Queen of Scots, George III., and others, with old Oliver Cromwell amongst them; celebrated statesmen, warriors, and court

beauties; many a pastor and poet whom Sweden loves, noble men and women, stare forth from these walls in ghostly array, seeming to form a vast chequered pattern of endless human faces.

We visited the comparatively comfortable prison apartments of John, the second son of Gustavus Vasa, and which his Polish wife, Katherina Jagellonica, was allowed to make happy by her presence. We mounted into the tower in which this very John, when King, confined his unfortunate brother, Erik XIV. Yet, dreary and comfortless as it was, it was not without its heaven-sent mercies; the sun could shine into it, and, through one of its narrow windows, Erik could behold his faithful "lilla Karin," the beautiful Katherine Månsdotter, the one time motherless peasant girl, at her daily station on a green meadow across the creek.

During his ignominious imprisonment here and elsewhere, Erik, deprived of his books and his lute, without pen and ink, poured forth his pent-up grief and humiliation in poetry, written sometimes only with a stick, and charcoal ground up in water. Two of the most penitential

hymns in the Swedish hymn-book were written by him at this time. In one of these, the frenzied murderer of the Stures, the passive murderer of hundreds of others, feels in his remorse as if severed from God, as a lone sheep on a desolate island; as a fish caught in a net of sinful desires. This hymn, the most remorseful outpouring of an agonized soul, is sung in Sweden at the execution of criminals.

Sumptuous, on the contrary, are the apartments in which the second and incapable Gustavus Adolphus experienced a brief detention. The handsome table at which he signed his abdication, in 1809, is still pointed out in one of the principal rooms. Gustavus died at St. Gall, in 1837, after leading a strange, solitary life in Switzerland and Germany, first as Count of Gottorp, then as Colonel Gustafsson.

Tante Fredrika told me, as we sat resting before this table, that his only son, the Prince of Vasa, longing to see his fatherland once more, was willingly permitted to return by the Royal Family, and one of the Barons Wrede was sent to attend upon him. The Prince had no aspirations to the crown, his visit was that of a private nobleman; nevertheless, he returned

almost immèdiately after having set foot on the south of Sweden.

Gustavus IV. had three daughters, the eldest, Sophia, married to the late Grand Duke of Baden. Amongst the many interesting cartes-de-visite in Miss Bremer's possession none is more striking than the portrait of this lady, with her fine, thoughtful, yet somewhat sorrowful countenance, and which she gave to Miss Bremer when the latter had an interview with her at Carlsruhe in 1862.

Tante Fredrika stayed a few days in that city at a time when it seemed like a hot, forsaken desert. Nevertheless, she felt as if she could not leave without seeing her fellow-countrywoman, the Dowager Grand Duchess, whom she remembered as a little girl, driving about Stockholm with her beautiful mother and her younger sisters. Miss Bremer was then herself a child, and felt that it must be a delightful thing to be a young princess. Now they were both elderly women, and the Grand Duchess severed from Sweden, and knowing nothing of the human sympathy which the other had felt for her, might perhaps regard the visit as an intrusion.

Still it pressed strongly upon her, and, mentioning the subject to a German gentleman, he laughed away her scruples, and arranged with the Duchess an interview for the following day.

It was no splendid ducal palace which this lady inhabited, but an elegant, simple house, standing in well-kept grounds. There were no signs of State. The apartment into which Miss Bremer was shown alone bore traces of the rank of its inmate, by the number of Royal portraits on the walls; whilst the books and flowers testified to a refined and beautiful soul.

A thin, interesting-looking lady, whom Tante Fredrika instantly recognised as a Vasa, stole gently in, and embraced her visitor with tears in her eyes. She upbraided her for not coming earlier; spoke to her of Sweden, the home of her childhood; said that she so perfectly remembered the palace at Stockholm that, were she suddenly placed in it, she could find her way through every portion of its immense pile. A report had been spread in Sweden that she had accepted an invitation from the Royal Family to revisit her native land. This, she said, was a mistake, for that her health would not allow of her taking so great a pleasure. She loved

Sweden intensely, and felt every spring a great yearning thither. She had read Miss Bremer's works in their German translation, and regretted that she could not read them in Swedish; but she had never spoken that language since she was a child, still she understood it when she heard it spoken, and always said her prayers in Swedish.

Tante Fredrika says, that the remembrance of this refined and excellent lady will never be effaced from her memory.

The object of our visit to Gripsholm had been especially for me to see the old historic castle, and for Tante Fredrika to inspect the Royal establishment for the rearing of silkworms. Queen Josephine is very desirous that the breeding of these creatures and the spinning of silk should become a regular means of livelihood to the peasants of her country; and Miss Bremer, who is interested in every thing that can advance human comfort, was wishful, therefore, of knowing how this experiment succeeded.

The elderly fröken who takes care of the silkworms, and who, during the summer, lives in a large wooden house in the park, made us very

welcome. The establishment is at present on a small scale, the Queen purchasing all the silk which is spun. The fröken and an elderly faithful servant take entire charge of the silk-worms, which for six weeks in the summer keep them very hard at work, obliging them occasionally to rise as early as three o'clock in the morning, because each worm requires to be placed on a leaf of its own. We were conducted by this lady to the mulberry plantation, consisting of rows of young trees about the size of currant-bushes, and looking somewhat like them, for the leaves were neither thick nor woolly; afterwards into the old park, with its wide-spreading oaks and its carpet of flowers. Here we were joined by two humble friends of Tante Fredrika's, who, having been long expecting her, had met us on our arrival, and come hither to look for us. By them we were carried off to the cleanest, prettiest wooden house in the little wooden town of Mariefred (Mary's peace), and treated to fragrant coffee and delicious home-made buns and rusks.

As we steamed back over the picturesque waters, flooded with the long, bright, evening

sunshine, Tante Fredrika surprised me by saying:

"Once when sailing over the lake, I was amazed by the apparition of nine or ten mermaids above the water, who looked at us as we passed. They are not unfrequently seen, and are well-known animals."

As Tante Fredrika spoke of them as material beings, and termed them *animals*, I, in my ignorance, suggested seals.

"*Seals*, certainly not; *mermaids*," was the decided reply.

If I could only reach Professor Nilsson in Scania, I would ask him to clear up this mystery.

DROTTNINGHOLM.

On a very bright and pleasant holiday, when all the world was abroad, Tante Fredrika took me to Drottningholm, the stateliest country palace in the land—a perfect Swedish Versailles—where "*min Drottning*" (my Queen), as Tante Fredrika says, has taken up her summer residence.

The Councillor of Justice and Mrs. Qviding

have also a summer abode of their own building on the confines of the park, and on the beautiful rocky shores of the Mälar. It was arranged for us to dine with them after we had visited the palace, into which a broad flight of steps leads directly from the landing-pier.

After seeing the grand suites of apartments thrown open to the public, my kind friend conducted me to a wing, where she paid a visit to a German lady who accompanied the Queen hither when she came from Germany a bride, and who has lived with her ever since as her constant attendant and almoner. Unfortunately, she is now blind; but the good, thoughtful Queen prevents as much as possible her feeling the privation by her anticipatory watchfulness, and even by herself reading aloud to her.

Miss Bremer, who always pays her respects to the Queen at least once a year, requested an audience for herself and her young English guest, and a private interview ensued. The room in which we were received was furnished with gold-coloured damask; and when the Queen, who wore rich violet silk, was seated on the sofa, I could not but remark how beautiful and harmonious was the effect of these colours.

We were seated on chairs near her, and nothing could be simpler or more kind than the whole interview. I was struck by the deference which her Majesty showed to Miss Bremer, and by her own sympathy and interest in every thing that was going on. She spoke of Mr. and Mrs. Qviding's beautiful cottage, and how much interested she had been in their arrival, and of the warm welcome which they had given to Greta, their female Dalecarlian gardener. She spoke with pleasure of the building improvements now going on in Stockholm, and proved by every word that the requirements of the people, especially of the poorer class, lie very near her heart. She spoke with much pride, too, of the poetry of the King, her son; and said that if my mother translated any of these poems, she begged they might be his "Farewell to Drottningholm" and "The Home of My Heart."

In the evening, when we embarked, after a delightful day at Drottningholm, spent in the majestic park and at the cottage, with its every requisite of rural enjoyment—where everything seems to flourish, where the best of raspberries and the most beautiful of roses are produced under Mrs. Qviding's fostering care, our last

view of Drottningholm was that of the good Queen sitting on the terrace in front of the palace, with her attendants, watching the crowds of happy people starting on their return to Stockholm in the many steamboats which lie below, and from which the music of "Wilhelm Tell" or "God Save the King" sounded melodiously in the pure summer air.

The poems of which her Majesty spoke have been translated, as she wished, and it is with great pleasure that I now introduce them here:—

AUTUMN FAREWELL TO DROTTNINGHOLM.

The glorious summer sun already leaneth
  Towards distant lands, and that resplendent glow
Which, late at eve, flamed upward to the zenith,
  No longer now the northern fields shall know.
And wood and mead, which in their vernal gladness,
  Laughed out to man beneath the azure sky,
Stand wan and sere, and clouds weep tears of sadness,
  And even the little birds sit silent by.

Yet still how gratefully my memory treasures
  The lovely peace of each sweet summer day,
When heaven itself brought down to earth its pleasures,
  And winds their warfare changed to merry play;
When flowers sent up their offering of sweetness,
  As incense to the God of day and night,
And lifted to the sun their fair completeness,
  Obedient to the holy law of light.

But all, alas! on earth is transitory,
And laughter changes soon to sorrow's tear,
As the green herb, anon, foregoes its glory,
So man advances onward to his bier.
Yet if the faithful heart have kept in clearness
The sunny moments of the passing day,
Still shall they cast amidst autumnal drearness
Of the lost summer a surviving ray.

Thus muse I, as my fond farewell is spoken,
Thou loveliest pearl beside the Mälar coast;
Nor shall sweet memory's bond 'twixt us be broken,
Where'er my bark on life's rough sea be tossed!
To thee my heart will yearn when sorrow shroudeth
My world of thought, and all is dark as night;
And if thick mist the future overcloudeth,
I will ascend unto the past delight.

Farewell, ye hills and valleys, groves and meadows!
Where Flora scattered all her pomp abroad,
And elves amidst the full moon's lights and shadows
Traced magic rings in dances on the sward;
Thou shore, reed-garlanded, where softly stringing
His harp at eve the Necken charms the scene;
Thou wood, made musical with wild birds' singing,
And waters lapsing through the leafy screen.

Farewell, thou starry eve! so oft reflected
In the still waters, where my light bark drove
The downward depth which still my gaze rejected,
Turning instead unto the heaven above;
Have thanks for all the quiet joy supernal,
Which in my heart's recess by thee was laid,
The whilst thy azure vault of truth eternal
Expanded as a blessing o'er my head!

Farewell, thou lovely scene! The heart's deep feeling
Gives forth these accents of my parting song!
Yet thou in memory wilt be sorrow's healing,
And speed the mournful winter night along;
I'll think of thee when Autumn fogs are glooming,
Oh! Drottningholm, for still thy sun will shine;
Thou art to me in every season blooming,
And peaceful lilies round thy name entwine!

THE HEART'S HOME.

Where is thy home? Thus to my heart appealing
I spake. Say thou who hast had part
In all my inmost being's deepest feeling,
Where is thy proper home? Tell me, my heart!
Is it where peaceful groves invite to leisure,
And silvery brooklets lapse in easy measure?
No, no! my heart responded, No!

Where is thy home? Amid the tempest's anger,
And torrents leaping wild from rock to rock,
Where the bold hunter finds delight in danger,
And bleeding victims fall beneath his stroke?
Or is it 'mid the artillery's thundering rattle,
The clash of swords, the roar and rush of battle?
Calmly my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Perchance where tropic splendour,
In golden luxury of light, calls forth
The purple grape; perchance, 'midst roses tender
Thou revellest in the beauty of the South.
Is that thy home, beneath the palm-tree shadows,
And ever-verdant summer's flowery meadows?
Still, still my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Is it 'mid icebergs hoary,
The crags and snow-fields of the Arctic strand,
Where the midsummer's midnight sees the glory
Of sunset and of sunrise, hand in hand,
Where 'twixt the fir-trees gleams the snow-drift's whiteness,
And starry night flames with auroral brightness?
But still my whispering heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Is it within *her* presence,
Whose heart responsive pulses to thy love,
Who taught of suffering the divinest essence,
When hope was dead in life's sweet myrtle grove?
Is that the home—the home of tender feeling?
It must be so; hence all this fond concealing!
But plaintively my heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Say if perchance it lieth
In that prefigured land of love and light,
Whither, they say, the soul enfranchised flieth
When earthly bonds no longer check her flight?
Is there thy home? Those unknown realms elysian
Which shine beyond the stars, a heavenly vision?
Then first my heart made answer, Yes!

There is my home, it said, with quick emotion;
My primal home, to which I am akin.
Though thou hast kindled fires for my devotion,
Yet I forget not Heaven's pure flame within.
Amidst the ashes still a spark surviveth,
Which ever yearneth heavenward, ever striveth
To be with God. There is my home!

ULRIKSDAL.

Our third excursion was to Ulriksdal, a large mansion possessed by the Crown since the seventeenth century, and which, after strange vicissitudes, having been renovated and embellished by the present King, has become, from its calm, rural proximity to the capital, and its beautiful situation on a creek of the Baltic, the favourite summer residence of the reigning family.

Miss Octavia Carlén, who has written on every object of interest in the palace, was to be our guide; yet I secretly feared lest her services should be unavailing, as their Majesties were then occupying the palace. I consoled myself, at all events, by the prospect of a pleasant afternoon stroll in the park and grounds.

It was by the luckiest chance in the world, however, that we went at all on that day, for Tante Fredrika had been detained, and we were so late that poor Miss Carlén, awaiting us in despair on the quay, saw us appear in the distance when the bell of the only Ulriksdal boat rang as a signal for departure.

"Stay, stay!" said Miss Carlén, to the captain of the crowded boat, "stay a moment, here is Mamsell Bremer coming!"

"I would gladly wait for Mamsell Bremer any length of time," returned he, "if the King were not on board, but he requires me to start punctually at three."

Miss Carlén beckoned us, on we flew, and the captain, in spite of the King being present, waited till we were on board, squeezed into the tiniest amount of room amongst the returning market women, and totally out of sight.

Before reaching Ulriksdal, the crowd of passengers somewhat diminishing, the King and two gentlemen were now and then visible leaning against the gunwale at the farther end of the boat, chatting away as merrily as could be; and no sooner did we stop at the little jetty of the palace than the King and his companions sprang on shore from their side of the boat, and hastened with all speed to the great country mansion which stood before us on a little promontory, with lawns sloping down to the beautiful island-bespangled Edsvik.

The reason of this great haste soon became apparent. A state dinner was to be given that

afternoon. Men-cooks, scullions, lackeys, and even park attendants, called into requisition, were hurrying to and fro, some from the house to the large, ornamental kitchen in the grounds; others carefully bearing thence delicate dishes in large covered wooden trays. Carriages containing gentlemen in court dress drove up to the main entrance. A band of music played on the lawn before the principal windows. Signs of feasting and animation were perceptible on all hands.

Miss Carlén, who has a friend at Ulriksdal in the person of Fröken B——, the housekeeper, left us for a moment, whilst she went to speak to her. In a few minutes she returned smiling with a slip of paper, which we found that the fröken, on hearing who the visitors were, had given her to ensure our admittance to the palace at five o'clock, whilst the Royal family and their guests were at dinner. She was sorry herself not to accompany Mamsell Bremer, but "Lilla Prinsessan," who was dining alone, had invited her to be her guest.

Considering ourselves fortunate, we wandered up the magnificent hundred-years-old lime avenue, which conducted us to a large, anti-

quated house, once the theatre, now an old-fashioned inn. Here we were regaled by Miss Carlén with coffee, which we drank on the green sward under old trees, and were made much of by the quiet, friendly landlady, who knew Miss Carlén from her staying at Ulriksdal, whilst we on our part made much of a poor hungry horse in an empty drosky. We gave him slices of rye-bread; and when he had eaten to his heart's content, and we had done the same, we returned to the palace, it being now about five.

Miss Carlén conducted us to a side entrance which we found open; but scarcely had we set foot in the vestibule than we were driven back by an official, who sternly reprimanded us for entering by the Queen's private door. Not even a pass from Fröken B—— could ensure us that privilege.

We retreated very humbly to the centre of the court, wondering what we were to do, when the very next moment we were most politely requested to return by the same official, and were met at the door by a young lady, simply but elegantly dressed, and with beautiful wavy golden hair.

"I am the lady of the bedchamber," she said, "and her Majesty having learned who is here, begs you will come in and see everything. I had a presentiment a minute or two ago that Mamsell Bremer had come, and so left the table. I have had quite dinner sufficient, and shall now be delighted to show you the private apartments."

She led us accordingly into these cheerful rooms, especially interesting as exhibiting the true individuality of their owners, who leaving their state behind them in the palace at Stockholm, here indulge their natural tastes and affections, and surround themselves with memorials of their relatives and friends. Here they are at home. We had thus a glimpse into the inmost life of Ulriksdal; were shown the carved flower-stands, the workmanship of the King, which he had made when Crown Prince, for his wife; saw where her pet swallows are allowed to build, and many other little traits of character and life which show the simple humanity of these great people.

Our guide then proposed that we should adjourn to the park and grounds till about seven, when, the guests having departed, we

could see the state rooms, and the Queen then being at liberty, would have the pleasure herself of seeing Mamsell Bremer. We were then conducted by her to a favourite spot in the garden, whence she promised to send for us at seven, as it was her Majesty's wish that the visit should be made as pleasant to us as possible.

This interval passed quickly; we wandered with much enjoyment through the grounds, and picked up the prettiest little bird's-nest imaginable, and without eggs.

As soon as we were again in company with our kind friend, she exclaimed, "Lilla Prinsessan has been hunting high and low in the grounds to find Mamsell Bremer, but all in vain."

We were sorry for this, as when we were seated in an alcove we had seen the light figure of the young Princess, accompanied by two ladies, and her guest, Fröken B——, hastening for a long time hither and thither over the extensive parterre in front of the palace, and imagined that she was simply enjoying the pleasant summer evening.

We were now taken through the Gobelins saloon, and all the other splendid suites of

apartments filled with a large number of fine old carved cabinets, collected chiefly by the King in Norway, old chairs, tables, and rare curiosities. Everything has its history, and has been purchased from the King's private purse. The whole palace forms a Swedish Hotel de Cluny, and so great an interest do the King and Queen take in this collection that he himself arranges every chair and table in its suitable place.

Whilst his landscapes adorn the palace at Stockholm, he still employs his artistic powers here. We were shown one room, the walls of which are covered with rare old hangings, which the King had met with somewhere, and repaired himself, he and his artistic attendants rising to this work often at four o'clock on summer mornings. The Queen is equally industrious. She embroiders furniture. We were taken to the boudoir of majolica, Sèvres, Dutch, and other china, which her Majesty and her companion had rearranged a few weeks since as a surprise to the King on his return from Norway.

We saw the antique banqueting-hall, filled with separate little tables, where the departed

guests had just dined in groups; after which, we were conducted back to the private apartments, where the King, Queen, and Princess were awaiting Miss Bremer. We heard them talking together as we waited in an adjoining apartment; after which, she returned to us with a number of beautiful flowers given to her by the Princess in return for the little bird's-nest which Miss Bremer had given her: the golden-haired Fröken observing that Lilla Prinsessan was very fond of birds.

Accompanied not only by this lady but by three others, we set out at eight o'clock for the boat, and in crossing the lawn observed the Royal barge, modelled after the old Viking dragon ship, returning from a little sail. The Royal party had just been to Rabbits' Island, a favourite resort of theirs, where is situated the bath-house, of which the ladies of the Royal household make daily use.

Mamsell Edberg, whose swimming institution I had visited daily during June, told me what excellent swimmers the Queen and the young Princess were, the latter leaping from an open boat into the sea. Mamsell Edberg goes regularly to Ulriksdal to give them lessons. She

was once sent for to England to instruct our princesses, but, arriving late in the season, she returned without doing so. Swimming for ladies is becoming very general in Sweden. The State pays Mamsell Edberg to teach a number of charity school girls, who enjoy it amazingly, these lessons being given as a kind of reward.

The banquet had taken place between four and five, and now at eight we met servants conveying the evening repast out to the lawn near the water's edge. One servant was carrying a large silver vase filled with potatoes in their jackets.

"His Majesty then still adheres to what he terms 'unfingered potatoes?'" remarked Tante Fredrika.

"Mamsell Bremer does not know what an event this visit has been!" remarked our ingenuous young friend, "the ladies were so anxious for a view of Mamsell Bremer, that they were allowed to pass an open door whilst Mamsell Bremer sate writing in her Majesty's album."

CHAPTER XI.

ÅRSTA.

SATURDAY, JULY 9TH.—Årsta has been already frequently mentioned as the old family property of the Bremers. It was purchased by the father of Fredrika after he left Finland, and when she was about four years old. Miss Bremer is greatly attached to it, and here we are now happily settled for the present.

We quitted Stockholm yesterday by the steamboat, and had a beautiful sail through part of the Skärgård, the wide-stretching archipelago of rocky islets on which grow fir and birch-trees, similar in character to the Mälar. It seems here, indeed, almost impossible to reach the open sea.

We were three hours on the water between Stockholm and Dalarö, where Mr. Solberg, the present occupant of Årsta, a tall, quiet, gentle-

man, with a grey beard, met us with his comfortable, old-fashioned close carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of black horses.

We drove through Dalarö, a little bathing-place, situated on a rocky hill-side, facing one of the lake-like basins of the sea, with rocky islets and tongues of land before it, on one of which stands an old fort, with its parasol-like top. There are, it seems, two brick houses in Dalarö, but all the rest are of wood, snug shanties, where people make themselves happy during the summer. There is quite a rage now for building Swiss cottages on fertile nooks in the Skärgård and by the Mälar. This is owing to the cheap little steamboats which now ply about these waters, and make their shores accessible. All this is admirable, but why build in any foreign style, appropriate though it be in its own country, why not develope a pure northern style, the germ of which already exists in the country?

After leaving Dalarö, we had yet a drive of two hours, which was made particularly interesting to me by dear Tante Fredrika's delight in revisiting the old familiar scenes.

The chief features of the landscape were, as

usual, beautiful basins of water and wooded islands, with here and there a little wooden cottage; but each one was familiar to her, and she had something to tell me about all. Mr. Solberg sate on the box by the old coachman, Carl Adolfsson, who had belonged to the estate in Tante Fredrika's days. At that time, his employment was cutting wood and drawing water. It seemed to her a poor, monotonous life, and one day therefore she inquired from him if he did not find it so. "Monotonous!" exclaimed he, in astonishment, "No, indeed. There is plenty of variety in it. Sometimes it's wood and sometimes it's water."

About half way we passed within sight of a large yellow, wooden country mansion, with a fine avenue.

"In my young days," said Tante Fredrika, pointing it out to me, "two old brothers lived there, who had a great abhorrence of women. They always took their dinner standing, and as soon as the meal was ended, one brother by way of returning thanks said, "As it was in the beginning," the second, "is now," and the old man-servant, at the bottom of the table, concluded, "and ever shall be. Amen."

A little farther on, and she pointed out the rocky field where all their visitors were driven to enjoy the view. After this, we shortly entered the Årsta demesne. The carriage turning off from the great high road between Stockholm and Dalarö, Tante Fredrika drew my attention to a low, two-storied house standing to the right amongst trees with two large very prominent barns.

"That is Sanda, she said, "It belongs to the Knesols. There are no less than thirty Barons Knesol in Sweden; this belongs to one of them. Those barns were built in my days, but the house is of a later date. They are our nearest neighbours; and yonder," she said, "is the tall spire of our little church of Österhanninge, which lies only a mile and a-half from Arsta, which is very near, for Sweden."

Young birch-trees brushed the carriage on either side as we drove through copses; after which, we came to a cultivated clearing, where four roads branched off, and we, passing through a gate, entered a pine-wood.

"This," said Tante Fredrika, "was, in my childhood, the wood of terror. I know not why, but there was a something in it, which

seized upon my imagination, and filled it with dread."

Again, through a second gate; and pointing to the left to a rocky paddock where old fruit and other trees grew, she told me that the first Arsta had stood there, whilst now, in front of us, on the other side of a meadow-like plain, rose the present mansion, on a little eminence, gleaming out white, with its long rows of windows glittering in the evening sun, and the tall roof rising up boldly against the flecked expanse of heaven.

A ten minutes' drive, finally up an avenue, brought us into the court on the other side of the house, where Mrs. Solberg and her three daughters, Sofie, Selma, and Therese were on the steps to meet us in their simple Swedish attire.

We were conducted into a large vaulted stone hall, which presented a very conventual appearance; then ascended one of the two great flights of stairs which fill the belfry-tower, to the second story, which, consisting of many spacious rooms, had been set apart for Miss Bremer's use. The family themselves occupied the ground story, which in the Bremers' time was almost unused. Now, however, it is con-

verted into a most commodious dwelling. Thus Tante Fredrika finds herself most agreeably in possession of the very apartments around which her early associations gather. The pleasant boudoir with its south-west aspect has been selected by her for her own private room. Here she wrote most of her works, and can now entirely appropriate it to her own use. Her former bed-room, which faced the north-east, was always a gloomy room, and made more disagreeable from the entrance to the kitchen and dairies being just under it. The view from the boudoir, which is a corner room, is delightful; one window commands the plain, stretching south-westward, now green with young corn and tall grass, and bordered midway by wooded, rocky mounds which break up the horizon, and still further off by a belt of copses, out of which the spire of Österhanninge church rises heavenwards. Here and there stands a red wooden homestead, whilst a road leads directly to a farm called Stymninge, on a rocky ascent about a mile off. This is the adjunct-farm of Årsta, and all the land, as far as the eye reaches, belongs to the estate. The other window commands a slope laid out

in zigzag walks and flower-beds; a portion of what is called the English Park, pleasant grassy slopes, laid out with walks, and surrounding three sides of the house; beyond this, meadow land and birch-woods. This pleasant boudoir communicates with the large saloon on one hand, and on the other, with the bedroom of the late Mrs. Bremer, a really grand apartment, which, to my surprise, I am to occupy, and which likewise faces the plain.

At noon, I went out with Tante Fredrika to learn something of our surroundings. The sea is not visible from the house, although the Arsta creek is close at hand.

In front of the house lies an extensive gravelled court, on each side of which stands a detached, long, one-storied red house. These are called "the wings." The one on the right is occupied by the people employed on the estate, amongst others by Erik the gardener; the one on the left, by the noble family of Reder, who have taken it for the summer. Beyond these extends an immense square garden with its broad parallel walks, edged by old apple-trees, and its two long, pleached nut-tree alleys.

We walked down a long avenue of ash which runs from the right hand of the house to the creek. We passed the fisherman's cottage and then followed a wooded road which borders the creek, and which Tante Fredrika says, is always warm. On one hand rise rocks covered with fir-woods, on the other alders grow down to the tall rushes which edge the water. This road brought us to the bath-house, which stands at the point where the creek expands into a kind of lake, studded with islands beautifully fertile and wooded. A little farther on, and standing on another small headland, and before the shore bends into coves forming the western side of Årsta waters, stands a tall red wooden house, built by Mr. Bremer as a look-out, and where the family used sometimes to take coffee. It is now the little port for the brick-manufactory which Mr. Solberg has established on another part of the estate, the bricks being shipped here. From the further northern side, still forming part of the Arsta property, little boats bring people across to church, and in the gay days of Årsta, brought many a wedding-party thither.

On our way back we gathered magnificent

wild strawberries, listened to the larks which filled the air with their rejoicing, and examined an old grey stone with runic characters dimly discernible upon it, which had been placed on the lawn since Tante Fredrika's days. Ancient stones of this kind are not uncommon in Sweden, and people are now beginning to set great value upon them.

This is literally a land of milk and honey, the latter represented by butter, of delicate home-baked bread of various kinds, delicious wild strawberries, and such spinach! As for the milk, the glass which was brought me between breakfast and dinner, and which, having had an excellent breakfast, I left untouched, was, by the two o'clock dinner-time, almost an entire glass of cream. The water, too, is so deliciously fresh that one knows not which to prefer.

Monday.—We made a little excursion on Saturday evening with Her Grace Reder, and who, as I said before, lives in one of the red houses. She is a tall, elegant woman, and looks so young, that it is difficult to imagine her other than the sister of Fröken Maria, her daughter, a young lady of eighteen or nineteen.

and three youths, the eldest wearing the white cap of a student, and a younger daughter, Ulla. Both she and her daughters wore simple print dresses, as does everybody here, let them be as rich and great as they may. I use the term *Her Grace* with reference to Mrs. Reder advisedly. Her Swedish title is *Hennes Nåd*, which is equivalent to Her Ladyship, though literally *Her Grace*. This is, however, the true designation for this excellent and charming woman. Therefore, in these pages, she will always thus be so spoken of.

The Reders, both on the father's and mother's side, belong to an old historic Swedish family. The annals of this country abound with tragic incidents, none of which seem to me more touching than the following, as related by the historian Fryxell, and immediately connected with the Reders :—

The wicked Christian II., surnamed the Tyrant, seized and beheaded Sir Lindorm Reder and his servants in Jönköping. After which, seeing by chance his two little boys, the one eight and the other six, and fearing that they might grow up to revenge their father's death, determined to take their lives. The elder boy

was first led out and beheaded; the younger was then brought out for the same purpose, but he having no idea what had happened, and seeing his brother's clothes lying in a heap, and his stained and bloody shirt above them, turned with childish innocence to the executioner, saying, "Dear man, don't stain my shirt like my brother's, for then mamma will whip me!"

The executioner melted at these words, threw his sword away, saying, "I would rather bloody my own shirt than thine!"

But the tyrant remained untouched, and calling for another man less merciful, both the child's head and that of the first executioner were struck off together.

Our way was through a birch and fir wilderness, to the house of old Settergren, a kind-looking, aged man, and the sexton, though he lives a long way from the church, at least according to English notions. He took us over his neat little potato-plot and meadow into a rocky wood, and up a steep crag, whence we had a splendid view of glittering creeks, islands, and woods. Here, amongst the glossy lingon-leaves, we found the beautiful, wax-like, and

creamy pyrola, growing to a large size, which we gathered, and also, later on in our walk, white orchises for Tante Fredrika, who was not with us, but who is very fond of these flowers for their delicate evening perfume.

Again at Settergren's house; he showed us his antiquities, amongst which was a little old stone head of a hammer, a sort of axe-head of stone, great numbers of which are preserved in the Museum at Stockholm, and on which he sets great value. His little plot of peas and broad-beans does him great credit. I have not yet seen new potatoes, nor are his peas ready, and the gooseberries are quite green. We had stewed green gooseberries yesterday for dinner, so that you see how far the season here is behind that of England.

As we strolled home, the youths were very useful with their botanical knowledge. I learned also from them the Swedish names of the mountain cistus, and other flowers. The grass is not yet cut, and it is flushed with the red flowers of the sorrel, just as in England, and studded with dog-daisies, here called priests'-collars, whilst the roadsides are edged with wild roses, now in full flower, meadow-sweet,

or bride's-bread, and ladies' bed-straw, and everywhere the white caraway; many of the fields also are only too golden with the wild mustard. The grey rocks are now brilliant with wild thyme, golden stone-crop, and little wild pansies, called also, three-coloured violets. The little, soft pink linnea-borealis, with its delicate scent, is also out in damp, shady places. It is not very common, and great, therefore, was Tante Fredrika's delight when she discovered it first, a few days ago, in a fir-wood at Haga. Milkwort and various speed-wells grow here, and to my joy, a few English daisies on the lawn near the house. In the gardens there are now guelder-roses, columbines, lupines, peonies, but the sweet-williams are not yet out.

Returning from our little ramble we met the two carriage horses, Albertina and Mariana, going to be bathed, and at the wish of Mrs. Solberg, who considers it an amusing sight, we all went to look on. Whilst the horses, each in their turn, were made to swim, much to their apparent contentment, round the jetty by the bath-house, a long, low, cart-like, rural vehicle with two seats, back to back like an Irish car,

drawn by a pair of brown horses, and driven by a countryman, came rumbling up. The carriage contained an elderly, scholastic-looking gentleman in black, a stout, matronly lady in a green stuff dress and a large brown straw hat over her nice white muslin cap; together with two merry young girls, also in green.

"The Lagers from the Parsonage, come to bathe!" was the joyful exclamation; and then after bows, and curtseys, and introductions, and the most friendly greetings, the little bathing party dived down into the wood to enjoy the water-luxury. Nor had they scarcely disappeared before the Årsta boat came floating down the creek, rowed by two young men, also Lagers, who were bound on a similar expedition.

Arrived at Årsta, sentinels were posted on the road to waylay and stop the parsonage vehicle on its homeward journey, capture it, and bring them all to tea.

They came—the most friendly, sociable, good-hearted people!—and there was quite a great gathering to drink tea out of large cups, or delicious fruit-essences, to eat rusks, and little twists, and gingerbread, laid out in long

ornamental rows on a large tray in the spacious dining-room. There was Tante Fredrika and the great Solberg troop, with Laura, the young married daughter, and her little two-years-old Ellen, who have been here ever since Whitsuntide; all the Reders and their cousins, Solmark and his little sister Anna Lisa, from Upsala, who are staying with them, and all the fresh-looking Parsonage bathers.

Yesterday Albertina and Mariana took Tante Fredrika and me to church. What a number of salutations she had to acknowledge from the different country people trooping to the church of the wide parish of Österhanninge! and how often her faithful leather bag had to be opened for *slants* and gingerbread for the children at the innumerable gates through which we had to pass!

Arrived at the church, which is a quaint little edifice, its tall roof covered with grey wooden shingles, and a square belfry standing apart on a little rock close by, we took our seats in the front pew, with its handsome carved door, belonging to Årsta. Rows of women sat behind, whilst on the other side were the men of the parish, with a similar

grand pew at the top for the Årsta gentlemen. The next pew behind, on either hand, belonged to the Parsonage. Before us, facing the communion-table, were the boys and girls who were being prepared for confirmation, the eldest Miss Lager also taking her place there, and these were especially prayed for during the service.

We had not, I am thankful to say, so long a sermon as is customary at Stockholm, but when it was ended an announcement about a man who had just died in the parish, his birth, former residence, relations' names, the complaint which had carried him off, all of which must have been known to everyone in that country place, was made. I wondered only that his virtues did not follow. And when the service was over, as usual, a long proclamation was read which had reference to trees, bark, &c., but as this seemed to be important to one portion of the congregation only, the other left the church and congregated on the sunny path.

Tante Fredrika crossed the churchyard to a pleasant corner, to visit the graves of her parents, and that of her beloved sister Agatha, which is a large square flower-bed, planted with

roses. Other members of the family also lie there, and adjoining is a fellow plot belonging to the former Parsonage family, the Bergfalks, the relatives of the worthy Professor, so that Bremers and Bergfalks are connected both in life and death.

Tante Fredrika went quietly and unostentatiously to pour out her soul in prayer and thanksgiving. To others her church-going was, however, an affair of much importance. On the long wooden benches placed against the sunny churchyard entrance sat peasant people, as is their wont before service, and many an aged man and woman welcomed her back with a quiet blessing, whilst a younger generation gazed with reverence on the great Mamsell Bremer, whose family had lived at Årsta, and been so kind to them and theirs. The very school-house, standing on a slope below the church, was built by good Mamsell Agatha, and the white muslin altar-cloth was not only embroidered by Mamsell Fredrika and her sisters, but edged with lace of their own making. Others rejoiced that they, the parishioners, had managed to buy an organ for the church before Mamsell Bremer came amongst

them, and that Thora Mader, the schoolmaster's daughter, played it so well, though she had never touched an organ before, and that Mamsell Therese, at the great house, who was such a fine musician, would now and then take a turn at it.

The Sunday attendance at this quiet little church will be very agreeable to me. The way thither is pleasant; taking one of the four roads mentioned before coming to Tante Fredrika's wood of terror, you pass through the usual birch woods, over heaths, and amongst grey rocks, with peeps into still rocky and wooded country in the distance. The church itself stands on a little elevation, in a broad valley, and is backed by woods and grey rock. A road below the church leads to the Parsonage, which lies at the distance of about half a mile.

It is not alone the situation of this Österhanninge church, which is so attractive to me, but that we are here amongst simple-hearted, simply-attired worshippers. For this reason it was that the quiet little old-fashioned wooden church of St. John, in Stockholm, standing aloft in its shady, rural churchyard often found

me amongst the few poor old men and women who worshipped there with plenty of pew room.

Hulda, knowing my predilection, cut out one of my fellow worshippers bound to church with her hymn-book and folded handkerchief in her hand.

July 13*th*.—Yesterday, a party of Årsta young people, I being amongst them, made an excursion to the school. I now discovered that Alfred, Thora, and little Frithiof Mader, the children of the schoolmaster, are great friends of their rsta cotemporaries. It was, indeed, through the schoolmaster that Her Grace has settled here with her children for the summer, whilst her husband is at a bath in the south of Sweden.

Thora, a girl of thirteen, in her blue home-spun dress, was the only one in the house to receive us. We found her busy at the piano in the simple sitting-room, which also contained a handsome old cabinet. She gave us a very warm and friendly reception, and our errand being in part to change the volumes in the parish library, to which the Årsta youth have access for about a halfpenny per week, we were taken into the now deserted school-room for that purpose. Swedish history, a few tales, some of Miss Bremer's works, and some also of Dickens's translated into Swedish, formed the chief contents of the library, together with a long row of Mr. Ekmarck's "Journal for the People," in which was a large gap, owing to a peasant having carried off a number of these volumes to read.

The books being exchanged, the Tuesday's letters were next inquired after. And now I learned that in these thinly populated districts the church is used as a sort of centre of intelligence, as a mode of communicating every needful piece of information. There are but two deliveries of letters in the week from Stockholm, which is distant by land sixteen or

seventeen miles, though forty by water. The letters, which arrive on Friday evening, are left at the house of the schoolmaster, who is also clerk. They are taken to church on Sunday, and the addresses announced from the pulpit after all the other needful proclamations are made; the pulpit being, in fact, a sort of parish intelligencer. The letters are then fetched from the vestry by their respective owners. The other weekly arrival of letters is on the Tuesday evening, when they can either be enquired after at the schoolmaster's, and fetched away, or they remain to be added to the Friday's store. All letters simply addressed to Årsta come in this way, but the Solbergs have a more ready mode of communication with the outer world peculiar to themselves.

At about two o'clock every morning a cart, drawn by a pair of shaggy horses, sets off from Arsta to Stockholm with a number of large copper vessels full of rich milk and cream for the consumption of the capital. Somewhat slowly and carefully the cart proceeds thither, driving back again with its empty vessels at a much brisker rate, and arriving here between six and seven in the evening. By this means

letters are sent and received and commissions executed for the family, which has a little home in Södermalm, where the eldest son, a young architect, resides with his sister, Mamsell Emma Sofie, who gives music lessons, and the younger brothers, and tall Sven of fifteen, and the lesser Knut, two years younger, who attend the same school as Alfred, the clerk's son, of Österhanninge. Now, however, these lads are at home for the holidays, and glorious times they have. Mamsell Sofie is also at home now, and her sweet melodies float pleasantly through the open windows of the lower saloon.

This morning I went with Knut to feed, with young oak-leaves, his rabbits, which live in the loft of the house inhabited by the Reders. He took me also into the vast cow-house, where eighty-four sleek, well-to-do milch-cows are attended by a regular staff of milk-maids, under a cow-man. Each stall has a name attached to it, as, for instance, Benjamina; Apropos; Polska; Summerleaf, and so on, which designates the cow occupying that stall. From the cows we went into the large adjoining coach-house, in which stand gigs, shandry-dans,

sledges, and every conceivable kind of country equipage; so on to the wooded horse paddock, where frisky ponies were feeding and half wild, hardy mares pranced hither and thither, as if in amazement at our visit. Although the number of horses kept here is considerable, their services appear not to be much called into requisition, oxen being generally used on the estate.

Tante Fredrika is much struck by the superior quality of the milk to what it was in her time, although they had a smaller number of cows, and a *dairy mother*, who was so devoted to her duty that on her death-bed at Årsta she rejoiced, thanking the Lord that she was able to die in peace, "for never had a poor cow lowed after her."

The farm-life at Årsta appears to me something like that in a large colonial station. As there are not, in Sweden, as with us, villages with their rural population, all the necessary trades are carried on upon the estate; the blacksmith, the butcher, the carpenter, and the fisherman are all provided with their separate houses, whilst the labourers, called the *statfolk*, are located in a large wooden house, set

apart for them near the great house, and are paid principally in provisions. After them comes the higher class of labourers, the *torpare*, or small peasant farmers, with homesteads of their own, who are allowed to farm on their own plots on condition of giving a certain number of days' work in the year. The widow may retain the *torp*, and go on cultivating the soil, provided she carry out the conditions of the tenure.

This system, however, I am told, is falling into disuse, and day labourers are preferred on account of the work being more quickly got out of hand. Still many object to this new mode, because the poor labourer dying, his widow and family, having no means of support, are thrown at once upon the parish. The labourers are hired by the year, as in some parts of England, at the statutes. The *bonde* is the highest grade of peasant; he farms his own land, and is often very rich.

The two wooden houses, called the wings, which stand on each side of the court, are originally of very old date, although the one occupied by the Reders was rebuilt by the late Mrs. Bremer; that on the right, however,

remains in its ancient state. I have been into it with Tante Fredrika to see the handsome, old carved wood-work of the doors. The carvings, the mouldings, and the size of the rooms testify to its having formerly been an abode of some importance, though never larger than at present. The tradition is, that the great champion of Protestantism, Gustavus Adolphus, passed a night in this very house before setting out on his great expedition to Germany. Certain it is that he mustered his troops on the plain at Årsta. The present stone house was built later by Admiral Bjelkenstjerna, and the situation chosen with reference to the great barrier of rock and wood which lies between it and the sea, and thus forms a strong natural defence in case of attack from the "Muscovites," the former terror of the Swedes. Tante Fredrika told me that when taking down one of the brick partition-walls in the lower story of the house, a handsome air-gun was found inclosed in the brickwork, the purpose of which could not be imagined. It belonged to the time of the Bjelkenstjernas, and had probably some tragedy connected with it, as its discharge was without sound. It is still

preserved as a relic in one of the great garrets of the house.

July 15th.—Tante Fredrika rises very early, and I doing the same, we set out together for our morning walk, as far as Stymninge and back, stopping on our way at the well. This is a spring of mineral water, of old repute, but which has had no consideration of late years. Now, however, it being made known that Miss Bremer holds it in high esteem, Aunt Solberg (for according to the kindly usage of Sweden I am so to speak of her) has had a little runnel made, and a wooden step placed at the water's edge, so that I can now go down easily and fill a glass of this ice-cold water for my companion.

Tante Fredrika likes to chat with the poor people whom she meets. She was one morning amused by a working man who was filling a water-cart, drawn by two oxen, at this well. She, according to her custom, where the people are strangers, inquired who he was?

"I belong to Stymninge," returned he, "but I am not a common labourer. I am one of the highest; I am the drover."

On our way to the well, we have met each

morning a stout little brown-faced peasant lad, in a brown suit, a leathern bag slung over his shoulders, and his hair bleached almost white with the sun. He is about twelve, and is the youngest of the Buréns, a family that Miss Bremer had known in the old times.

We are often early enough to hear the church-bell of Österhanninge ringing at six, which, according to old custom, is done at that hour both morning and evening.

This morning was gloriously fine. Just as we were setting out we saw the Herr Patron, and this being Mr. Solberg's especial title, I shall make use of it when speaking of him. He was collecting elm-seed, of which there is an amazing quantity this year, to scatter about on various parts of the estate, in the hope that it will spring up and eventually improve the property. Thick dew lay on the grass, white mist floated between the fir-woods and around the red wooden cottages, and spider-webs stretched themselves between the tall blades of grass. With all this there was a mellow, dreamy sunshine, which seemed to embathe the little flock of doves which skimmed along the great green sea of grass, on their way to their

red dove-cotes. Yes, let us hope that they were human doves, those maidens, whose pretty triangular head-kerchiefs just rose above the level of the tall Timothy grass as they crossed the great meadow to their breakfast, meeting, not "in a field of rye," but in an abundant hay-meadow, the long line of mowers, in their snow-white shirt-sleeves, with their scythes on their shoulders, likewise marching off to their breakfast, after their first early onslaught upon the luxuriant crop.

The women here all wear kerchiefs, pinned corner-wise over their heads, pink and white check being the most approved, and all are as clean and fresh as if newly put on. The men in the long leathern aprons, which are general, look very much like English shoemakers. At five o'clock the Arsta bell rings for the commencement of labour; again at half-past six, and at seven, at twelve, and at one, and at half-past five and six; and is answered about five minutes later by the musical bell at Stymninge, these being the hours for meals, when you may see different groups of labouring humanity moving off to or from their various little dwellings, for all these workpeople eat at home.

On our return this morning, at about seven, Tante Fredrika told me to follow Erik Olsson, the gardener, whom we then saw going with a lighted candle into the great cellars, that I might see what a sort of little Pompeii existed under the house. I followed the young garden-master, as he is called, and who is also the glazier, and we dived into a side catacomb.

"What is Erik about?" I demanded, as he produced two black pint bottles, and then stooping down to a wooden trough, appeared to be examining something with great anxiety.

"My poor wife was afraid of being overtaken before she was ready," returned he, dejectedly, holding up a loaf, "so she baked too soon, and now the two white loaves are blue with mould, but the four brown loaves are prime."

"Why does Erik keep such a store of bread here?" I asked, "and what are the bottles for?"

"The lady must know," returned Erik, "that I had a little son born four days ago. We have three girls, but no boy, and now we are going to have an entertainment. Only the white bread is spoiled, more's the pity! The

baby is to be called Erik. I have fixed my heart on that for the first name, but my wife shall choose the second."

Whilst the great bread trough was being pushed into the passage preparatory to being carried away, Erik enquired whether England, the land I came from, lay farther south than Sweden, and whether the same kind of plants grew in both.

"Yes, Erik," I said; "three-fourths of the British plants grow in Sweden, although this is much more a land of saxifrages and fungi, and has fewer annual flowers, yet we both belong to the region of dandelions, cresses, wallflowers, and gooseberries."

Leaving Erik, therefore, carrying off his bread, I ascend to the upper dining-room, where Mrs. Solberg and Tante Fredrika are seated together, and, between sips of coffee and milk-rolls, are talking about the old labourers in the Bremer days. How when they were too old for work they had cottages given to them, where they might live in peace and quietness; but how, when the property passed into other hands, and there was a constant change of occupants, with none to act as a guiding influence on the

dependents, the people sunk into a low moral condition. The family of the boy Burén had been one of these. Nine years ago, when the Patron Solberg purchased the estate, and removed here with his family, they found themselves in the midst of a boorish people, with such thievish tendencies that Mrs. Solberg was quite in despair. But good example, kindness, and a wise guidance have produced already a wonderful change, and the people are becoming civilized and trustworthy, and, again, the boy Burén is instanced as a young scion who is growing up hopefully.

"It does not do to be over-prying with labourers," said Mrs. Solberg. "It is best to look at their minor faults through your fingers, for we are none of us perfect."

The wages of the women servants are about three pounds a-year, and these are considered good. Formerly, servant girls in the country received about five-and-twenty shillings and a pair of boots. Nor are wages much higher in Stockholm. Cooking is not here, however, a servant's accomplishment. All the excellent and well-prepared dishes which are brought to our table are the work of Selma and Therese,

who take turns in housekeeping and cooking week by week.

How willingly and cheerfully these young ladies attend to all the onerous duties of this large establishment! At five o'clock each morning, they have hot coffee and rusks ready for their father before he goes out to overlook his men. At half-past six, the family breakfast is ready; they superintend the family dinner at twelve; they prepare the afternoon coffee and the evening repast, having to supply sufficient for a large household, all with regular country appetites. They see that the milk and cream are duly and properly despatched to Stockholm, and oversee the churning; and when the gigantic family wash takes place, they iron and mend, and all the time never forget that the coffee-pot is always kept boiling; and as the fruit ripens they gather it, and preserve it in its various ways. In winter they knit, and spin, and weave. Selma is noted for her weaving, and her loom stands in Miss Agatha's room. The system in a Swedish country family is, that everything should be home-made, and thus save the expense of buying. Besides which, it has been the principle of this excellent and

ever-watchful mother that every faculty of her daughters' should be fully developed; hence, these young ladies are at the same time intellectually accomplished. They are very musical; they play, sing, read, and walk when not busy about the house, the duties of which are done so cleverly and so expeditiously that they are never untidy in their dress, nor yet in a hurry.

When breakfast is over, Tante Fredrika retires into the large saloon, adhering to her old Stockholm habits. At two we meet again for dinner, in company with Mrs. Solberg, who dines with us.

Miss Bremer has been fond of being alone from childhood. Adjoining my room is a little dark closet where Mrs. Bremer used to keep her keys. It is in a small passage connecting the bed-room with the drawing-room. Here the young Fredrika, finding it difficult, in the large family of those days, to secure a little solitude, used to lock herself up, because when in darkness she experienced a wonderful sensation, that of being lifted as by invisible wings. It was a great delight to her then, and she still is conscious of the same inexplicable sensation

whenever she is alone, and in a happy frame of mind.

July 18*th*.—On Saturday afternoon, we all went in a large company to the great meadow to the right of the house, which, enclosed by a belt of rocks and woods, presents the appearance of having at one time formed an inland lake. We went to see the mowers at work, and between whiles to gather wild strawberries on the rocky, wooded mounds which rise like islands out of the tall, waving sea of grass. How vigorously the long row of eighteen tall, athletic mowers, each one step in advance of the other, swept away, and laid the rich crop prostrate before them!

Spite of a cloudy morning, after a wet evening, Tante Fredrika and I went as usual to the well this morning, and met little Burén, with his bleached hair, going to his breakfast. Towards noon I again saw him, sitting on the grass by the long ash avenue, with another little lad, eating his dinner of *knäckebröd*, of which there were equal strata of bread and butter, for the peasantry in Sweden may be said to bread their butter instead of buttering their bread.

On our way home from church yesterday, walking through a copse, we met with beautiful ripe bilberries. Dame Nature, if she keep her northern children fasting a long time, is determined that they shall have plenty when once she begins, and pours out from her cornucopia wild strawberries and bilberries, followed by lingon and other fruits, and hay and corn harvests in such rapid succession that there is hardly breathing-time.

At dinner we have, amongst other things, sour milk, which is a regular summer dish, called "*filbunke.*" Tante Fredrika told us story with regard to the great love which the Swedes have for this dish, which is well worth repeating. A poor Swedish journeyman, finding his way to Rome, fell sick, and was taken into a monastery, where he was kindly attended by the brethren, but he could not eat any of the viands which were prepared for him, and kept incessantly murmuring "*filbunke! filbunke!*" The good monks, distressed at their inability to ease his sufferings, listened to this cry, and light seemed to break in upon them. This was his patron saint, and at once they began to sing, "*Sanctus Fil Bunke, ora pro nobis!*"

It seems quite extraordinary that, having been at rsta so short a time, I yet feel as if I had known every body here for many months. Tante Fredrika, too, is extremely happy. The other evening, as we were strolling back from Beteby—a cluster of little unpainted grey cottages amongst the rocks, she said :—

"I feel it so well to be here. I have been thinking that I shall come and live at Arsta for a year or two, and write my last work of fiction, for which I have now been living and working many years. I can prepare myself better for another world, can help the poor here with their small wants, for my means are equal to their humble requirements. In Stockholm, on the contrary, where on one occasion alone I was asked by a private individual for five hundred riksdalers, I am utterly unable to do what I would. I now see what a good and amiable family lives here. The Patron is an excellent manager, and thinks of those coming after him; hence he plants trees, which is so praiseworthy. It grieves me when people cut down for themselves, and leave the land bare for others. Besides, I feel so perfectly at home here, in the boudoir, where I have written so much ; and

the rooms are large and lofty, which is what I have been accustomed to, so that I feel as if I could breathe in them, whilst the out-door air is so bracing and strengthening! I would so gladly have but two rooms in Stockholm, and take up my abode here, but then there is Sara and my Hulda."

I suggested that Hulda might be with her.

"No, that would not be right," was the reply, "she must fulfil her career and develope all her artistic ability, which she can only do in Stockholm. Nevertheless, next year, if I do not feel equal to the journey to Russia, I shall come here."

Miss Bremer had been invited by a Grand Duchess and various other distinguished Russians to be their guest, and this invitation she had provisionally accepted.

For my part, I hope Miss Bremer may come to Årsta. I am sure it would be, as she says, right for her to be here. In Stockholm she might sit in public, as it were, all day if she would, and her mind is perpetually harassed by the troubles of other people, which would be unobjectionable if she were twenty years younger. Her last act, before leaving Stock-

holm, was to provide for a poor young governess who had been saved from committing suicide; Miss Vennberg and Miss Bremer, as usual, working hand in hand in this matter.

People of all classes in life's direst sorrows and perplexities come to her for help and comfort; now, it is a man just released from prison; and now, a gentleman of position, who needs counsel in some extremity of circumstances, and knows no one, man or woman, on whose wisdom he can rely excepting hers.

Whatever is going on in Stockholm, Miss Bremer is expected to co-operate in; and whenever any new movement is agitated, it is, with or without reason, attributed to her. All this throws upon her alone a heavy burden of responsibility which is beyond her strength. To take the initiative in the works of mercy carried on at Årsta, would not only be easy to her but exactly the occupation which would fill her leisure. I see, even now, the work beginning under her hands.

There is poor Andersson, who has been prayed for in church, a wan, miserably emaciated man, who is dying of some fearful internal malady in the *statfolk's* house, with his

three little children playing round, and his wife, as is usual with this class, out at work. Tante Fredrika, after comforting and cheering him, is now about to send him to the hospital at Stockholm. It is heartrending to hear him utter, in his feeble voice, "Ah, I shall never be well again! never better! I have been ill a year now, and there is no hope!" He speaks the sad truth; yet his sufferings can be alleviated.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD THINGS AND NEW.

JULY 19TH.—Yesterday afternoon a pleasant interruption occurred, in the arrival of two young men from Hammar, one of the nearest estates, though five or six miles off. A wonderful place is this house of Hammar for its concourse of youth; a perennial stream flows to it from all quarters, from Årsta and the country round, no less than from Upsala and Stockholm. The visitors of yesterday were students of Upsala, the son of the house and a friend of his, come to decipher and make a tracing of the runic stone of which I have spoken. The whole household was assembled to hear them read the old inscription, which had remained for so many ages a dead-letter. When they had traced it out on large sheets of paper by means of red chalk, in the manner in which the old

brasses are copied, they explained to their audience that " Svaen " had raised this stone to the memory of his good, or god-father, but which did not seem clear. If it belonged to the heathen period it must be the first, if to the dawn of Christianity it might be the second, just as the cross which formed the centre might either be the symbol of the Christian faith or the allegorical hammer of Thor. It was also pointed out to us that the serpent twisting round this cross or hammer, with runic characters inscribed on its body, held a hawk or some other bird in its mouth; here again was a rude representation of the serpent and the dove.

Unfortunately the stone has been broken; three portions are complete, but a fourth is wanting, though the inscription can happily be made out. The Herr Patron has made endless unsuccessful searches after the missing portion, which may probably now form part of a cottage wall or the stone of its fireplace.

As a slight rain fell whilst the inscription was being traced, a number of the Årsta lads held up a large piece of light blue drugget as a canopy over the heads of the operators and their

work. The three portions of the stone lay apart at this time, and the inscription had consequently to be taken separately on distinct large pieces of paper prepared for the purpose. But when this was done, a desire came into the Patron's mind to have the three pieces laid accurately together so as to form, as far as possible, a complete whole; therefore the large assembly of young men and boys, by means of levers and rollers, endeavoured to wheel one gigantic fragment to its place by the larger central portion. But the mass was far too ponderous, and could not have been moved had not a number of stalwart labourers, returning with five yoke of oxen and as many loosely-built waggons, been enlisted in the service, which was thus happily accomplished, so that now the chief part of the inscription lies together; and if the one missing fragment can only be recovered the whole will be secured with iron cramps.

We are now become very runic, and are filled with such an antiquarian spirit, that some of the more enthusiastic numbers of the great Årsta colony regard every elevation as an old tumulus. Tante Fredrika shakes her head at that, but believes in the Vikings' graves, which

no one knew of until she pointed them out. These are small barrows, lying amongst moss and grey stones on a promontory, with fir-trees and the shimmering waters of the wide creek for a background. Rocky hillocks are so common here that nobody had paid any attention to these graves of the Vikings.

On close inspection they have every appearance of being artificial mounds, the grey stones of which they are composed being placed designedly: the first is in the form of a triangle, with a large stone at each corner; two are circular, and the fourth probably of the same form, but now partially destroyed by some ruthless hand. Miss Bremer believes that if excavations were made, urns and ancient relics might probably be found.

At present, however, everybody is too busy with the hay to have time for exploration; even the Årsta ladies, under the presidency of Tante Fredrika, turn into the hayfield, as soon as the afternoon heat is over. We scatter abroad the newly-cut grass, and toss the half-made hay into long rows in the great meadow, with the golden evening sunshine glowing on the pale-green, newly-mown field, and the

snow-white chemise sleeves and pink head-kerchiefs of the peasant girls, who, strong as ponies, whisk up a perfect haystack on their forks and carry it off as if it were thin air. Sven and Knut help the men to fill the great oxen-drawn waggons.

Now and then, some young Årsta maiden drops down on a fragrant couch of hay to rest, but Tante Fredrika works on persistently, as if the Patron's hay-interest lay very much at her heart. On we all busily labour, and oh, how pleasant it is! till the dew falls on our comely haycocks, which would never have stood in such goodly array but for the energetic amateurs who make no play-work of it.

After such an amount of physical exercise we feel privileged to rest in the twilight, congregating in little parties; thus one evening dear Tante Fredrika interested us, as we sat in a pleasant room filled with the afterglow of sunset, by reminiscences of her childhood.

Some one of us had remarked that children were always happy, being free from the sorrows of after life.

Miss Bremer dissented, remarking that children, if they do not suffer so long, feel

often at the moment more acutely than grown-up people. So, at least, it had been in her experience. Her mind then flew back to the early days of her youth, and she readily communicated some of her thoughts to us.

There were several children at Årsta; some elegant, and outwardly gifted by nature. Fredrika was not one of these; she was clumsy, and had a something peculiar about her. Her mother, a beautiful and stately woman, never either encouraged or praised the apparently ungifted child, whose whole soul almost adored her, and admired and wondered at her beauty. One day, Fredrika, in a sort of wanton recklessness, cut her front hair quite close, and the next moment hearing her mother's approaching footstep, a thrill of alarm passed through her, and she became conscious of having committed an unheard-of offence. To her utter astonishment, however, her mother on seeing her, exclaimed, "Why, child, what has come to thee! Thou look'st quite handsome! Thy forehead is not as low as I imagined!"

That was enough. From that day the child patiently extracted her low-growing front hair by the roots, till it finally ceased to grow.

One of her most earnest prayers to God was, that her mother might manifest love towards her.

One of her sisters was Sofie, a pretty, charming girl, who had, even whilst a child, a remarkable faculty for housekeeping. She used to give out the stores, and the servants of the large establishment came to her for orders as if she had been the mistress of the house.

It was the custom in the Bremer family for the children to be confirmed at thirteen. A long preparation is required in Sweden for this rite, and the clergy hold classes for the purpose. The Bremers spent their winters in Stockholm, and the children had their preparatory lessons from a clergyman at home, which was considered more dignified. Young Fredrika regarded these lessons with great dislike, and all kinds of new ideas would suggest themselves to her mind, and cause her to ask the strangest questions, which sorely puzzled and annoyed the clergyman; she felt that she could not join in returning thanks for the privilege of this religious instruction, and she now questions very much whether the poor clergyman had more satisfaction in it than she had. Still,

the confirmation would produce for her one very agreeable result; she with the rest would then assume long dresses. Sofie, who was troubled with none of the heterodox notions of her elder sister, looked forward with joy to her confirmation, and her first participation of the Lord's Supper, for which occasion she had embroidered a beautiful white muslin-dress. But she was destined for still higher privileges in the very courts of heaven; a rapid fever carried off the young catechumen, whose earthly tenement was still clad for the grave in that very garment which she had prepared for confirmation. The youngest sister was a little fairy child, Agatha, the joy and darling of the whole family, and who grew up into the heart's life of her sister Fredrika, into her "very innermost." Her memory is still venerated by the peasantry of the estate.

This dear sister died before Miss Bremer returned to Sweden from America, the sad tidings awaiting her. She found a beautifully knitted carpet to be laid before her sofa, a work of love prepared by the invalid for her beloved sister.

How well I remember this soft grey and

crimson carpet in Stockholm, the object of such love and veneration on the part of Miss Bremer!

One of the brothers, August, next to Sofie in age, became an officer, and died from an accident, after the most frightful sufferings, in Berlin, whither his family had accompanied him for surgical treatment.

Baron Wrede, otherwise the Bremers' "Cousin Fabian," spent much of his youth with his relatives at Årsta, joining in the glees and chorales which they sang in the large upper hall. He took part in an opera which Miss Bremer composed at the age of twelve; a wonderful little play, full of shepherds and shepherdesses, and amazing events. It was performed in state, in the upper dining-room, and went off with *éclat*. One thing, however, was wanting to the young authoress and composer —the applause and admiration of her parents. They said nothing; and poor Fredrika went to bed disconsolate. It struck her, however, that surely between themselves the parents would pass some judgment on her work, and whether it were favourable or not, she must learn it. She knew that it was not right to listen; never-

theless, she rose from her bed, and stole on tiptoe along a little side passage to the door of her parents' chamber. She placed her ear at the key-hole and listened breathlessly. "Fredrika." Yes, she caught her own name, and, trembling with excitement, heard her mother say:—

"I never knew such a wonderful child as our Fredrika; we may look for something extraordinary in her as a woman!"

Oh the joy of that moment to the poor little listener! It extinguished the memory of many a secret heart-ache.

The mother's prophecy proved true, and she lived to be justly proud of her daughter, whom, in after life, she fully appreciated and compensated with deep affection.

Miss Bremer says that it now appears singular to her to find, since her mother's death, into how many of her habits she has, as it were, instinctively fallen. She often finds herself doing things not native to herself, and yet peculiar to her mother, just as if her spirit were within her.

July 29th.—On Sunday, Tante Fredrika, walking by the creek before dinner, was agree-

ably surprised by the arrival of Magister Eneroth, by boat, from Dalarö, in answer to an invitation she had sent him to pay her a visit at Årsta.

In such a place as this, where so much is always going forward, and where agricultural and horticultural experiments are subjects of vital interest, Magister Eneroth is a most welcome guest. Gladly, therefore, was he received at the large family dinner-party which always assembles every Sunday in the upper dining-room.

In the afternoon, Carl Adolfsson drove Miss Bremer, Aunt Solberg, and Magister Eneroth to the Parsonage; Sofie, Selma, and I having already started on foot for the same agreeable goal. Although the Parsonage was, ere this, pleasantly familiar to me, I will now describe it, that others may have the same friendly acquaintance with it as myself.

Passing the church, we came to the square, two-storied wooden house of Hesslingby, which formerly was a part of the Årsta property, but now belongs to an heiress, not yet of age, in Stockholm; after which, we entered a wide, fertile valley, bordered with the everlasting fir-woods. On the southern side of this valley,

looking towards the church, and at the distance of nearly a mile, stands the long, one-storied parsonage, which I am told is the counterpart of all Swedish parsonages, with its court and round grass-plot in the middle, now adorned with its one large hay-cock—the summer crop. On each side the house stand two detached, bright red wooden wings—the one outbuildings, the other divided into the residence of the farm manager, and guest-chambers for the family. Behind are stables and the farm-yard, which are backed by rocks and fir-trees. Beyond the house extends a large well-filled garden shaded by tall apple and pear-trees; in front stretches the wide valley, on a centre slope of which the parsonage is situated.

Fru Lager, who was seated in the porch reading "The Watchman" when we came up, gave us a most kind and motherly reception, regretting only that her young people were from home. They were gone to the Komminister's to celebrate Margaret's Day, in honour of his daughter, he not being able to keep it during the week, on account of some friends from Stockholm who could only now be present on the occasion, and a very signal celebration it was to be.

Magister Eneroth would receive a warm welcome, for they all knew what he had done and was doing for the improvement of the country; but he and his companions in the carriage were long in arriving, and then it appeared that they had stopped by the way at the school to take into consideration how a garden could be laid out there.

It is one of Magister Eneroth's favourite schemes that all schools should be furnished with gardens for the children to work in. On this subject he has written a book with plans for the gardens. A very good and wise project it is, for nothing could be better than for country children to grow up with a knowledge of gardening, so that eventually cottage-gardens might produce something more than the everlasting potatoes.

The Lagers were therefore glad to discuss the subject with Magister Eneroth, for it had appeared to them not without its difficulties. The farm labourers are, it appears, somewhat of a nomadic race, who stay a year or so in one place, then move off to another. They never properly settle down, and, therefore, take but little interest in planting and sowing. Besides

which, even if they were earnestly desirous of cultivating gardens, how could they find time? Both husband and wife, and even children, if they are old enough, are expected to work on the estate which maintains them, the hours being from five in the morning till eight in the evening, with two hours interval for meals; besides which, frequently a walk of some miles to and from work totally unfits a man for additional labour, even for himself, at home.

Magister Eneroth, however, argues that as soon as employer and employed can be made earnest on this subject, all these obstacles will be removed.

He wrote an interesting article last winter in the "Swedish Workman," an excellent weekly paper, somewhat akin to our "British Workman," on cottages and gardens for the labouring classes, and gave very satisfactory evidence of their practical utility in the encouraging example set in Sweden by Mr. Swartz.

Magister Eneroth is one of those judicious Swedes who are desirous that their compatriots should lay aside all phlegmatic despondency and enter, as it were, into a business compact with the stern exacting soil and climate of the North,

which, though they make but a niggardly return for careless, or even dull, plodding labour, would respond to a brave-hearted, intelligent, unwearying toil which is in fact characteristic of themselves.

Certainly, the four million Swedes need be endowed by nature with iron constitutions as well as iron determination to make this northern land, where the soil must in five months produce food for the whole twelve, bring forth her uttermost; and where, it seems to me, that even in the beauty and enchantment of the summer, the surface of the soil alone is heated, and that below this warmed and vitalized surface lies an eternal chill. Yet this very rigour, these stern requirements of nature make Sweden unspeakably dear to her people. She is like a parent who neither caresses nor indulges her children, but who is as true as steel.

At half-past nine, the party in the carriage drove back, and we, the former pedestrians, now joined by other Årsta members, had certainly the best of it, walking again through woods, over moorlands and meadows, in that deliciously calm summer evening, with the

bronze-red moon rising solemnly over the belt of fir-woods as we neared Årsta.

On Monday, Magister Eneroth left us, but not before he had greatly benefited Aunt Solberg by his instructions on grafting, and on destroying the blight which is injuring several of her splendid oleanders. These beautiful shrubs, now in full blossom, adorn the stone hall and some of the rooms. As cure for the blight, he recommends her to collect a number of lady-birds, "the Virgin's little key-women," as they are here called, and employ them as purifiers of her "rose-laurels."

CHAPTER XIII.

NEIGHBOURS AND FRIENDS.

THOUGH an indefatigable haymaking still continues, yet now and then we take a stroll. On one occasion, dear Tante Fredrika, full of the present enjoyment, began to tell us of the past.

"My sister Agatha and I," said she, "frequently made botanical excursions in this neighbourhood. We took with us our respective botanical works, she Hartman and I Liljeblad, and our light basket of provisions for the day. These were delicious rambles, voyages of discovery, making us ever better acquainted with the beauties of the neighbourhood. What a joy it was to find a new flower! How pleasant was then the necessity of seating ourselves on the grass, and consulting our books to discover its name and properties, thus increasing our acquaintance in the kingdom of nature.

"But perhaps, after all, the most delightful was, after a long ramble, to sit down in some of these murmuring woods, or by the breezy shore, and spreading our simple fare before us, find in it a relish and an enjoyment beyond the costliest feast.

"Pleasant too were our encounters with the peasant people. Just now comes to my mind an incident of this kind. Wishing one evening to make a short cut homeward, we struck into a fir-wood, but as the road was unknown to us, we requested a peasant woman, whom we met knitting and whom we knew, to be our guide, to which she cheerfully consented, knitting industriously the while. She told us that she was knitting *väntor*.. Not knowing what that meant, we inquired, and she said it was the pair of stockings which a young girl gives to her lover after her betrothal, but which she must on no account knit herself.

"This woman was the wife of an honest old man who had been ill for a long time, the illness being first physical and afterwards settling upon the mind, producing the most deep depression, during which he could rest neither night nor day, his diseased conscience accusing

him of unpardonable sins against God. He had suffered for more than a year in this terrible way, and medicine had done him no good. I therefore inquired how he was, and was naturally surprised by the reply that he was quite well, and had helped in the harvest, just then over, besides getting in his own little crop. 'Have his qualms of conscience happily passed away?' I enquired. 'Yes, entirely,' she answered, 'he has now peace of mind and comfort of body; and if he should be a little low he knows how to cure himself.' 'But how did this happy change come about?' I enquired.

"'Early in the spring,' she said, 'when he was at the worst, our good rich neighbour Anders Månsson came driving up in his cart, and carried off my old man to his farm. I cried, thinking I should never see him again. 'Don't be afraid, mother,' says Anders, 'I'm only taking him away to bring him, with God's blessing, back again, quite well!' When my old man got to his house, he found himself surrounded by everything cheerful. The house stands pleasantly in the sunshine, and the air is good, and Anders invited one neighbour and another to come in and drink coffee with him,

and all day long there was a lively chat kept up with my old man; and at night Anders had him in his own chamber, and a light burning on a table till morning, and when he heard him groaning and fretting, he said quite cheerfully, 'How is Olle getting on?' And if that didn't put off the fit, he got up and took a turn or two with him, and talked cheerfully all the time. So he kept on with him for ten days, giving him medicine of his own making; and this I can tell Mamsell, it was not three days before he began to mend. At the end of a fortnight, Anders drove back with my old man. He was actually cured! and has been well ever since; and this autumn, as I told Mamsell, he has been able to do harvest work; but our good neighbour still looks after us, and, God be praised, everything has now taken a turn with us for the better.'

"It was a dreary, sterile tract through which we were passing," said Tante Fredrika, "when the woman told us this story, but that Samaritan act of good neighbourliness clothed it as with living verdure."

July 31*st*.—Last Wednesday, Tante Fredrika

and I went to a peasants' ball, and very amusing it was.

In the first place, however, I must mention that one portion of this large property, called Gålön, has been purchased by an excellent institution, which I will presently explain, called the "Prince Carl Institution." Nothing can be more charming than this little demesne, surrounded by beautiful creeks of the Baltic. From Arsta, by land, it is six or seven miles, but by water it can be reached in half-an-hour.

The purpose to which this property is devoted is this: the late Bishop Wallin, that most excellent man and poet, anxious to decrease, if possible, the number of juvenile criminals, by nipping the early tendency to crime in the bud, and assisted by the then head of the police, also a very philanthropic man, determined to establish an asylum for low-born destitute children where they should be educated and provided for, instead of being exposed to theft, as a means of livelihood. The idea was approved of, and the "Prince Carl Institution" established, so called in honour of the young Prince, now King of Sweden.

This establishment is divided into two

classes; those who have actually committed small offences and are therefore criminals, and those who are merely destitute, but who might become such, were they not removed from temptation. It is not necessary that they should be orphans, but simply that they should belong to the destitute class. Some five or six years ago these latter were removed from Stockholm, and boarded out amongst the cottagers at Gålön, which was then purchased for the use of the Institution. A superintendent was appointed, with a residence on the estate, and a school-house built, with accommodation for the schoolmaster and mistress.

Miss Bremer, who naturally takes a great interest in this movement, determined to visit Gålön whilst we remained here; and as last Tuesday was a great day at the Institution, it was hoped that she would be present. The Directors were to come over from Stockholm, and the examination of the children take place preparatory to the month's holiday, which would begin on the following day, when they were to have a grand treat. Tante Fredrika, very sensibly, as I thought, preferred witnessing the treat rather than the examination, which

at all events would be pleasanter to the children, if not more edifying.

It was just then the commencement of one of the monstrous washes at Årsta, and three of the female servants were ill, so that Aunt Solberg could not leave home, and only one of her daughters could be spared to go with us; besides which, it was the middle of the hay-harvest, and everybody was busy, nevertheless, the good Patron rowed over in a boat in the afternoon, and old Carl Adolfsson was spared to drive Miss Bremer, Sofie, and me. The two lads, Sven and Knut, would have liked of all things to have been at the fun, but they were out at work, and did not hear of it till it was too late.

I do not think that the country-folk of Sweden would care for a treat of any kind, if a dance were not connected with it, and this Wednesday afternoon it was nothing but dancing. I here give two of Hulda's cuttings, which though they do not apply to this particular dance, yet this great national enjoyment is the same everywhere.

The children, eighty-one in number, were not the only guests. Their adopted parents, their

uncles and *aunts* as they call them, were there also, as well as some of the cottagers' own

children, so that the number of youngsters was somewhat above a hundred. We, who had come in the carriage, arrived between two and three, and drove up to the house of the superintendent. He is a tall, handsome man, with a good and thoughtful countenance, and his wife, a pleasant, motherly woman, with eyes full of a tender and affectionate expression; the very persons, both of them, to be at the head of such an establishment.

Opposite to their long, wooden, one-storied house, was another very similar, the large, wooden, yellow-painted school-house.

We had scarcely arrived, before lads in brown suits with red facings, caps and jackets alike, and little girls with coloured head-kerchiefs, came streaming in by groups through the flowery meadows, from their happy homes amongst the birch-woods, under the grey rocks, or by the blue coves and creeks. Then came the "uncles" and "aunts," simple-hearted and sunburnt couples, who as soon as they had congregated were regaled with coffee under the oak-trees.

There was one clumsy-featured, bronze-faced man, of about five-and-thirty, with ear-

rings, with whom I had a good deal of conversation, and wonderfully intelligent he was. He seemed to know all about England, and told his "old woman," otherwise wife,—for all husbands and wives are old men and old women,—how quickly anybody could get there; and then I was told a long story about a friend of theirs, who being desirous of emigrating to America, would go by Liverpool.

As soon as the worthy couples had drunk their coffee and shaken hands with the superintendent's wife and thanked her, the children came to the feast, one or more of whom were brought up to Miss Bremer, as being some of those waifs and strays that she had rescued after the cholera, and the ball was opened in the great school-room, it being then between three and four. It had for its orchestra, two fiddlers, one an elderly, the other a young man, who would have reminded me of wooden effigies, had not the music working through them down to their very toes, and up into their brown fiddles, fiddle-strings, and bows, proved that they were alive. But, in truth, all the men and women had features which might have been cut out in wood, and when, at the begin-

ning, some good woman's old man began solemnly twirling round with his partner, he was followed by another and another couple, all looking as mournful and dancing as soberly as if at a funeral. Life, however, came into them, when the little lads and lasses and everybody began to dance. As for the young Fröken, who is the schoolmistress, and the young schoolmaster, they danced away the whole afternoon, as if they were wonderful pieces of mechanism, and the very soul of the entertainment.

The favourite dance is the fling polska, a large circle of dancers, dancing round the room to the music, couples also swinging round in the middle. Whenever you like to leave the circle and choose a partner you may do so, and go swinging round hand in hand, sometimes four together, with hands crossed. The Fröken and the schoolmaster were dancing round with partners,—little boys, young lads, young girls, men, and women—the whole time.

It is so easy that it requires but little learning, and I had had plenty of practice at Årsta. I danced four with Sofie, Pastor Lager, and the Superintendent, and then again and

again with the country people. Being spun round by the men was like being driven round by a windmill. Besides this, there is a single polska, which is danced to a particular step, though the usual polka-step will do very well for it. After I had danced it with a woman, and had returned to my place, she beckoned me to her in a very mysterious manner. This was to beg of me to go and ask her old man to dance with me. The men were too shy to ask us, therefore we had quietly to take hold of them, and lead them out. Then they danced gladly enough, though always with a solemn, yet well-satisfied air.

There was the curtseying polska too, a sort of long-string, follow-my-leader dance, with bobbing and curtseying all the time. We danced it out of the ball-room by one door into the sandy court, dancing all the while, and in at the other door; then coiled up into a ball, so that we were just like packed herrings, and then untwisted again, which was a great relief. There was another, a very amusing dance, called "Weaving Valmar," the homespun cloth which the peasants wear. The schoolmaster and the Fröken with their partners were the shuttles,

which kept flying backwards and forwards, their hands clasped above the circle of stooping attendant dancers, who clapped their hands all the time.

The dancing went on incessantly till about a quarter past nine, when the children filed off for their supper, under the oak-trees. The supper consisted of tremendous slices of various kinds of bread-and-butter, slices of cheese, and different kinds of meat. There had also been an interval before, in which people had refreshed themselves with various beverages, and afterwards the children played at a game, but all the time the two fiddles had been going, and men and women indefatigably dancing in the schoolroom.

At weddings, the peasants dance several nights running, and last winter the daughters at the Parsonage frequently danced from six o'clock in the evening till four in the morning, going to bed and sleeping till the two o'clock dinner; after which they would again dress and drive off to another dance. On the evening of the Gålön festivity, they did not reach home before half-past twelve, as after we left there was some singing and a little religious service, also a dis-

tribution of gingerbread to each child, and then a drive of an hour and a half. They were eight in number in that cartlike carriage of theirs, and did not travel rapidly. We reached home two hours earlier.

August 1*st*.—Aunt Solberg put aside her bilberry drying on Friday afternoon to accompany Tante Fredrika, Sofie, Selma, Maria Reder, and me, to call on some of the old Bremer dependents. Our first visit was to the cottage of Jan Jansson, a little wooden cabin in a sheltered nook of the estate, surrounded by promising little potato and bean-plots, and with a small crop of corn, now beginning to whiten for harvest.

"There is Jan!" exclaimed Selma, drawing our attention to a tall man standing near the house, but who in his extreme shyness seemed transformed into a grey rock or a birch tree before we could reach him, whilst as suddenly a little old woman in a green dress, and the whitest of homespun chemise sleeves, and white muslin head-kerchief, seemed to rise out of the ground like a little fairy. This was Jan Jansson's wife, Mother Margret.

"Mercy on us! Mamsell Fredrika and the

Årsta gentlefolks come to honour our poor cottage! Step in! step in!" and she unlocked the door with a key which she produced from behind an outside rafter.

We passed through the prettiest and neatest of little kitchens with its copper and pewter vessels burnished as bright as hands could make them, into the inner or bedroom, which is the state apartment of a Swedish cottage; this room had three windows, looking each a different way, and adorned with snow-white muslin curtains. There were not, however, chairs enough for us all, which greatly troubling Mother Margret, she fetched in a bench, which she covered with a sheet of home-spun linen, giving vent the while to joyful expressions of amazement.

"My Jan was Herr Brukspatron Bremer's foreman, and had this cottage given to him for his lifetime; but it was good, blessed Mamsell Fredrika, sitting there, who had it secured to me, in case my poor Jan died first. Mamsell Fredrika does not know the sorrow that struck us last summer; our second son was working with his father on the estate quite well as usual, when he suddenly fell down dead and his

whole heart poured out on the ground. I was sure Mamsell Fredrika had not heard of that sorrow. But my old man and me try to be submissive; we work very hard; we sow, and plant, and reap, and, thank the Lord, we can always have our coffee. It would indeed be hard if the peasant could not afford himself his coffee-tear. . Oh! To think of Mamsell and the gentry from Årsta finding me so dirty. I really must scare the gentlefolks!"

We assured her that everything was exquisitely neat, as indeed it was, but she persisted in the contrary, and then begged to slip into the kitchen and boil the gentlefolks some coffee. "Though the ladies come into a house not fit to be seen they shall not find it without coffee," and away bustled Mother Margret. We, however, called her back, and asked for water instead.

"Cold, poverty-stricken water!" exclaimed Mother Margret. "Ah! the gentlefolks are afraid of my dirty place!"

It required a great deal of talking before she was reassured, and then we went forward to Mother Anna's, a dairywoman during Tante Fredrika's time, Mother Margret, who knew a

short cut through the woods, going with us as our guide, only "she blushed for her dirty attire," she being affected by a perfect mania for tidiness.

After a walk of about half-a-mile through a fir-wood, we came to a wooden cabin, pleasantly situated on the outskirts, and overlooking a creek of the Baltic. A handsome young man was busily re-painting the place red, and whilst Mother Margret went indoors to announce the visitors, which she said was necessary, because Mother Anna was so melancholy, we watched the young painter at his work, and learned from Selma that he was the brother of the foreman at Stymninge, and noted for his wit and merriment at weddings. And, by-the-bye, with regard to these red painted cottages, I must remark that the colour seems to have originated in a natural sense of the fitness of things; this red soon tones down into a rich dull red, which harmonizes as no other colour would, with the sombre green of the fir-woods and the grey of the rock.

We waited outside a long time; at length Mother Margret made her appearance, leading by the arm from the cottage, a stout woman of

about fifty, who had evidently been hurriedly thrust into her Sunday jacket. She looked at us with a sort of apathetic melancholy, whilst her friend exclaimed, energetically,

"Mother Anna is very glad to see Mamsell Fredrika and all the gentry, the good gentry from Årsta! Think, mother," said she, turning to the moody woman, "think of Mamsell Fredrika dropping down upon us, and finding me not fit to be seen!—yet she is so good and indulgent that she lets me show the way to Mother Anna, who is fretting so sadly after mother's old man, who was took in the winter."

Then, in a measured tone, as if to keep herself from weeping, Mother Anna assented; spoke of her husband's death, and concluded with, "It's more melancholy than anybody can tell."

Tante Fredrika spoke comfortingly, and recommended that she should have some one to live with her. The hopeless widow listened mutely, and even to the last had not the heart to ask us within doors.

Our next visit was much more cheerful. It was to a small cottage lying below. The husband, assisted by a sturdy labourer, was mow-

ing hay in a long meadow shelving down to the calm, blue waters, which were hemmed in by distant wooded islands and promontories. His handsome young wife, who was cutting green fodder for her two calves, with her pretty little girl of five playing by her side, came forward to meet us with a greeting so cordial as to make that of poor, doleful Mother Anna still more dismal.

As we retraced our steps, old Mother Margret and I walked side by side, she telling me of a number of English ships, which some years ago, when there was war with Russia, were anchored in a neighbouring creek. The country people supplied the crews with butter and milk, or whatever else they needed from them. They stayed some weeks and were good people, she said, paying very handsomely for everything they had, but unfortunately the money was not of any use till they had sent it to Stockholm and had it changed.

August 6th.—This was the day on which it was originally intended that we should remove to Kolmorden Quarry. But after much deliberation, Miss Bremer thinks it best for us to remain here as long as she continues this year in

the country, and defer her visit to her kind friends at Kolmorden till next summer.

There will now be no break in the pleasant occupations which fill each day; Tante Fredrika will continue her reading and writing as usual. The swimming-lessons in the warm, rippling waters will go on; the long mornings may still be spent in the aromatic fir-woods amongst grey rocks and bilberries, where no sound disturbs Maria Reder's reading of "Shirley," save the cry of the solitary woodpecker. The English school in Mrs. Bremer's honeysuckle bower will now be uninterrupted. But whether we are here or not, Årsta is a sort of academy; French lessons, music lessons, botanic lessons, classes of reading necessary before the return to Upsala, or the gymnasiums are carried forward indefatigably; nor must Ulla's and Anna Lisa's school for the blacksmith's children be forgotten. Nevertheless, there is plenty of time to run wild, and plenty of delightful interruptions; rural vehicles may be seen driving across the great meadow, or a group of dark figures in white caps directing their steps towards the house. Then the news of guests having arrived joyfully flies through

garden and wood. All the various scattered members of the great Årsta household congregate to receive them, and a general bowing and curtseying and welcoming ensues. In all this it is agreeable to know that we shall still take part. Thus, one July evening, when Tante Fredrika and I were returning from a stroll, Aunt Solberg came down the English park to meet us, requesting us to join a large social gathering which had just taken place in-doors, from the unexpected arrival of a number of visitors from the next and far distant parish of Vesterhanninge.

In, therefore, we went to tea, or rather to supper, and a very large company was indeed assembled. And here I may remark that there is no objection for even a very numerous party to present themselves unexpectedly at these hospitable, abundantly provisioned Swedish country houses. Here, for instance, at Årsta, there is plenty of fish in the near-lying waters; the great garden is full of fruits and vegetables; milk and cream overflow in the dairy; pickles, preserves, and potted meats wait ready for demand in the great store-rooms, and the welcome is always cordial.

In one of the visitors we recognised a familiar face, that of an interesting young lady whom Tante Fredrika and I had met accompanied by her two little girls Ida and Eva, one bright yet winterly day, when we had sledged to Haga to see the woods there in their winter glory, and afterwards to Solna to ascertain whether Sandqvist had done his duty by the grave of "Hedda the Good." In the quaint old church of Solna we had met this lady and her children, she in deep mourning, for she too was come to look after a grave, that of her father, Carl Johan Plagemann, a well-known and most philanthropic chemist, who had, last January, peacefully passed away in his eighty-fifth year. He had spent his life in making his practical and scientific knowledge beneficial to his countrymen. He taught the poor, struggling inhabitants of the sterile north of Sweden to prepare turpentine, potash, and saltpetre, and thus opened to them a new source of profit. He established the first Swedish manufactory of gelatine made from reindeer horn. He was gifted by a quick perception of the unapplied resources of a district, and then gave his knowledge fully to the community at large.

Living for many years in the north of Sweden, he applied himself to the improvement of horticulture. He also introduced the elm and maple where it had never grown before; whilst exquisite flowers from his garden adorned the hall at Umeå when King Oscar visited the northern portion of his dominions.

After supper came music and the singing of sweet Swedish folks-songs, till the Vesterhanninge party felt it time to depart. Everyone congregated on the steps to speed them forth, their last words being—

"Mind, don't forget us. Come soon, everyone, to Vesterhanninge!"

August 11*th*.—It is now rainy and cheerless, so much so that Aunt Solberg appeared in the great saloon yesterday afternoon with a coffee-tray, saying that her husband considered it "coffee weather" for the ladies upstairs.

This is a wonderful house for coffee-drinking. Coffee is an item which has no place amongst the household expenses. None are stinted in coffee, nor does any one trouble himself as to what it costs.

"I like every one who comes to have a coffee-tear," says hospitable Aunt Solberg; "I

should be quite concerned if Thora Mader, when she comes for her music lesson, had not also her coffee."

Miss Bremer always enjoys the companionship of Aunt Solberg. They talk together as only northern ladies can, about spinning and weaving; about the rose-pattern and the great-rose-pattern, and the traveller's-pattern, and so forth. They speak of the different number of threads in weaving, and show an intimate knowledge of these things which to me is marvellous.

Yesterday afternoon, we conversed on another favourite topic of Aunt Solberg's, that of gardening. She told us of the desire she had to obtain a tall white lily. Once she possessed such a bulb which flowered in the open air, and was so surpassingly beautiful that the family made daily pilgrimages to admire it.

Tante Fredrika undertook to procure her another, if possible; and I felt conscience-stricken to think, though I had always admired these flowers in England, how little I had understood the pleasure they were capable of calling forth.

August 12*th*.—Spite of stormy showers, the Parsonage baggage-waggon rumbled up yesterday afternoon and discharged its closely-packed

contents at the wooden steps of Her Grace's domicile. The gathering on this occasion was in honour of the eldest son and his two cousins who, to the general regret, were to leave for Upsala on the morrow; the first breaking-up signal of the happy Årsta party.

The eldest daughter of the Parsonage, Lallie, as we have learned to call her, had arrived early in the day to join the English school as usual, and had remained a welcome guest till the afternoon.

Showers came on, which, however, did not prevent Swedish games from being played in the intervals in the great gravelled court. A gorgeous rainbow spanned for some little time the verdant kitchen-garden, then down came the rain, driving the young life into the hospitable wooden wing, where its elders sat conversing in the parlour amongst roses and tall white petunias.

Tea over, at which gigantic bowls of wild strawberries and raspberries, with other bounteous fare, were richly enjoyed, music followed, and, amongst other songs, the sweet and pathetic negro melody of "Mary Blane" was sung well and clearly by four young singers,

not one of whom was acquainted with English, but who had learned it to give pleasure to Tante Fredrika, it being a great favourite with her.

To give pleasure to others, above all to kind, genial-hearted Mamsell Bremer, is the ruling spirit here. Thus, on Wednesday night, Knut, learning that she wished some commission executed in Stockholm, asked permission to travel with the milk-pails to transact it. The weather was very threatening, but Knut was not to be deterred by weather, or any such trifling consideration, when the question concerned Mamsell Bremer; it mattered not that she herself begged him to postpone the journey, the devoted boy would hear of no delay. Going, therefore, early to bed, he was up by one o'clock in the morning, and off with the messenger and the milk-cans; duly returning in the evening, Mamsell Bremer's business thoroughly executed, but himself very sleepy.

The tallest of the tall daughters of Årsta, Mamsell Emma, has now arrived, and proves a welcome addition to the large family circle.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS BREMER'S BIRTHDAY.

AUGUST 18TH.—Lallie came over to Årsta one day last week and communicated privately the important fact, that her father having occasion to look through the old parish-register had discovered that the seventeenth of this very month was Mamsell Bremer's birthday. The Parsonage family, therefore, being desirous that a suitable celebration should take place, invited the Årsta people to co-operate.

This was delightful beyond measure. Everybody was pleased, and endless cabinet-councils ensued. The desire was that the day should be celebrated in such a manner as might best accord with Miss Bremer's wishes, though she herself had never breathed a syllable on the subject. At length all was satisfactorily arranged; even the ardent young Valborg

Lager was satisfied, although her desire was that the celebration should be something "inconceivably and beautifully appropriate, something exquisitely *comme il faut*."

The result of our deliberations will be given in due course, but, in the meantime, I must speak of one or two events which preceded the little *fête*.

The 17th fell on Wednesday. On Monday, Tante Fredrika said to Aunt Solberg as we sat taking coffee with her and Sofie, "I intend to give a pic-nic to-morrow, and accordingly shall invite the kind Reders to accompany your family, Margret, and myself for the whole day to Vittsa. It will give me pleasure again to see Madam Lundgren, the miller's wife, whose good daughter Tilda helps my servant when I have company in Stockholm. There will be no lack of provisions at Vittsa, and Madam Lundgren will need no notice beforehand."

"An excellent plan," returned Aunt Solberg, "nothing can be pleasanter. Of course we shall all be delighted to go."

"What has dear mother done!" exclaimed Sofie, as soon as we were alone with good Mrs. Solberg. "How in the world are we to

go to Vittsa, with all our preparations for Wednesday yet incomplete, and everything to be done secretly, that Tante Bremer may know nothing!"

"And I imagined that I was doing you the greatest kindness in the world!" returned dear, bewildered Aunt Solberg. "Did you not want to see Madam Lundgren? I thought you could thus kill two flies at once. But if you had rather, I will contrive something for to-morrow. We will begin a great wash, and then somebody must stay."

On the large map of Årsta which hangs in the upper dining-room, the mill at Vittsa is the last spot marked on the estate in one direction, and lying at the distance of some miles from the house; consequently the idea of Aunt Solberg was not a bad one, for as we had some business to transact with the miller's wife this was the opportunity for it. Again, a little cabinet-council was called, and, finally, ways and means were devised for effecting every needful preparation without interfering with Tante Fredrika's kind plan.

On the following morning the weather was gloomy and somewhat threatening, yet the long

ladder-waggon, drawn by two sturdy oxen, and driven by Sven and Knut came round to the front door at ten, every one now anxious to go, especially as Tante Fredrika had obligingly said, if any of us were alarmed at the thought of showers, the little excursion should be deferred to the following day. But no one would listen to this idea, and then she, always the most active and, as it were, juvenile of the party, set off to walk the whole way, accompanied by Her Grace and Sofie, who is devoted in her attention to and care of their guest.

Every one else, with the exception of the Herr Patron, who felt compelled to remain amongst his rye crops, mounted into the great roomy chariot, and were arranged on two long rows, on comfortable piles of hay. Very slowly did the oxen draw us over the plain to Stymninge, and then through woods and dales, and over rocky hills, creeping along at their own contemplative pace. But it mattered not to the merry company. The dreamy oxen might take an hour and a-half or two hours to the journey if they chose; the drivers, therefore, joined in the propounding of riddles, and foreswore the use of the whip.

"When is it dangerous to walk in an orchard, Therese?" asks Ulla.

"Dearest Ulla, ask somebody else, for I am trying to comprehend the English difference between *you shall* and *you will*."

"When the trees are shooting!" exclaim two or three volunteers in one voice.

"How was it," asks Aunt Solberg, "that there grew an apple-tree at Årsta, in Mamsell Bremer's time, which bore apples one year, and the next fruit, but not apples? Let some of the botanists explain this."

"The tree was grafted and bore pears," suggests some one, "or plums," suggests another. The generality think it is a hoax.

"Hoax, no indeed!" returns Aunt Solberg. "The first year it bore a large crop, and the next year it bore but one single apple, so Mamsell Bremer is perfectly right in saying it bore fruit but no apples."

"Who was the first tailor in Sweden?" inquires Sven.

"I, to be sure!" exclaims Knut, "and left my name at the end of every thread."

"Then you must be cousin to the first tailor in England," say I, "who left his name as *Knot*."

"Now," says another member of the party, "who can solve me this difficulty? Widower A. and widower B. dwelt near each other. Widower A. had a daughter, C., and widower B. had a daughter, D. Now widower B. wooed C. and married her; and widower A. wooed D. and married her. A. and D. were one couple, and B. and C. another. A. and D. had afterwards a son called E., and B. and C. a daughter called F. Now, I demand, how nearly were E. and F. related, and could they marry?"

"Marry, forsooth, not they!"

"Oh, we shall be drowned!" exclaims a terrified voice; for now the oxen, suddenly waking up, dash down a steep descent, and turning a corner, carry us, before we have the least suspicion of danger, slash, dash! into the Baltic!

On the shore stand our three energetic walkers, who, wondering at our tardiness, are here waiting for us, and now hold up their hands in despair.

"Keep Mamsell Bremer back, Sofie!" shouted Sven, seeing dear Tante Fredrika about to rush into the water after us. "Mar-

gret's safe, Mamsell Bremer need not be afraid!"

"I am responsible for Min lilla Margret," said the dear, kind soul, and at everybody's assurance that I was safe, she desisted in her bold endeavour.

"Oh, the pint bottle of cream, and the milk-buns, which I hid in the hay for a surprise!" cries, in the meantime, the good, thoughtful Selma.

"Pull up the oxen, Knut, before we are soaked to the skin!" cries Aunt Solberg at the same time.

"All right, mother! you're all safe!" and so saying, Knut and Sven manage to land us again in safety and unwetted, though with grave faces.

"It was not that we were so troubled for you," said the lads, "but for the oxen; we were afraid they might be like that gluttonous old ox of ours, which, after eating a whole barrel of salted sprats, rushed into the water, and drank till it burst! What is the reason that oxen have such a hankering after salt?"

We gladly leapt on shore from the waggon;

cream and bun-loaves, wrapped in their white cloth, were handed out perfectly safe, and away we all walked to Vittsa mill, which lay close at hand in an adjoining valley.

Vittsa Dale, beautifully fertile, consisting of meadow-land and mill-stream, is hemmed in by woods and crags, excepting where it opens to the Baltic. In the centre stands the miller's wooden house. We were most heartily welcomed by Madam Lundgren, who promised to have a substantial dinner ready for us by half-past one.

It was now noon, and the interim was spent by the youths in going to bathe. Tante Fredrika and Aunt Solberg seated themselves to rest in a paddock near the shore, and the remainder of the party scrambled to a lofty, rocky cliff, where we hoped might be obtained a view of the open sea. The summit reached, and the usual panoramic view, but on a larger scale, lay stretched before our admiring gaze—a mighty expanse of waters, blending with the horizon, and scattered over with islands, resembling emeralds set in dull silver. Whilst some rested, others boldly clambered in search of the abundant wild raspberries, or the first

ripe red lingonberries, which were discovered in warm, rocky nooks, and with which they regaled their indolent companions.

The dinner, consisting of fried ham, dishes of magnificent steaming hot new potatoes, piles of fresh laid eggs and delicious home-made bread, was declared by every one, and, for the time, believed to be, the very best dinner they had ever eaten.

In the afternoon, we wandered to the next estate to see in what it differed from Årsta. Our road lay through woods; old, melancholy, grey-bearded woods, even more so than the generality. Grey lichens, spongy, rose-coloured and vivid green mosses, tall old haggard trees, many torn up by the roots from the scanty soil, lay about like strange fossilized monsters of the days before the flood; nay, the very anchorage which the pine and fir-tree had sought in the riven rock itself, had given way before the tempests of this sea-beaten northern coast. Dark green and grey are here the predominating colours, excepting where the tall willow-herb, the Swedish torch-plant, throws its dashes of warm pink over the rocks.

Yet in the outskirts of the wood we found

another flower, a little human blossom, which would have delighted the heart of Wordsworth. It was a tiny girl of four, in a quaint little brown gown, and a stuff cap, tied under the chin, playing by herself with fir-cones, just by a weather-beaten wooden cottage.

"What hast thou there?" inquired Aunt Solberg, pointing to a few green cones.

"Lambs," said the little child, quite confidingly; "and these are cows;" said she, stroking some brown ones.

"And what art thou called?"

"God's child," was the reply.

"But hast thou not another name?"

"No; mamma calls me God's child."

"Well, what is thy mamma called?"

"Why, she is called mamma."

"Thy papa, then?"

"Why, he is called papa."

(Poor children in Sweden call their parents papa and mamma).

We left the little child of God playing with her small flocks and herds, secretly wishing that we possessed somewhat of her confiding innocence.

Fragrant coffee awaited our return at five to

Madam Lundgren's, to which Selma's excellent buns made a welcome addition; and after we had arranged our private little business with the good miller's wife in her kitchen, the party again set off, and arrived at Årsta without any misadventure.

The weather had been gracious to Tante Fredrika as usual, but seemed unpromising for us on the morrow. In the night the rain came down without mercy, whilst a hurricane of wind raged and howled round the house, breaking even some of the windows in the tall roof.

At breakfast, Tante Fredrika said to Aunt Solberg and myself:—

"Yesterday was my birthday, and I knew no way of celebrating it better than in giving a little pleasure to others."

We thanked her, and returned her every good wish from our inmost hearts, but the time was not yet come for us to correct the long-established error of her birthday.

Breakfast over, she went as usual to her writing and reading, to that quietness which she enjoys so much, and we formed ourselves into a select committee, so that by eleven we were ready for operations. Fortunately, the

weather had now cleared up, and everything was arranged to general satisfaction, excepting a large transparency, with the words FREDRIKA BREMER in the centre, as a sun, and the titles of all her various works streaming from it as rays; this only proved impracticable.

The dinner was spread on a fine damask cloth, looped up at the corners and sides with bouquets of flowers, whilst a splendid pyramid of flowers, the work of Sofie, decorated the centre of the table. An arm-chair, covered with another finely-woven table-cloth, and adorned with flowers, was placed for the object of all these loving operations; and when Miss Bremer came in to dinner she was told of the discovery which Pastor Lager had made, and the desire of every one to honour the day with those floral decorations customary in this country for birth and name-days.

Tante Fredrika was greatly surprised, and evidently much pleased, but still had no idea of what was yet to follow.

At about four Therese, Maria, Lallie, and I were commissioned to escort her to the upper dining-room.

"Will dear Tante," we said, entering her apartment, "be so kind as to accompany us to

the dining-room, where some friends are desirous of offering congratulations ?"

We conducted her from her own door to that of the dining-room over roses, the most beautiful which the garden produced, and which, being gathered by Aunt Solberg, had been arranged in an elegant symmetrical pattern by Ulla and the Reders' clever servant, they working with all speed, yet with fear and trembling, lest Tante Fredrika should step forth and discover them at work.

The rose adorned passage crossed, Tante Fredrika entered the large dining-room, where a beautiful scene presented itself. All the aged servants and pensioners who remained on the estate from the Bremer days, twenty-four in number, were there to offer her their good wishes. The Herr Patron, the young book-keeper, Sven and Knut, Aunt Solberg and her daughters, all the Reder family, Lallie and Valborg from the Parsonage, and myself, completed the party.

The old peasant women sat in a long row on the right-hand side of the room, the husbands and the men-folk standing opposite; the men and women no more thinking of mixing than if they had been in a church.

Miss Bremer went the round of the company, shaking hands with all, and speaking with them of the past and the present. She joyfully recognised Madam Lundgren and the miller, her husband, saying how little she expected the day before to have met them so soon again.

Let me now speak more in detail of some of these guests whom we had been so busily collecting, and every one of whom had so faithfully kept their promise of not saying a word to Mamsell Bremer, if they should chance to meet with her.

The Reders undertook to invite Madam Lindbom, the merry wife of Alvasta, who lived directly beyond Stymninge, and was well known to them from her excellent eggs. There she sat laughing and smiling, and laughing again, the most important guest of all, because she was the wife of a *bonde*.

Alvasta has more outbuildings than most homesteads, and is noted for its rich creamy cheeses, and its fat, merry mistress. We went once to see her, when she laughed, and everybody laughed, though why we hardly knew. Beaming with pure merriment, she slipped her Sunday gown on over her every-day dress, and

then bustled backwards and forwards between her guests in the inner room and her two handsome daughters in the kitchen, who were preparing the coffee.

Carl Adolfsson, poor old fellow! stood quietly smiling amongst the men. He met on this occasion his old love of former years, now married to another. He has always himself remained single, but has had two housekeepers, each called respectively Brita. Mother Brita, his present housekeeper, sat amongst the women-folk, a shadowy, ash-coloured old woman, who flits about in the gigantic lofts of the great house, drying elder-flowers and herbs, and busied in all sorts of nondescript business. Carl Adolfsson is now becoming feeble, and a younger coachman, Magnus, generally takes his place. But when Tante Fredrika drives out, nothing would induce the old man to resign the reins to another. On one such occasion I asked permission to sit beside him on the box. For an hour he was very silent, but, gradually becoming communicative, told me that in his early days he had once heard Professor Bergfalk preach in Årsta church; "he spoke so beautiful," he said, "that never did he hear anything like

it, and never should he forget it." Afterwards, driving through a wood of lofty pine-trees, he pointed out such as were remarkable beyond the rest, for their height or other peculiarity of growth; and finally, speaking on religious subjects, seemed greatly puzzled to know how the disciples had been able to recognize Moses and Elias in the Transfiguration, when they could neither have seen them alive nor yet had their spiritual appearance described. The poor old man is very devout and earnest in his simple search after the truth.

Mother Anna too was amongst the guests, but now much more cheerful. Therese, Maria, and I, had carried to her our invitation on the preceding Sunday afternoon, when we not only entered her cottage but were entreated by her to take coffee. To our satisfaction also, we found that she had a brother residing with her.

From Mother Anna's we proceeded that same afternoon to Settergren's, also with our invitation, and here we found Thora, with her dear friend Ulla and Gustaf Reder, drinking coffee with Madam Settergren. They sat in the inner, or bed-room, being guests of honour.

Settergren's kitchen serves also as a carpenter's shop. Here were his tools and his lathe, whilst wood lay stored between the joists and the roof ready to be converted by him into crosses and grave-slabs, as occasion might require; accordingly, an upright wooden slab, his Saturday's work, stood near the window, on which was painted, "Here sleeps wife Josefina," etc. His Sunday afternoon's work was the reading of his beloved newspaper, *The Fatherland*. He is a great politician, and much edified us with his views on the Danish and American questions; and furthermore, as to what would be right steps for his brother Swedes to take if the Russians should attack their dear native land. Madam Settergren, who has a profound sense of her husband's superior wisdom, leant the while against her loom which stood by the second window, and listened admiringly.

The invitation here also was gladly accepted, and we hastened away, walking through the now ripe little crops of rye and other summer produce, to Jan Jansson's torp.

Mother Margret went into ecstasies, as might be expected, at the idea of going to Årsta to celebrate Mamsell Fredrika's birthday, and was

still more ecstatic when we consented to drink each "a tear of coffee" with her. Never was there a more hospitable soul. She bustled about and arranged the coffee-tray beautifully, then took her place behind, as civility prescribed, and we helped ourselves, not once only, but twice, otherwise the coffee must have been bad, she would have been sure of it! She, however, declined to join us, as she and her old man had already taken their coffee.

From Jan Jansson's, passing by the torp, called Bird's Song, we crossed the plain to Stymninge, where my companions rested, whilst I went on to the grey cluster of cottages at Beteby, in quest of old Pehr Andersson and his wife, an aged couple, like two bits of shrivelled-up lichen, cotemporaries of Miss Bremer's, whom she and I had already visited.

The old people were sitting in their little cupboard-like dwelling, which was so small that there was room merely for me to put my head in, and thus make them aware of my presence. He was reading to her in the Swedish hymn-book.

The invitation seemed to give them pleasure. Oh yes, they would very cheerfully come! And

then so great an anxiety took possession of their poor old minds lest I should lose my way home, that I had the greatest difficulty to prevent old Pehr Andersson accompanying me all the way back. They were two of the feeblest old people round Årsta; nevertheless, they had managed to reach the great house in safety, and now were kindly welcomed by Mamsell Bremer amongst her other visitors.

Erik, the cow-keeper, was the only invited guest who was absent. He is a mournful man, with a large family, who when spoken to always seems ready to give way to tears. But where was he? According to his own account, he was too busy, but would take his coffee in the kitchen.

"It is not the time, it is the best coat that is wanting," whispered his wife confidentially to Tante Fredrika.

Poor Erik! But he did not fare badly, though he advanced no farther than the kitchen.

Coffee in the meantime was being handed round, together with an amazing supply of fancy bread, rusks, and buns, which Lallie and Valborg had driven over with, the baggage-waggon being turned into a regular bread-cart

for the occasion, this being the Parsonage contribution to the feast, and enough for the whole parish.

Every one drank "tear" after "tear," and dipped the delicious Parsonage buns into the hot, fragrant coffee, of which there was no stint.

At length, Mother Brita whispered to her neighbour that it was certainly time to go, when, just at that moment, hot pancakes made their appearance, covered with raspberry cream, a secret idea of good Aunt Solberg's, which having kept to herself, was a surprise to everybody.

"I saw the young ladies gathering flowers this morning in the English Park, but I did not know how stately they were going to make every thing!" said Mother Lovisa, a cheerful, capable woman, who works about the outdoor premises, and whose son, a lad of twelve, is noted for his merry singing, whether amongst the oxen or in the fields.

Mother Lovisa was referring to certain strange figures in large white aprons, goloshes, and without crinolines, who were filling a capacious clothes-basket with flowers in the wet morning,

and which now reappeared in the prevailing floral decoration, in the beautiful mosaic, over which the company was led to the upper dining-room, the bordering of green fern-leaves, purple heather, golden tansy, (called here reindeer's banner,) white dog-daisies, and other wild flowers, together with the first rich, autumn-tinted leaves, which was carried up the grand double flight of the stone staircase.

Tante Fredrika herself was astonished by the beauty of this encaustic decoration, as after the pancake feast she was conducted at the head of the large assembly to the lower saloon, where a little concert took place.

The humble guests, who believed they came merely for coffee, were wonderfully amazed by the entertainment. They never, they said, had been so handsomely treated before. Nor was this all. Again refreshments were handed round, and all took something before they departed.

To us, the best of all was, the cordial pleasure that the whole had given to our dear friend, who now, also surprised by the discovery that her real birthday was the 17th,

not the 16th of August, as she had always supposed, smiled again and again, to think that, at all events, she was a day younger than she had taken herself to be.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

AUGUST 24TH.—Årsta has its baggage-waggon also, a large canary-coloured van, with thick blue-painted canvas curtains, to draw at pleasure; a useful, wear-and-tear vehicle, which, brought out for zealous church-goers on wet Sundays, was packed, inside and out, last Saturday afternoon, for a great coffee-drinking at the Parsonage, in honour of the young Baron and Baroness Knesol, who had returned from some Swedish baths, to their residence at Sanda. Arosis, the young Arsta book-keeper, drove the baggage-waggon, whilst Carl Adolfsson drove the carriage, with Sven and Knut also on the box, and Miss Bremer, Aunt Solberg, Ulla, and myself inside.

The large assembly was agreeably increased by a confirmation-friend of Maria Reder's, and

some young guests at the Parsonage; the Kom-minister, his son and daughter, and other neighbours, so that the house was literally filled both inside and out. Merry games were played in the front court, and later on, in the house itself. Nobody is too old or too grand to join in these simple social games, therefore people "borrowed fire from their neighbours," and played out that merriment; then everybody became somebody else, and when Knut was called Mrs. Lager appeared, and when Baron Knesol was demanded, the Baroness's comely house-mamsell sprang forward. Everybody had become transformed, and nobody knew who was who.

Sven, who drove Tante Fredrika back to Årsta, at half-past nine, returnedwith the news that his uncle and aunt had arrived with all their children and the governess, but that no one must hurry home on that account, as his sister Laura, the only one of the Årsta party who had remained behind, was entertaining them.

The merry round games were succeeded by dancing; then came the long dark drive home, with all the dismal stories of robberies and

murders that people could think of, till every one's blood crept with horror, spite of the impossibility of danger in that simple and honest neighbourhood.

Next morning, down came the pitiless rain, the remorseless rain which had no consideration for the carriage-load of relations who had come many miles to pay their annual flying visit to Årsta. Knut, with a long tail of healthy little cousins, roamed about in the interminable regions of the great high roof. Everywhere you encountered children ranging about, full of animal spirits, contented that it should rain this one day, if it would only be fine on the morrow.

In the evening the weather cleared up sufficiently for a grand military review to take place in the great court.

Military drilling is a regular portion of the Sunday duty, it being in no way incompatible with Swedish notions to display allegiance both to the heavenly and the earthly ruler on the same day.

Volunteer corps are now formed throughout the length and breadth of the land, in which the gentry and the peasantry are enrolled.

Gustavus Adolphus enforced prayer and the singing of hymns in the Swedish army, and the volunteers are faithful to the venerated custom. Thus one reads in the papers of volunteer corps having divine service even during their exercise, with a sermon, on the love of their native land, preached in the open air; or, perhaps, of their marching to some country church, and there attending divine service. Drilling seems especially to be the consecrated work of the Sabbath, perhaps because the onerous labours of the week-day cannot afford the necessary leisure.

The Österhanninge riflemen meet on a Sunday afternoon, between the church and the house of the Komminister; and when their drilling duties are over they march to the little church and sing together, "God bless our King and Fatherland," or some other patriotic verses.

But to return to the Årsta military review. Spectators were ranged on the two outer flights of stone steps, whilst others, of a humbler grade, all in their Sunday attire, were grouped round the doorway of the old Gustavus Adolphus wing. Laura's husband, who had come over for the Sunday from Stockholm, was the

reviewing officer, the Herr Patron, the young book-keeper, and Sven and Knut, now wearing their new uniforms for the first time, composed the corps. Very brilliant evolutions occurred, whilst the tender-hearted Herr Patron, who would not have hurt a sparrow, looked fiercely martial amidst the great assault and defence. Once a mighty sneeze took place in the face of the enemy, and set the easily amused spectators in a roar of laughter.

Sven and Knut take the greatest delight in the drilling. Sven blows loud blasts from his long herdsman's horn, smaller, but somewhat akin to the Swiss Alpine horn, made of birch wood, with its silvery casing of birch bark. This he blows melodiously on all important occasions, and practices diligently at other times, perhaps with a military bugle in view.

On Monday it rained. But games, coffee-drinking, and endless good cheer, with a dance in the evening, Tante Fredrika playing indefatigable polskas, and "Weaving Valmar," on the piano for the dancers, shortened the day.

The next morning the sun shone on the departing guests, and a great lull fell over the

place, like that stillness which falls upon the landscape in a deep snow.

These departures were but the prelude of others. Our happy, social circle is already thinning. This very day we have taken leave of Gustaf Reder and his elder brother, who with Alfred Mader have driven off in a large, roomy, green double-gig to Stockholm, not again to return. Other departures are before us, those of Sofie, Sven, and Knut; Her Grace, with Maria and Ulla; and, finally, Tante Fredrika and myself. These inevitable partings, which every day is bringing nearer, cast the first shade of melancholy upon this united and happy gathering.

September 2nd.—Glorious weather, after many dreary days and much anxiety on account of the rye and other crops. Beautiful, richly-growing wheat on which the blessing of the Lord lay, was beaten down into the muddy soil; and the rye, already cut, and which dotted the plain with its thick sheaves, had seemed doomed to destruction, when, just as faith began to fail, strong winds arose, swept away the clouds, dried the moist atmosphere and saved the harvest.

The kitchen garden is now the pleasantest of all the former pleasant spots around the house. The bracing winds, which rage and tear in exposed situations, are excluded from the bounteous garden. The golden autumn sunshine lies securely on its broad, pebbled walks, and cheerily penetrates the still thick foliage of the long, pleached nut-tree-alleys. The air is laden with a mellow odour of apples ripening on heavily-laden boughs, which bending beneath their burdens are upheld by wooden props. Large black currants, almost the size of small cherries, splendid raspberries free from blight, and grape-like bunches of red currants, cover the wide-spreading bushes, for all this kind of fruit flourishes here, and here a number of human birds flock together and eat without apparently making much diminution in the supply. Large, well-grown culinary vegetables fill up the between-lying beds. A sense of plenty, of inexhaustible abundance, pervades this garden of Eden.

Yesterday was "Chimney-sweep-day," according to Aunt Solberg, and thus it came to my knowledge that on one certain day of every month people's chimneys must be swept, accord-

ing to some government regulation, and the Årsta day is therefore the first of the month.

A pair of attached chimney-sweepers, therefore, the David and Jonathan of their class, who live together, and share the mutual name of Olle, the one being termed big, and the other little, by way of distinction, were busy all the morning purifying the chimneys of the great house.

Sitting afterwards in the garden I saw the two old, sooty-visaged men, the two Olles, enter the abode of Erik, the gardener, and commence their operations by hurling a young fir-tree up the dilapidated chimney, which then rolled down the long slanting roof. Little Olle, with all his grimy sootiness, has a real sense and love of beauty. Aunt Solberg, on one occasion, accidentally overheard him talking to a little flower in the garden.

"Well, thou art a beauty, that thou art!" exclaimed he, and rivetted to the spot, continued his loving apostrophe with a tender appreciation which, I hardly know why, seems out of character from a chimney-sweeper. Now those poor eyes of his will soon lose their enjoyment, for he is gradually becoming blind.

Sept. 6th.—On Saturday afternoon Therese

Maria, and I, accompanied Sven and Knut to a distant island called Maisgarn, to look after the fifteen calves, the two sheep, the one white and the other black, which supply the Årsta family with wool, and the boys' rabbits. These latter will shortly be brought home on account of the foxes. Foxes are ravenous in the winter here, and wolves have even been known to come down to Årsta at that season. We crossed the great meadow, the former scene of some of our haymaking exploits, and amused ourselves as we went in endeavouring to trace out Miss Bremer's relatives in the family described as "The Home," but could not come to any satisfactory conclusion, further than that which we already know, that she herself was sketched in "Petrae," and her sister Agatha in "Gabrielle."

Passing as usual through a fir-wood, we reached a promontory running out into the Årsta creek called *Näset*, on which stood an unpainted weatherbeaten torp, with grey rocks and ancient patriarchal pines near at hand. The torpare family were busy reaping in a more distant field. Knut sprang down the hill to fetch round the torpare's boat to row us across to Maisgarn, leaving us to follow Sven, who had

already run down to the shore to meet his brother. Leisurely, therefore, were we descending the hill when Therese, looking round, screamed, "A bull! a bull!"

Knowing that women are proverbially cowards, and see imaginary bulls in quiet calves, I looked round, determined not to fly. But there assuredly he was, coming at a low sort of trot after us, with a determined, and, as it seemed to me, an evil look about him. Therese had already fled in one direction and I now followed Maria in another, inly expostulating with myself as to why we did not fling ourselves on the ground, which somebody says is the only way to escape a bull, because it is your flight which encourages him to follow. But it is no use laying down rules for terrified people. Neither Maria nor I stopped nor looked round till we were safe on the top of a rude country fence, and beheld Therese the same at no great distance. Of course our young champions seeing from below our alarm, Sven came to our rescue, and according to the rule of boys and men laughed our fears to scorn, called the bull a harmless creature, and seizing a piece of old grey paling which he brandished valorously,

drove him off amongst the bushes, bidding us leap down and hasten to Knut, who was waiting in the boat below. This we did, the bull pursuing us to the water's edge.

The pleasant little island of Maisgarn, with its well-fed animals and abundant wild raspberries, and mountain-ashes scarlet with their coral-like bunches of berries, was spoiled to us by the sight of our enemy still on the very shore resolutely awaiting our return.

"Dear lads," we said, imploringly, "row us back to another landing-place, for the bank is so narrow there is no chance of escape!"

"Put your trust in us," was the stout reply, "why need you fear when you have two men with you?"

This was a new idea, and we might have smiled, but we remembered that they had their new uniforms and must be treated with respect. The dilemma, however, came to an abrupt close. We heard the clang of the great bell at Arsta sounding over the woods and waters, ringing for the family meal at half-past five, and summoning me to Tante Fredrika and our pleasant evening readings, which I knew even now she was anticipating with delight. I

seemed all at once to see her sitting in her boudoir, at her plain needlework. She had already placed for me a footstool before a chair in the west window, whence we could see the sunsets which were a daily study with her; the book was laid open at the place where we had left off the evening before, as was her wont. I could not keep her in suspense, or waiting for me.

There must be no longer hesitation; the very bull must be taken by his horns. We rowed back, therefore, and though we had to scramble and run, and experience great throbbings of heart, yet Sven kept the creature back; and Knut returning from delivering up the boat and thanking the torpare, who was still silently reaping with his family in the effulgent evening light, brought word back that the bull was only an affectionate creature that raced after us merely from good nature and love of company.

We might have had wings to our feet on our homeward journey so almost instantaneous seemed to me the transition from the bull, opposite Maisgarn, and my reading "Westward Ho!" to Tante Fredrika.

During our stay at Årsta, we have read

"Pendennis;" sympathising with Mrs. Pendennis, Laura, and George Warrington, and so fully realizing the incidents, that for the moment they became to both of us the fact, and the happy, simple Swedish life, the fiction. To this succeeded "Silas Marner," which Tante Fredrika considers one of the most beautiful and perfect stories ever written. She is very desirous that it should be well translated into Swedish. She was so sorry when it was finished, that I volunteered to read it over again to her. But, instead, she keeps the book by her and reads favourite passages to herself. She is now enjoying the vivid descriptions of glowing tropical scenes in "Westward Ho!" which pleasantly remind her of her own experiences in Cuba.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONFIRMATION.

SEPTEMBER 8TH.—On many a day throughout the summer, a little band of peasant children have been seen crossing the court on their way to the church to be prepared for their first communion. "There go the reading children," people have said, and sent a little prayer after them, an echo of the public prayer for them in church on Sundays.

"I read the same year as Mamsell Therese," said a young brick-maker at the brick-shed, when Aunt Solberg, shewing us the brick-making, had asked him his age.

The year of reading or preparation is indeed one of vital importance to Swedish children. It is a season set apart, in which they associate with their fellow catechumens, and feel, for the time being, like little Levites.

Not merely days and weeks, but months of

earnest religious instruction prepare them for confirmation. The long and polemical catechism of Luther has to be expounded, thoroughly understood, and laid to heart. Boys and girls have walked twelve and thirteen miles, two or three times a week, for instruction, and last Sunday being the day fixed for the confirmation, every day in the preceding week had been devoted to religious study with Pastor Lager; and in spite of all the articles of faith being learned off by heart, with endless brain-beating and patient toil, many an anxious young soul trembled lest it should confound works and faith and get bewildered in predestination.

Let us now take part in this confirmation, which concerns the whole parish; some have children amongst the little consecrated band, which numbers twenty-one; others remembering their own confirmation, when their hearts were tenderer than now, will be present on this day in the hope that, being taken back to their own youth, their hearts may be again softened and improved. Others go to pray that the new labourers, having put their hands to the plough, may not look back, even as they themselves have been preserved from doing.

Troops of pedestrians stream along the various roads churchward; and queer, shaky, unpainted low-built carts, drawn by rough little horses, conveying other peasants, are left in a long row, amongst the rocks near the church, and the horses, as if understanding the occasion, stand there patiently waiting for hours. Even the hard prosaic grey rocks, seeming to sympathize, are warmed by the poetry of nature into a sudden glow of blossoming heather. The brachen too, newly gilded by the first frost, flashes in golden patches amongst the purple ling, and in the shadow of the woods. Red coral berries peep forth from amongst the glossy leaves of the lingon, and the sun shining through a rarified atmosphere, enlivens the monotone-green of the fir and pine-woods with a variety of hue.

At ten o'clock, the little church is thronged with a quiet, earnest congregation, and the usual service begins. The catechumens occupy their customary places on the benches round the altar. Lallie, and two wood-nymphs, of whom more anon, head the row of young village girls, who wear new black silk kerchiefs pinned over their heads. The second young

Mr. Lager, and the schoolmaster's son, Alfred, who has returned for the ceremony, sit at the head of the peasant lads, all of whom wear new coats of home-spun manufacture, and remind me so much of Hans Christian Andersen's description of himself under the same circumstances, that I must give it. He says :—

"An old female tailor altered my deceased father's greatcoat into a confirmation suit for me : never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great ; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and therefore I drew them up over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me, for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed ; I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new boots as with God. I prayed Him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again I thought about my new boots."

It struck me as a singular fact, as regarded

these assembled youths and maidens, that whilst those of the poorer class did not look older than twelve or thirteen, their more highly-favoured contemporaries were apparently in their sixteenth or seventeenth year.

Whilst the secular part of the church business, the long proclamations regarding forthcoming auctions, felling of timber, the delivery of letters, etc., went forward, the catechumens adjourned for refreshment to the schoolmaster's, and had thus a little break between the long service just ended and their own serious duties which were about to commence. Others also of the congregation turned out for a little relaxation and change of air: amongst these were Tante Fredrika, Therese, and myself; in the first place to partake of the refreshment we had brought with us, and secondly, to pay a little visit to the parish poor-house, a small two-roomed wooden cabin close to the church, with nothing bright about it but the sunshine, in which fortunately it lay.

We entered and found three old crones deeply engrossed by the twofold duty of watching the boiling of the Sunday pot, and taking care of a little boy of two years old.

"How is it here with you, good mothers?" asked Tante Fredrika; "and how many are there of you?"

This somewhat puzzled the poor old creatures. "They really could not say how many they were," they replied, "but they would count."

Accordingly they began to count the square wooden beds, which, set close side by side, surrounded the room. They counted twice over to make no mistake, and then the spokeswoman said:—

"It seems that we are eight, for we have a bed a-piece; and there's one or two more that don't sleep here, besides the old man, such an old man! who spends his days a-bed in the next room. He can get up when he chooses, but he finds it more cheerful in bed."

At this very moment the inner door softly opened, and a veritable apparition appeared, a most aged and decrepid old man, only partly dressed. He seemed to have no idea of our presence, but let his blear eyes wander vacantly round. Miss Bremer gave him a small silver piece, which almost slipped through his powerless fingers.

"There, father, there is some snuff money," said she, kindly.

"Bless him! he don't snuff," returned one of his pauper sisters.

"Then there's a little money for tobacco, father," said she.

"Bless him! he don't smoke," remarked another.

"Then he shall do just what he likes with it," replied Tante Fredrika.

He tottered back feebly into his domicile, with the coin resting as indifferently between his shaky fingers as if it were a button or a pebble.

The old women had mistaken their principal visitor for Mrs. Solberg, and began to pour out endless thanks for the liberal supply of milk which they received from Arsta.

The little child, which was now delighting itself over a piece of gingerbread out of Tante Fredrika's leathern bag, next furnished the subject of conversation. It was the child of a female pauper, now in a madhouse near Stockholm.

"It was Joanna's baby," they said, "and good enough in itself, but she was awful; she was stark, staring mad; and as worst luck would

have it, never stayed long at Conradsberg, but was sent back to them, and she wore their lives out; she frightened them out of their wits, she leaped on the beds, ate up the food, clutched at everything, and would be mistress."

The grim picture of this mad-woman, reigning triumphant over a number of frightened old women, and an imbecile old man in a narrow cabin, impressed Miss Bremer so forcibly that doubtless the raving Joanna will henceforth remain altogether at Conradsberg, and her feeble victims be left in peace and quietness.

Before the twenty minutes which were allowed for relaxation had elapsed, we were again seated in the church. The congregation, now considerably thinned, consisted chiefly of relatives, who gazed with tender earnestness on the covenanters, whilst the latter felt doubly impressed from the circumstance that one of their number, a girl of seventeen, had, in the midst of the preparation course, been suddenly called away into the other world, which at this moment, and in these exercises, seemed brought very near to them.

Pastor Lager walked backwards and forwards within the altar-rails, gently asking

questions from the catechumens, to which at first shy replies were given; but confidence gradually growing, clear intelligent answers followed, which especially pleased Tante Fredrika from the fact that so many of them were in the respondents' own words, evidently thought out by themselves, rather than given in the mere phraseology of the catechism.

Thus the hours wore on, and the progressive lights and shadows altered the whole aspect of the little building, so that, at this unusual hour of service, the church seemed unfamiliar and transformed, and the young catechumens with it. The pompous mausoleum of marble and stucco, belonging to the mouldering Bjelkenstjernas, a portion of which presumptuously intruded into the chancel above the altar, grew dark and gloomy, whilst the humbler portions of the building were filled as with a glorified light and sunshine.

The Pastor began and ended the examination with an affectionate address, delivered in the character of a father to all his children. Nearly every one wept. At a little after three, a blessing having been pronounced, parents stepped forth and embraced their children, with tears rolling

down their cheeks. Tears and black dresses are marked characteristics of Swedish religious ceremonial. Both inside the church and out, congratulations, good wishes, and blessings were poured forth.

The good superintendent from Gålön and his wife were present, with one or two young people, and received warm expressions of sympathy and satisfaction from many. So also did the Parsonage family, and indeed all. Mrs. Hagel, the anxious-looking mother of the two black-attired wood-nymphs, met on all hands with kind salutations, and then started direct for her home with her daughters, whither we too will accompany them, in spirit at least.

We follow them, though invisibly, past Sanda, out upon the Stockholm road, and after a walk of two or three miles, turn into a vast and dreary pine-wood, our feet sinking deep into white, powdery sand. The wood-nymphs know each stock and stone from their repeated journeys during their preparation, which, lasting for many months, began when the snow lay on the ground, so that they had made use of the school children to sweep a path before them. The last period of the preparation, however,

had been made easy, by a home being kindly offered to them at the Parsonage.

After walking for a considerable distance through the pine-wood, we come out upon a small clearing, called Svartbäck, and find ourselves at a one-storied wooden cottage, a little school for poor children, kept by this mother for the support of her family. Entering with the three, whom in spirit we are following from the church, we find the father, who has been left at home during their long absence. It was with reference to this father, in fact, that we have now taken the ideal walk, for there is no other way of seeing him, as he lives the life of an anchorite.

The father of our wood-nymphs is, in truth, a real Wizard of the North, and his story, which is a remarkable one, I will briefly relate:—

Mr. Hagel, formerly an officer in the army, a cheerful, light-hearted young man of good descent, was by nature a speculative philanthropist, and being strongly impressed with the belief that if people were but happy, could but be made universally and innocently light-hearted, they would be not only less evilly inclined, but more actively good. He therefore

threw up his commission, and resolved to devote his life henceforth to the elevation of his native land, by means of amusement and recreation. His first aim was, therefore, like most other moral reformers of the present day, to attract people away from the public-house by affording them novelty and merriment, and the means of self-forgetfulness, otherwise than in brandy and other ardent spirits. He introduced, therefore, all kinds of public games; got up rural entertainments; running and leaping-matches; and introducing conjuring, in which he was an adept, he met with such great success as to become a sort of national Professor of Legerdemain. He did all kinds of wonderful feats; skated on flowing water and taught others to do the same, until continual dippings cooled the public ardour. He travelled about everywhere as the Father of Mirth and Jollity; the Prime Minister of Fun.

When he had rejuvenated, to the best of his ability, the elder members of society, he especially devoted himself to children, and became a wonderful favourite of the rising generation, not only in Sweden, but in Denmark, Finland, and Russia. He invited them and their parents to dances, and instituted harmless gingerbread

weddings and sugar-plum lotteries. So years went on with outward gaiety, but much wearing anxiety and inward grief,—for the Wizard had a wife and children to support,—besides which, age and infirmity could not be warded off, and mirth often, as it were, mocked his misery instead of banishing his need. Yet, still a perfect fanatic in his belief, nothing could abate his desire to do good in this eccentric way. He persevered in diverting others till his enfeebled frame was worn out and, broken in spirit, he retired to this solitary and gloomy wood, where nothing remained to gladden him who had laboured so long to gladden others, excepting the loving care of his practical wife and daughters, and the recollection of all the poor and neglected children whom he had enchanted by the gratuitous exhibitions of his magical powers, and of all the destitute sufferers with whom he had freely shared his purse as long as a stiver remained in it. He never solicits aid; he is a melancholy man, yet he never regrets being the martyr of merriment.

CHAPTER XVII.

COUNTRY WEDDINGS.

SEPTEMBER 14TH.—As soon as the confirmation was over, Pastor Lager set off for a wedding. Unfortunately, it was a wedding with which Årsta had nothing to do—and, more unfortunate still, no wedding is likely to take place in this neighbourhood whilst we remain here,—therefore all I say on the subject is from the Pastor's description of this particular wedding, and what I have been told and have read of weddings in general.

The Pastor described the wedding supper as being set out on a horse-shoe shaped table; each guest sat in his or her appropriate place, and the feast lasted from midnight till three o'clock in the morning, one dish of meat and fish succeeding another the whole time. Every dish was flavoured with horseradish, this being

the correct thing, and was partaken of by every guest; this also being the mode, otherwise it would be considered a slight and an offence. No vegetables made their appearance, they being considered vulgar; and when people had eaten to an incredible extent they rose up to dance.

This is the usual style of the wedding banquet. Peasant weddings are such important and great affairs, requiring so much time and outlay, that the general season for their celebration is about October; when the harvests are housed, people have some money in their pockets, and there is frequently a little fine weather before the long winter sets in.

There are still many curious customs and superstitions relating to weddings lingering amongst the Swedish peasants, as for instance:—

They say, when hands are spoken of, that the news of an approaching wedding will follow.

People who eat or sing when going to church eat or sing lovers away from them, and will not be married that year. They throw apple-parings over the left shoulder to see

the initial letter of the husband or wife's name; just as is done in England. All sorts of fortune-telling charms and sorceries relating to marriage are practised on Midsummer Eve.

In former days, according to the Swedish antiquarian Rääf, the bride used, in some localities, to go round her own and even the neighbouring parishes, during the autumn preceding her wedding, and beg for tow, wool, and hemp, by striking on the house-door with a switch. She did not go in, but waited outside; and the mistress of the house, understanding the signal, came out with the gift, but did not invite her to enter. The bridegroom, on the other hand, taking some new sacks, woven by the bride, made his journey round at Christmas, begging for oats to sow. In some places, a suitable old woman was selected to represent the bride, and she was permitted to enter the house, but never to ask for anything. These customs, which somewhat resemble the biddings to Welsh weddings, have now very much gone out, though Aunt Solberg remembers them as a child.

Weddings on New Year's Day, or on Mon-

days, Wednesdays, or Saturdays, are considered unfortunate. Fridays and Sundays are the luckiest, and are indeed the general days.

If the couple be married at church and ride thither, the bridegroom must hold the bridle of the bride's horse, so that no one may ride between them. If there should be any stoppages by the way, it is considered a bad omen. It was customary in the northern provinces, and still may be so, for the bride to give little presents to all her friends and to children, in order that she, henceforth, may always have gifts for the needy. She may also cast away a piece of money, either in the church or churchyard, upon which her coming misfortunes are laid, but woe unto the finder, for they will be transferred to him or her.

Weddings generally, however, take place at home, and require endless preparations. Merry Madam Lindbom of Alvasta, told us that when one of her daughters was married the whole house was turned topsy-turvey; goods and chattels were stowed away in sheds and barns, and, for weeks after, nobody knew where to find anything.

"Yet it was quite right," she said, "for

houses must be cleared out, how otherwise could they contain the swarm of guests?

Porridge is eaten at the bride's house the night before the wedding, and a broad-bean dropped into it, which, like the ring in the bride-cake with us, denotes that the young man or woman to whom it falls will be the next married after the bride.

The universal wedding-dress is black silk, and the bride is frequently attired by the chief ladies of the neighbourhood. It is not considered right for the bride to make her own garments, every stitch she puts in standing for a tear; nor must she wear pearls, which signify also weeping, but all other ornaments, and as many of them as may be, are desirable. The "bride's crown," a large silver-gilt crown, which it is considered elegant to adorn with a tuft of feathers, tall enough to sweep the ceiling, belongs to the parish, and is hired out for the occasion on the requirement of the bride being an honest and virtuous woman. It is fixed on a sort of cushion and firmly placed on the head, though it must of necessity be danced off during the evening.

Female friends of the bride are stationed at

all conceivable nooks and corners to give notice of the bridegroom's approach; nor do they mind how long they may have to wait provided only they can secure to her the first view, which is supposed to give her the mastery, especially if she can see him through a ring.

The guests assemble at the bride's house in the afternoon and partake of coffee and rusks, the contributions of some of the guests; weak tea is drunk later in the day, not because it is liked, but because it is considered fashionable.

The clergyman arrives, and after he too has been regaled with coffee the marriage ceremony commences, the young couple standing under an improvised canopy, usually formed of a large shawl, which is held over their heads by four unmarried people. Superstition cautions the bridal pair against allowing any light to come between them during the ceremony, but they should incline their heads towards each other. Should the wedding-ring be too small, it bodes a great misfortune.

As soon as the ceremony is concluded, the bride dances a polska with the clergyman, and afterwards with all the men, the bridegroom, on his side, dancing with all the women.

Dancing continues the whole night through, with intervals for lesser refreshments and the great substantial banquet. Between the courses of pork, beef, pike, and mutton, the healths of all are drunk, from the clergyman and the bridal couple, down to the woman who washes the dishes, the guests having come provided with their own flagons. The bride's father also informs the company of the various articles of his daughter's dowry.

After the substantial courses of meat and fish comes the pastry, this being the contribution of the guests, who have brought with them gigantic pyramidal tarts, composed of layers of pastry and preserve, each worth about ten riksdalers, and the rule is that everybody must taste everybody else's, otherwise it would be a slight. People having already eaten enough of the former dishes for a week, the women's large white linen pocket-handkerchiefs, hitherto kept coiled up in their hands as an appendage to their costume, now come into requisition, and if they cannot eat the pieces of tart themselves, as indeed it would be wonderful if they could, they can carry them away in their useful handkerchiefs. A large pocket too is requisite,

as well as plenty of money, for the fiddlers have to be paid by the guests. The fiddling is kept up whilst the wedding feast is eaten, when a plate goes round for the musicians. Besides fiddling indoors there is no end of firing outside, a supply of gunpowder being laid in for the occasion. When the great banquet is at length concluded, the dishes, with their half devoured joints and other fragments, are shoved under presses and beds, the table taken out, and again dancing commences, and continues till the bride's crown is danced off. In some cases, however, all the girls dance round the bride in a ring, and she being blinded takes off her crown and places it on the head of one of the girls, the one, of course, who is to be a bride next after her.

Friday, as I have before said, is a much approved wedding-day, because the company can then dance all night and all the next day, and attend the new married pair in state to church on the Sunday. The older fashion was for wedding merriment and feasting to continue a whole week; people dancing and feasting, and taking a nap, and running home to look after affairs there, and returning again to dance and

make merry. Tante Fredrika told me of such a wedding in her younger days, in the midst of which all the jollity was turned to gloom by the sudden death of one of the guests, a good old man, by choking.

A country wedding must always be a merry affair, says Aunt Solberg, even amongst the higher class. She told me of one where a professed female cook was at work in the kitchen for eight days previously. The bridegroom gave the bride a pair of white satin slippers to be married in, but her father disapproving of such vanity she gave them to one of her bridal attendants who was to be married the following week. The dancing was kept up for two days; the bridegroom danced to pieces two or three pairs of shoes, and the bride's dress was torn to ribbons.

Tante Fredrika and her sisters took great interest in the country weddings of their younger days; many a bride was dressed by them, and the grand staircase decorated with flowers. Brides are still dressed here. On one occasion, which was in the winter, the Årsta party sledged to the wedding. At some distance from the house they were met by the bride's father, ac-

companied by a fiddler and a train of guests; brandy and sandwiches were offered to them on the road, and then, with the fiddler at their head, they proceeded to the farm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS BREMER AND FINLAND.

SEPTEMBER 12TH.—Last Thursday evening, when every one was busily engaged within doors, according to their several tastes and occupations, for the steady rain of some hours had precluded any idea of going out, the milk-cart was seen returning with a lady enveloped in cloaks, sitting by the driver amongst the empty milk-cans. The cart drove to the principal entrance, and the lady, an utter stranger, alighted, and without giving her name, requested to see Mamsell Bremer. A private interview ensued, and a mingled feeling of curiosity and alarm, lest some matter of life and death had sent hither the adventurous stranger in weather like this, pervaded the household.

But, before long, the mystery was cleared up by Tante Fredrika herself. It was her cousin,

Miss Aline Bremer, from Finland, who had come to pay her a passing visit. Nobody thought of anything less than giving the stranger, whoever she might be, a cordial welcome; now, however, with minds relieved, the hospitable family prepared, with double zeal, an ample evening repast, at which they had soon the satisfaction of seeing the Finnish lady, none the worse for her wet journey, seated by the side of her cousin.

The conversation turned on the curious cross-purposes which had taken place with regard to Miss Bremer's visit to Finland in the spring. A strong desire had naturally been felt by many of the more intelligent Finns to receive their distinguished countrywoman in her native land, for she was born at Tuorla, near Åbo, and an invitation had been forwarded to her by Miss Aline Bremer during last year, which she had accepted provisionally, expecting to visit Russia, and willing to take Finland on her way. Thus it was left indefinitely. She was therefore no little surprised, during May of this present year, to find it stated in the papers that she was bound for Finland; and still more so when a telegram was delivered one morning at breakfast,

sent from Helsingfors, the words of which were "Aura (Finland) looks in vain for her daughter." The report was of course widely spread in Stockholm, that Mamsell Bremer was about to start for Finland, and I was questioned on all hands on the subject. Hulda also brought word that on one particular Tuesday evening a crowd had collected on the quay to see Mamsell Bremer embark in the packet for Helsingfors. All this we knew, but now Miss Aline told her side of the story.

"No direct letter coming from my cousin," she said, "I removed into the country, when I was suddenly summoned back by the pleasing intelligence that Fredrika Bremer would shortly set her foot in the capital. I therefore hastened back to Helsingfors, put up fresh white muslin curtains, and set my little house in order,—only to be disappointed."

It was a great surprise to Miss Aline Bremer to discover that there had not been a more real foundation for the report of this visit than the letter to herself. Now, therefore, putting the facts together, it seemed probable that some remark of her own had taken the form of a rumour, which she unwittingly had mistaken

for fresh intelligence through some other more direct source. Be that, however, as it might, the desire of the Helsingfors people to welcome their honoured countrywoman was so great that two processions, one, I believe, accompanied by music, had gone down to the quay to meet the successive packets, only to be disappointed. Hence the regretful telegram of which I have spoken.

Again Miss Bremer assured her cousin that, should her health permit her to visit Russia during the following summer, she would not forget Finland. This was satisfactory to Miss Aline, but she herself would not be at Helsingfors to welcome her, as she was removing to Dresden; but her brother would be there, and in every Finnish family she would find a home.

This lady and Miss Bremer are descended from the same grandfather, who settling in Finland from Sweden, became one of the wealthiest, as he was one of the most benevolent, merchants of Åbo. Fredrika Bremer alone bears the family name in Sweden.

Arriving at Stockholm from Helsingfors, Miss Aline discovering that her cousin was at

Årsta, and her time admitting of no delay, she gladly availed herself of the humble vehicle to convey her to the old family seat, where she paid a visit to Mrs. Bremer and Miss Agatha many years ago.

The following day, the weather being warm and sunshiny, and the ground quickly dry, as is ever the case here, Miss Aline Bremer and I took a long stroll together, which became extremely interesting to me, from the conversation of my companion.

We talked about *Fenland*, for the name is literally the land of fens, being likewise in Finnish Suomi, the region of swamps; the country of innumerable leviathan lakes, bogs, and granite wastes, with low, barren mountains on the west and north; whilst in the south, where not only the pine and fir flourish, but also the oak and elm, the whole character of the scenery is similar, Miss Aline said, to the neighbourhood of Stockholm, so that during our walk through the woods and by the waters of Årsta, she felt transported to Finland. The same marine rampart of reefs, rocks, and islands as defends the Swedish coast, only still more dangerous, entirely surrounds the coasts

of Finland. In fact, Åbo and Stockholm are united by a vast chain of rocks and islets.

A great dearth now prevails in the chill, sterile north of Finland, which is, alas! no uncommon occurrence there. Many, therefore, have the opportunity of imitating the peasant Pavo, who, "mid the high, bleak moors of Saarijärvis," saw his crops destroyed in two successive seasons, yet patiently continued to plough and sow, having sold both sheep and cattle to purchase seed-rye. When the third autumn came, and Pavo beheld his unfrosted harvest, he fell on his knees, thus speaking:—

"God hath only tried us, not forsaken!"
On her knees his wife fell, and thus said she:
"God hath only tried us, not forsaken!"
And then gladly spoke she to her husband:
"Pavo! Pavo! take with joy the sickle;
We may now make glad our hearts with plenty;
Now may throw away the bark unsavoury,
Now may bake sweet bread of rye-meal only!"
Pavo took her hand in his, and answered:
"Woman! woman! 'tis but sent to try us,
If we will have pity on the sufferer.
Mix thou bark with rye-meal as aforetime;
Frosts have killed the harvests of our neighbours!"

So writes Runeberg, one of the finest living

poets of this or any other country, yet how little is known of him in England!

Johan Ludvig Runeberg, born in 1804, of poor parents, five years before the separation of Finland from Sweden, has never in heart or mind become severed from that nation, which proudly claims him as one of her immortal poets. A thorough Finn, he lives for his native land, and sings of her people with a truth, a vigour, and a pathos which irrevocably unites them to Sweden by the living energy of his Swedish poetry.

Runeberg, once a professor in the University of Helsingfors, afterwards connected with the Gymnasium of Borgå, now lives quietly in that little town, on a pension awarded to him by the Finnish government. Miss Aline Bremer is acquainted with him, and spoke with sorrow of his present enfeebled health. He still enjoys, however, the blessing of a most excellent wife, and the proud affection of his country. He is, besides, the father of seven sons, the second of whom, Walter, is now studying as a promising young sculptor at Rome.

The Swedish language is spoken along the coasts and in the towns by the upper classes,

the Russian language not having been adopted. Miss Aline Bremer said that the Finns had no cause to complain of the Russian rule; and certainly, as far as the physical geography of Finland is concerned, that country belongs more properly to the continent of Russia than to Sweden, however unpalatable the union might be at first.

The lower orders and the majority of the people are as thoroughly distinct from the Russians as they were from the Swedes, who ruled over them from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; nor will they, though of the same Mongolic origin, admit of any affinity between themselves and the Laps. Nevertheless, the people in the north of Finland observe the same old heathen rites, and have the same metallurgic mythology as the Laps, and upbraid their more southern countrymen with want of nationality.

The Finns seem to me to hold the same position amongst the more cultivated northern nations that the Welsh do with regard to us. They are the only race of the vast and most ancient Finnic stem, which retains its original name. Tacitus speaks of the Fenni as be-

longing to the Germans, but this old nomadic nation was scattered throughout Asia and Europe, where they still remain, sometimes distinct, as amongst the Magyars, the only independent kingdom they ever formed, or intermingled, as amongst the Turks and Bulgarians, whilst some ethnologists affirm that they may be traced in Scotland and Northern Ireland, the Fion or Fingal, being a tribe of this race.

As their land is more extensive so do they surpass the patriotic Welsh in their realm of national literature. They, like this people, adhere with pride and pertinacy to their ancient language, which they have so greatly developed that they can translate into it popular modern books. Nevertheless, they preserve their affluent lore of old magical and poetical traditions. Music and poetry are inherent to the peasantry, many of whom are possessed of as much of the divine afflatus, or *awen*, as any Welsh bard.

Professor Elias Lönrot, the son of poor Finnish parents, and himself once a tailor's apprentice, is the great Finnish scholar and literary man. He has not alone devoted himself to the preservation and improvement of the language,

but has given to the world "Suomen kansan, Sanalaskuja," a collection of 7,077 Finnish proverbs and other works, but chiefly "Kalevala," a collection of fifty ancient Runas, or lyrical traditions, forming a great epic on the god Wäinämöina. Previous to the publication of this national work, a peasant improvisatore, Pavo Korhoinen, who died in 1840, brought out a volume of traditionary poems, which he had gathered up amongst the peasants. Professor Lönrot, discovering these to be portions of a great epic poem on the old gods, devoted himself to the recovery of the remainder. This resuscitated inspiration of a remote age was published in its complete form in 1849, and has been translated into Swedish, German, and French, and some small portions of it also in the History of Northern Literature, by my parents.

Conversation on Finland and other European countries, in which Miss Aline Bremer has travelled, together with the various rural enjoyments which Årsta could offer her, made the time pass pleasantly, and on the Saturday she was driven back to Stockholm in a much more commodious manner.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAST DAYS AT ÅRSTA.

I FEAR that, spite of Tante Fredrika's promise to visit the land of her birth, that "Aura will still look in vain for her daughter." Not that she would willingly disappoint her Finnish friends, or mislead them by false hope, but that she has such an innate craving after repose, such a yearning desire to settle quietly down for the remainder of her days, feeling that unless her frame could become, as it were, rejuvenated, any long journey would be an unspeakable toil.

During our walks together she has constantly referred to her favourite scheme of settling here permanently, a decision which would give infinite satisfaction to the excellent Herr Patron and his family.

One Sunday, not long since, she told me

that her mind was then perfectly clear as to the wisdom of this step, and that she looked forward with deep joy to the change. She sat resting amongst moss-covered rocks, the gentle rays of the declining sun shooting between the shaft-like stems of tall fir-trees, and lighting up her silvery hair and soft, dove-coloured dress. A sentiment of calm benignity pervaded her, and she seemed so entirely in harmony with the hour and the scene that in responding I feel it was but an echo of Nature herself, which seemed audibly to say that Miss Bremer's allotted place in the great system of the universe, or rather of God's providence, was henceforth amongst the quiet, dignified scenes of Årsta.

There is, besides, a deep persuasion in Tante Fredrika's mind that the lease of her life is drawing to a close; that it will expire before the end of three years. This arises from no physical infirmity or depression of mind, but from a singularly impressive dream of many years since, when the term of her mortal career was clearly marked out to her. Thus she most anxiously desires to finish her last great work, the work of fiction of which I have already spoken.

I imagine that she has not written, nor yet intends to write, her autobiography, as she considers that her literary works are a sufficient mental chronicle, and has never been able to keep a diary. She certainly, however, did something of the kind for several years, dividing the days into three classes, *good*, *bad*, and *middling*; but, having established the fact that in each passing year the *middling* days predominated, she gave up the chronicle, and made henceforth her "Innermost," her beloved sister Agatha, her mental repository.

But why do I write as if I were counting upon the accomplishment of a sad event, which can be so lovingly overruled by the merciful Disposer of all things?

One reason may be that, at this moment, the innumerable leave-takings have made us all melancholy, and seem, spite of ourselves, to preach sermons on the fleeting pleasures of the happiest and richest human life.

Mamsells Emma and Sofie, with Sven and Knut, are now settled in Stockholm for the winter. Her Grace, Maria, and Ulla have left us, and Tante Fredrika starts for town on Friday. The time for paying annual rents and

wages is at hand, and many claims call her back to Stockholm. Besides which, two foreign ladies, staying in the capital, have brought a letter of introduction to her, and she fears they may be wanting acquaintance and friendly aid. I, however, am to remain at Årsta, where Therese and I mutually assist each other in Swedish and English, until there is actual need of my return.

September 16*th*.—I must now make a little chronicle of the last few days.

The young catechumens, all attired in black, took their first communion on Sunday. Tegnér, in his beautiful poem of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," so ably translated by Longfellow, describes the two ceremonies of the Confirmation and the Communion, as occurring together, this being an allowable licence in the poet; but Pastor Lager, following the usual custom, has allowed an interval of a week to pass between the first and the second rite.

Last Sunday, therefore, was again an important day at the little church. The congregation remained and witnessed the administration, which was terminated by a large new

Testament being presented to each one of the young communicants. They will henceforth swell the important number of accustomed guests. The peasants, in a general way, lay great stress on the Sacrament, there having been, on one occasion, in this parish, as many as four hundred partaking together.

On Monday, Carl Adolfsson drove us, accompanied by Aunt Solberg, to Vendelsjö, the pleasant seat of Baron Beskow's brother and sister-in-law. It stands by the side of a quiet lake, amongst primeval woods, and is about ten miles from here, in the Stockholm direction. The kind host and hostess made our visit extremely agreeable, whilst Aunt Solberg enjoyed the pleasure of beholding two beech-trees, the first she had ever seen. She had read of the beeches of Denmark and the South of Sweden, but here she saw the living reality, which she greatly admired.

On Tuesday, we accompanied Tante Fredrika to make her adieus at the Parsonage. Our visit was unexpected, but that made no difference to these hospitable people, who may almost be said to keep open house. We were a considerable party, and arrived just before

dinner, and sat down to splendid dishes of hot, delicate pike, two varieties of milk-soup, and other excellent Swedish fare. Nor were we the only guests, there were White-caps from hospitable Hammar, which is a regular rendezvous of Upsala students, no less than seven having been lately staying there together. A wonderful place is this Hammar, as I have already said, for its never-ending influx of youth!

On our way back in the afternoon we called at Sanda for another farewell visit, and returned to Årsta in the brilliant moonlight.

This morning dear Tante Fredrika has left, driving off in the carriage, accompanied by Aunt Solberg, in the midst of nosegays of bright dahlias, dark crimson carnations, brilliant china-asters, and fragrant mignonette. Whilst outside were stored supplies of the finest apples from Årsta, and delicate cheeses from Alvasta, besides other country luxuries which will delight Sara's heart.

September 22nd.—I have seen but two really miserable human beings amongst the Årsta peasantry. The first was an aged woman, whose

entire frame was crippled; she was feebly trying to wash a few potatoes for supper in a ditch as we passed one evening, and Tante Fredrika, struck with compassion, inquired her name.

"I suppose I am Mother Flink," she sighed forth, "if I have a name; but I'm never wanted and never spoken of."

Miss Bremer determining in some way to cheer and comfort the poor, self-termed nonentity, questioned her closely and learned that she had been baptized Christina, and that her dead husband lived at a torp called Flink. More than that the poor creature could not tell.

The second is Black Kajsa, as she is called. She lives with her daughter and grandchildren, and they buried, as it were, in dirt like a set of moles, are a warning to the whole neighbourhood.

We went to Black Kajsa's hovel a couple of days ago, the object of our visit being to see a lad, one of the grandsons, who had hurt his foot. After crossing several stubble-fields and climbing hurdles, we came to this wretched abode, the door broken, the furniture and fixtures dirty boards, and the sick lad, who was much less hurt than we feared, lying asleep on

a heap of rags, from which the old woman loudly aroused him, much against our will. Black Kajsa, a literal hag with a yellow parchment face engrained with dirt, clad in a sheer bundle of rags, and with scraps of leather by way of shoes, flapping about her feet, was once the daughter of a well-to-do *bonde*, and had been dressed as a bride by the Miss Bremers at Årsta; but, naturally a careless sloven, she has sunk lower and lower, till she is now utterly of the earth. It was out of pure humanity alone that we went to her with a stone bottle of milk, a bundle of clothes, bread, and apples.

Apples! Everybody is living on apples now-a-days. They are classified as ripe apples, and green apples, the latter being fruit which will not now ripen, and which is gathered and used for cooking. The *statfolk* have regular allowances of green apples, whilst errand children and others have rosy-cheeked apples given them as rewards. The kitchen-garden is full of old and young women picking up apples. Erik, the gardener, and the fisherman, who, by-the-bye, has just come into a little fortune, and other hands that can be spared, are up in the

trees gathering them. The air indoors and out is filled with the smell of apples. The rooms in the wing made lately so pleasant by the Reders, are now turned into apple-chambers, and there is such a carrying, sorting, packing, peeling, and drying of apples that hands fail. Aunt Solberg lamented the other day, as we were together under the trees, that the *Astrakaner* were not ready before the winter, else I should take some with me to England. She was astonished at my ignorance regarding these apples of Astracan, assuring me that they are delicious, becoming perfectly transparent when ripe, like no other apples.

Aunt Solberg, always busy, is now beginning to prepare for weaving, and has already set the gentle, fair-haired peasant-woman Anna to card the wool. Anna crouches by an open stove amongst huge heaps of grey wool, busy with her flat metal brushes, and such a strong odour of hot oil pervades the atmosphere, that it is wonderful how Aunt Solberg can sit at her spinning within its reach.

There is a great talk of weaving motley-coloured carpets, to which Mamsell Bremer has taken a fancy, and which will thus form some

of the usual home occupation during the coming winter.

The flax, which on our arrival was a plot of tender green, and later azure with delicate flowers, is now brown, and ready to be steeped and broken. The peasants' hemp is fit for hackling. Vetches lie drying on hurdles; gigantic sheaves of oats, spiked in rows on long poles, are undergoing the same process. The heather, scathed by nightly frosts, is shrivelled and brown. The flowers becoming rare, are pinched and have a careworn look. Yet nature does not present altogether a melancholy picture. The ash-trees shine forth a transparent gold, forming literally with the sombre, evergreen trees, "those golden and green woods," which is the Swedish promise of unattainable good. But far beyond these in brilliance of colouring are the fungi, gemming the damp, decaying vegetation of the earth's bosom with scarlet, tawny-orange, rich brown, and fawn-colour. These prolific growths, as fantastic in form as they are gorgeously varied in colour, enrich the soil for yet nobler produce.

Linnæus despised most of the cryptogams,

terming them "a roving pack, who stole what Flora left when she went into winter quarters." His immediate followers believed him, for they belonged to an age in which the so-called *Sublime* was worshipped; the mean and despised things of the earth had yet to be honoured, and human instruments were being silently chosen for the interpretation of this portion of the great Creator's work. The one selected in this land of the Rudbecks and Linnæus, was not taken from the schools of the learned; he was a lad of twelve, called Elias, the only child of Theodor Fries, the "Strong Priest," as the parishioners of the Five Lakes in Småland designated their pastor from his physical vigour.

One autumn day, at the beginning of this century, Elias, who was out with his mother gathering berries in the dreary woods which, interspersed with rocky ridges, and lakes, form the character of the district, was greatly struck by a fine toadstool—the *Hydnum Coralloides*, if the learned care to know. Its beauty and extraordinary growth made so strong an impression upon him, that as soon as he reached home, he turned to botanical works, and read

till he came to the word *Lamella*, shell or husk, which he did not understand. Walking, therefore, in the woods soon afterwards with his father, he inquired,

"*Dic pater, quid est lamella?*"

"*Lamella est lamina tensa,*" replied the Strong Priest, who had two distinguishing characteristics—namely, a great love of botany, and a great love of Latin, so great indeed that he required it to be spoken by his family, and his servants even understood sufficient for ordinary use.

From that day, the boy Elias became so earnest and indefatigable a student in the realm of fungi, that by the age of seventeen he had discovered and classified four hundred hitherto disregarded Swedish cryptogams. He had indeed entered upon an almost inexhaustible field of investigation, for this cosmopolitan race, which prospers in tropical Africa as well as in boreal Sweden, has phosphorescent relations in Brazil, and alcoholic, delirium-working cousins in Russia; has kindred on the summits of the loftiest mountains as well as in the very bowels of the earth.

Although Fries has given to the world a

much-approved mycological system, in which he divides the immense order of fungi into four cohorts, he has by no means confined himself to these cryptogams, the whole race of acotyledons come under his investigation; he regards some species of lichens as meteoric productions—for instance, the little gossamer texture which, often sparkling with dew covers the autumn grass, is, according to his theory, no longer the work of the tiny spider, but a meteoric growth.

As a despised toadstool was the origin of his life's career, so was a humble, insignificant flower the means of his perseverance and ultimate success. He told Miss Bremer that in his early life he often walked from thirty to forty miles a day on his botanical rambles, patiently exploring the vegetable growths as he went along. On one such occasion he sat down in a sterile waste, his mind as bleak and dreary as the spot, oppressed by a sense of the small success he had enjoyed, and of the little use which his course of life appeared to promise. He was just ready to abandon it, when his eye caught sight of a little flower. He gathered it, and finding to his surprise

that it was one which even Linnæus had overlooked, accepted it as a sign of approval from Heaven, and never afterwards wavered.

He now lives peacefully at Upsala as Professor *emeritus*, after this university and that of Lund had respectively disputed the honour of his connection. His great and benevolent mind, which extends far beyond the mere classification of toadstools, lichens, and liverworts, embraces with interest all subjects of general enlightenment and utility.

Professor Fries was assuredly one of the very first to awaken the present interest, not in "the common objects of the sea-shore," alone, but of the whole land itself, and, not the least, amongst the cryptogamia. Photography faithfully reflects the lichens equally with the proud castle-wall to which they cling; Pre-Raphaeliteism goes down on its knees to paint creeping mosses; nature-printing and Ward's cases preserve polypody and maiden-hair; aquariums contain waving algæ; sanitary measures look closely after dry-rot, potato-disease, and diphtheria, at the same time that the works of Badham and Berkeley in England, and recently of J. W. Smitt in Sweden, treat of

the innocuous fungi, as an invaluable and inexhaustible supply of food.

If this country, therefore, were to follow the example not only of Italy, but of Russia, and even Finland, and make use of the fungi as food, a whole nation might be sustained by it. Mr. Smitt is ardent in philanthropic zeal on the subject, supported by Professor Fries, the Government, and the press.

Årsta has, in consequence, like every other place, talked of eating toadstools, but no species has as yet come to table, excepting common mushrooms, and these appearing like scraps of white kid gloves fried in butter, were treated with the greatest contempt, as poor and insipid. Nor was this any wonder, for the gills were carefully stripped away and the white cap only preserved. It was in vain that I, with my English knowledge, sought to enlighten them; I was assured that "No Swede would eat the beard of the toadstool!" Professor Fries, the Government, and the press, have yet more to do before Sweden will understand the mushroom.

Thursday, Sept. 29th.—Sven and Knut have arrived with the empty milk-cans, and overflow

with life. Their school-rooms are undergoing a cleansing operation, and the boys have a two days' holiday; added to this, they are all in excitement about the gay doings in Stockholm in honour of our English Prince and Princess of Wales. They tell us that they stood for hours in the crowd on the night of their arrival, and managing to squeeze themselves amongst the horses of the mounted guard, had a perfect view of the distinguished foreigners. Many of their school comrades had been on board the English yacht, and returned with their pockets full of "checks," (cakes, or biscuit), given to them by the generous sailors. The sailors and officers who were seen walking about the streets of Stockholm were a wonder to everybody, being all of them such "fine and delicate gentlemen."

The Herr Patron declared that the other day, when out in the fields, the ground shook under him from the distant firing in honour of the Royal guests. It is wonderful to him that we within doors did not also feel it.

CHAPTER XX.

LAST FAREWELLS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5TH.—Again in Stockholm. Årsta left behind as a glorious and happy dream!

Aunt Solberg and Selma accompanied me into town this morning amongst a second supply of flowers and apples, and will be here almost immediately to dinner.

Everything seems hurried and strange; the only object of calm is Tante Fredrika, yet even she is somewhat grieved and disappointed. It had been arranged for me to stay as long as possible at Årsta until she had so far settled her affairs as to be at liberty to accompany me to Gothenburg. She had kindly wished me to remain, at least over the winter, with her; and when this proved inexpedient, had next suggested a fortnight together in Copenhagen,

which had finally resolved itself into a delightful little scheme of a week's journey in each others' company by the great canal, "Sweden's blue ribbon, which unites the Baltic with the North Sea."

This was to be undertaken during St. Brita's summer, when the moon also would be at the full. Tante Fredrika had often spoken with pleasure of this little scheme during our latter days at Årsta, telling me how she should enjoy visiting with me St. Brita's ancient convent of Wadstena, now celebrated for its manufacture of lace; climbing great Kinnekulle; sailing over the mighty lakes of Wetter and Wener; inspecting the wonderful basaltic pillars of Halleberg and Hunneberg; standing by the foaming waters of the broad triple falls of Trollhättan, and seeing together the banks of the grand Göta river, of which the American Hudson had reminded her; and last of all, having in Gothenburg itself the pleasure of visiting her intimate friends Magister and Mrs. Hedlund.

Now, a concurrence of adverse circumstances will detain her in Stockholm, whilst I, in order to secure moonlight for the canal journey and a prosperous return to England by packet from

Gothenburg, must leave for that town on Friday evening. The disappointment is very great to me, and apparently to my kind friend also. She, however, would not decide till I joined her here. Now, it seems the wisest plan, but in order yet to give me pleasure I am promised the company of Hulda as far as Södertelje.

October 6th.—One of dear Tante Fredrika's kind intentions in my remaining at Årsta after she left, was that I might avoid the great bustle of the annual flittings which take place on the 1st of this month. But the bustle and the confusion have not yet ceased. Scraps of paper and straw lie scattered before street-doors. *Stadsbärare* are in universal request. Glancing through the window, I see at this moment two carrying a chest of drawers, a second couple toiling carefully along with an immense chandelier between them; one man carrying a gentleman's fur cloak over his shoulder, a quantity of books under his arm, and a violin in his hand; a fourth marches along with an immense arm-chair turned upside down on his head. Packing cases and furniture vans are unaccustomed luxuries here.

Amongst other flittings which have taken place may be mentioned that of Fru Knutsson, who has arrived at the opinion that the keeping of an eating-house is her specialty, offering at the same time a first-rate opening for Herman and Fritz. She has, therefore, developed into a public character. Another family occupies her rooms, and I, for the few days of my stay, am located in a comfortable apartment which Tante Fredrika has kindly had prepared for my reception.

My mind is in a state of bewilderment as to where the humbler folk are to be found. I have been racing hither and thither, only to meet with new faces where I expected old familiar ones. Mamsell Lundgren, a clever sort of lady's-maid, who attends you for a riksdaler, dressing your hair and arranging your toilet in the first-rate style—why is there not such a class in England?—was gone from her old abode, and when found in her new one was in the agonies of settling down, and could do nothing. The Mesdames Vendelkråka were inacessible; and the Countess Segersäll and her daughter, having, fortunately for themselves, come into a little property, had removed

from amongst the *pauvres honteuses*. Hulda thought she knew where they were to be found, and we went together in search of them. Knocking at the supposed right door, we find ourselves in the confusion and dust of a flitting, but are sent to the floor above; here new people are just come, they know nothing of anybody, but advise us to inquire a story higher. We do so, and after meeting with flitting evidences on the right hand and the left, finally, to our great delight, find ourselves in the presence of the Countess Segersäll, who is very cheery in the midst of sunshine, with furniture and flower-pots all in confusion, and merry canaries singing a thanksgiving for their enlarged locality. The poor old Countess said that everything was going on well with them, for though both she and her daughter were still ailing, they were greatly better for their improved circumstances.

Amongst all the flittings and changings by which I find myself surrounded, there is one of far greater moment than the rest. Miss Vennberg is preparing for her speedy removal to a home not made by human hands. She who has long gone about doing good, is now to re-

move to that land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The King, during this autumn, has had a gold medal struck for her, on which are the words "For praiseworthy deeds," to be worn as an order, with a dark blue ribbon. This was quite unexpected by her, but, gratifying as it was, the time for earthly honours was past.

Tante Fredrika had written to me at Årsta immediately on her return, saying that, to her great sorrow, she found her beloved Lotten sick unto death. She had been for two weeks to Södertelje but no favourable result had followed the change.

We have been this afternoon to see her. In countenance and manners she is as cheerful as ever. She speaks with calmness of her coming change, and is bequeathing her poor protégés to her various friends. Her sister is her loving, faithful attendant, and when we left accompanied her for a drive, she being now too feeble to walk. The carriage passed us shortly afterwards in the street, and never shall I forget the last bright smile and kind recognition of this incomparable woman which I received as she drove by.

Tante Fredrika has chosen my cabin in the fine vessel the *Admiral von Platen*; she has been twice down to the packet herself to make sure that all is as comfortable as possible for me; she has also provided me with an excellent coloured chart of the route, with illustrations and letter-press. Her kindness and her forethought for me are not to be told. My heart is very heavy in this approaching separation from her.

Unfortunately, Hulda cannot go to Södertelje with me. The vessel passes that place in the dead of night, and at that hour she would have no means of returning to Stockholm.

Oct. 7th. Afternoon.—I have been to the Seminarium for the last time. It is now in full operation for another session. The preparatory school has developed into a splendid educational institute for young girls, and occupies an extensive suite of apartments above the Seminarium. Here to my joy I again met my genial Upsala friend, Thora Kappasigma, busy amongst a large class of girls. Here too were Ingeborg and Edla, thoroughly in their element. We had met before at a little party at Tante Fredrika's.

Saturday Night, Oct. 8th.—On board the

Platen. We have just crossed Lake Roxen; there is a rattle and rumble and a sudden lull. The vessel has to be heaved up no less than fifteen sluices, the young stewardess tells me. She is very civil and obliging to the two young Swedish ladies and myself, who form the entire number of first-class passengers. We have, indeed, I believe, the steamer to ourselves.

The last two days have been a hurried confusion, the events seem now entangled into an inextricable mass. Yet all was done and said in time. Then came the last sad leave-taking from my beloved Tante Fredrika, at about nine o'clock at night, just on the same spot where she had so lovingly welcomed me, the stranger in Stockholm, little more than a year ago.

Everything now was wonderfully familiar. It seemed almost as a dream, when, a few minutes later, the luggage having been transported some hours before to the boat, by two old acquaintances of Sara's, whom she likewise accompanied, I was walking between dear Hulda and faithful Sara, who persisted in overloading themselves that I might go empty-handed. Every stone in quiet Brunkeberg Torg seemed an old acquaintance. The palace, the

Riddarhus, were successively passed, and were objects so very familiar that it seemed impossible but that I must pass them again. Very soon, far too soon, we arrived at the large black vessel lying in the dark Mälar waters, with a few lights from the lofty Södermalm reflected in them. The silent finger of the clock on Riddarholm church by the quay, crept on, and the moment came when Hulda and Sara must return to dear Tante Fredrika, who was left alone.

A lamp at a short distance gave me the last sight of Hulda, who, with her face buried in her handkerchief, was evidently led away by Sara in her coaxing manner. The quay was quite deserted. All was still on deck where I stood. A great silence prevailed until suddenly the sharp rattle of a drosky on the stones was heard approaching. It came up, then stopped abruptly. It was evidently bringing passengers. I turned to look, and then, in joyful amazement, beheld one well-known figure after another crossing the plank.

First, Thora Kappasigma, then Lucia, and after her Edla and Ingeborg. What a meeting that was! They would allow no parting to take place earlier than possible. They inspected

my little cabin, adorning it with flowers which they had brought with them. They came loaded with kind messages from Aunt Jane, and spread a perfect sunshine around. At length the time came when they must return to their drosky. The church clock solemnly struck ten, the vessel would be anon in motion.

All peace and repose rest over Stockholm!

In Gothenburg, a stay of several days occurred which was rendered extremely agreeable and interesting to me, not only from the kindness of the hospitable friends who had first welcomed me to Sweden, but by an introduction to the highly gifted Swedish author, Victor Rydberg. It was also a great pleasure and privilege to become further acquainted with Miss Bremer's excellent and justly esteemed friend Magister Hedlund, who, with his wife, devote themselves to the well-being and enlightenment of all classes in Gothenburg. Nor are children overlooked by them. The well-conducted *Kindergarten* owes much of its success to the efforts of Mrs. Hedlund, whose children are amongst the happy little ones who flourish there.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CLOSE OF A NOBLE LIFE.

THE following letters, which I had the pleasure of receiving from my beloved friend, are inserted to show not only the unwearied kindness and affectionate tenderness of her nature, but also to serve as a slight chronicle of events which interested her, and of her own movements during the last year of her earthly sojourn.

The first letter was received from her whilst I was in Gothenburg.

"STOCKHOLM, *Oct.* 10.

"I felt, my dearest Margret, on the evening when you left me, that I had forgotten something which you ought to have had. The next morning I remembered it, and now I cannot let Mrs. Badmemory justify herself and

triumph over Mrs. Goodmemory, as she is disposed to do. I rush after you, therefore, my dear Margret, by post, to fasten your shawl with a pin which holds an agate from Jerusalem, which I have had made for you, and to give you an illustrated handbook of Stockholm, which will remind you of your rambles, and also tell you that there is always a home for you there and a loving friend in that home who will be cordially glad to see you.

"You will find also with this postscript of mine, some little Scandinavian angels which you saw in my home, but which can no longer enjoy themselves there now you are gone. They, hearing that I was sending off a parcel to reach you before you leave Sweden, have taken the opportunity of creeping in, so that they may accompany you to England, where they desire to dwell with you in your own room, if you will allow it. Allow them this pleasure, my dear Margret, because it proves what confidence the angels have in you. They know that in you they have a friend who confides in them, and whom, therefore, they wish to accompany through life, even in the great noisy world of London. The little praying angel desires

above all things, as it tells me, to be your own angel.

(This is a sepia painting on ivory, done by Miss Bremer herself.)

"Morning and evening, and many times through the day, have Hulda and I thought and talked of you with a deep sense of your loss, and now our thoughts attend you on the journey west, rejoicing that the weather is beautiful, and wishful to drive from you all bad weather and autumnal frost. So far they have succeeded.

. . . . . .

"Your old, cordially loving and sisterly friend,

"F. B."

In order to keep unbroken the chain of events which concern Miss Bremer, I must here mention, that on the 4th of November, the excellent Lotten Vennberg passed away from works to rewards; nor will it, I trust, be considered out of place if I adopt Miss Bremer's words, taken from a little memoir which she wrote soon afterwards of this admirable woman:—

"On November 4th, the morning when the inhabitants of Stockholm were preparing for the

great national festival (which would celebrate the fifty years' union of Sweden and Norway), the moment when the church bells were ringing for the thanksgiving service, the beloved sufferer, surrounded by her dear relatives and friends, breathed her last. I saw her a couple of hours afterwards. Death had given to her features a patent of nobility which endowed them with a solemn, peaceful beauty. Something great seemed to have been enacted within her during the last hour. A few days later, and a black coffin stood in the beautiful choir of St. James's, entirely covered with wreaths and bouquets of real flowers, and a voice clear and beautiful as that of an angel sang from the altar—

"'From earth thou art taken; earth shalt thou again become. Jesus Christ shall raise thee at the last day.'

"The sun shone pleasantly through the tall windows. The church was filled by men and women of all classes. Few eyes were dry. When the procession slowly moved to St. John's churchyard (which appropriate place of burial she herself had chosen), the poor and the aged, supported on sticks and crutches, stood

leaning against the houses, to watch with tearful eyes the remains of one who had so often brought them help and comfort carried to the grave. The overseers of the poor, and many admirers, too, joined the procession. The sun shone, a gentle spring-like wind breathed through the autumn air. A shower of flowers and green wreaths fell into the grave on the coffin in the pleasant churchyard, and were accompanied by tender last looks of love. Then the earth fell with a dull, heavy sound, and all became silent around the grave of Lotten Vennberg.

"The good Lotten has left noble workers behind her, none more so than the Queen herself, who has erected a living monument to her memory, under the name of "Lotten Vennberg's Fund for the Needy."

"This fund, which the Queen has herself endowed, is intended to provide for and to protect such cases of human destitution and suffering as would have called forth Lotten Vennberg's sympathy and aid; thus, in the Home for the Sick; in the Children's Hospital; in the Home for Destitute Children; and, finally, in the general help afforded to poor but respectable

people, the memory of this merciful woman may be loved and blessed as long as the needy, the neglected, and the incurable are to be found in Stockholm; that is to say, for ever."

In the establishment of this fund, Miss Bremer, as might be expected, took a great share, and in a letter, which will be given in due course, it will be seen that she speaks of its satisfactory issue.

The loss of the letter mentioned in the following, dated Dec. 28th, I must ever deplore, especially as my dear friend, in the hope of its happily reaching me, never fully supplied its loss.

"DEAREST MARGRET,

"I wrote you a long letter on Christmas Eve, giving you all the news, both great and small, about people and things, which had interested you in Sweden, with copies of the King's poems; and, truth to say, I was well pleased with my letter, as being a faithful chronicle of our life here. This letter I entrusted to ——, for the post. But the good creature had so much to do that day, so many Christmas commissions to execute, and so much Christmas

work to finish for three Christmas-trees, that when she came to the post-office the letter was not to be found. How unhappy she was you may imagine. My hope, however, is, that the letter may have fallen into honest hands, been duly posted, and received by you ere this arrives. This is possible; therefore I will not repeat its contents, but wait to know the result.

. . . . . .

"Now for a few words about ourselves, and the small events which are not related in my former missing letter.

"Our Christmas Eve was very lively. Eleven little children gathered round the Christmas-tree, which was laden with apples and cakes, and lighted up with wax tapers. The poor little ones received gifts of clothing, as well as cakes and sweetmeats and apples, which were given also to the others, together with dancing figures of Hulda's cutting, which had been hung amongst the twigs, with little red and blue paper baskets, also the work of her hands. Edla G——, who was also here, explained in the most masterly manner the signification of the evening, exhibiting for this purpose two pictures—the one representing the vision of

the shepherds, and the other the cradle in Bethlehem. My brother and sister Q——, Jenny, and a young girl from the Seminarium, were my only other guests. The day was especially fine, and our market-place so full of fir-trees and Christmas stalls that it resembled a great fair. It looked quite lively and charming, and the lanterns, the glowworms, as you called them, on every booth and stall, made a perfect illumination.

"I have told you all about the great festival, for the *pauvres honteuses*, in my former letter; therefore of this I will say nothing.

. . . . . .

"All are well at Årsta. Sophie is now at home for Christmas. About Jenny R—— and the Seminarium I have told you every thing in the missing letter, which I cannot but trust you will receive.

. . . . . .

"On New-year's Day I shall have rice-pudding, *lutfisk*, and tarts for the new American minister and his wife,—she is a most sweet and interesting person,—the Q——s, and Olof Eneroth.

"God be with thee, my beloved Margret,

and make thee as happy as I wish thee to be, because more than that is not possible, even to our Lord!

"Thy affectionate old friend,

"F. B."

"STOCKHOLM, *April* 5, 1865.

"I cannot, ought not, *will not* longer delay writing to you my dearest Margret. I have a strong impression in my mind that you are longing to hear from me, and I have long wished to write, but have deferred it day after day in the hope of more leisure. But never has my time been so much occupied as during the past winter, so that I have had no leisure even for my more immediate interests. Nor is it much better with me now, and my writing-table is covered with letters both from home and abroad, which demand answers. Your letter of January, however, my dear Margret, shall wait no longer, and therefore I now take up my pen to tell you how heartily I thank you for it, and then what farther the heart and mind dictate.

. . . . . .

"Winter now is over in Sweden! And what

a winter! There has not in the memory of man been known in Stockholm cold equally extreme, and that through many weeks. 'Think only if Margret were here!' we have said many a time, 'then she would have known what a northern winter is!' And such snow! Terrible snow-storms in all parts of the country. The railroad has been snowed up for whole days together. The ice still covers all the lakes and rivers, and will do so till May. I have felt almost glad that you were not here, in the belief that you would have suffered so much from the cold. In the meantime the hearts of the Stockholm people were warm, and so much fuel was provided for the poor, that I really believe they were more comfortable in this respect than usual.

"Within the last few days there has been a change; the sun shines, and people are beginning to breathe again, to look cheerful, and to think about the country and summer.

"What shall I say about the winter? To me it has been neither interesting nor amusing. Yet the American war, with its great and happy results for the future and for humanity, has been a topic of much consolatory and

invigorating thought. Besides, I have had so little time either for repose or reflection; nevertheless, I have been able to do some good to my neighbour, and in so far I have had satisfaction. I will send you a paper which will make you acquainted with one of my undertakings, which has succeeded beyond all hope. (This refers to a warm-hearted appeal which she made on behalf of the unhappy Hagel, the Prime Minister of Fun.) There has been in Stockholm great want both of work and of money amongst the poor, and in consequence much misery, and considerable sums have been raised for their relief amongst the wealthy. Magnificent festivals and dinners have been given by the Court and the ministers, and especially in the palace of Prince Oscar. The theatre also has been much frequented, and benevolent undertakings have prospered, for it is a fact that whenever the question is of amusement or of charity, the Swede has always money. Lotten Vennberg's fund has increased to nearly 12,000 riksdalers, and the asylum for the *pauvres honteuses* has had a great acquisition of means in consequence of a bazaar, which was held for its benefit. There are now twenty old ladies in this home,

who have every day a good dinner, and are—so happy!

"In my home all has been quiet and peaceful, only empty since my dear Margret left it. The charming and amiable Mrs. M—— has now and then in an evening been seated in the yellow damask easy-chair which used to be yours and has read to me, which has been very pleasant. The last book was the 'Essays and Reviews,' which produced so much angry excitement in England, but why I cannot understand. I feel the deepest respect for the spirit and the magnanimity with which they are written, but it seems to me that in a scientific point of view they are far too one-sided; they fall very short of what the soul requires. Mrs. M—— finished 'Westward Ho!' which you began to read to me. It is admirable and magnificent in parts, and seems to me the most Shakspearian of all Kingsley's creations, a picture of wonderful power and truth. I shall certainly write to thank him for it when I am in quietness at Årsta, which will not, however, be till June. I have yet so much to do in Stockholm. Ah! how I long for rural retreat and peace.

. . . . . .

"My Hulda, cheerful, good, and industrious as ever, will be established as modeller at the great china manufactory of Gustafsberg, which makes her very happy. She is now earnestly competing at the School of Design for the large silver medal, the highest prize. She will not be satisfied with anything less. Sara works hard in the kitchen, and is excellent in her department. She likes Mrs. M——, but of my gentlemen visitors she has lost her especial favourite.

"Professor Bergfalk, Major M——, the Nilssons, &c., come to me in the evening as usual, and often it is very agreeable; but I feel myself more and more weary, and out of tune for company. I have been very little out this winter—only one evening.

. . . . . .

"The Seminarium and the Normal School, in which there are now 143 children, are both flourishing, and Mrs. Thengberg is superintending admirably. Ingeborg still remains as the teacher there, but Edla has been nominated as principal of the Clara national school, and has thus not only a very noble and responsible

work before her, but a handsome salary. Jenny R—— has established a Thursday school for poor girls, in which she has at present a hundred scholars of all ages. Fröken Esselde is going on in good work, and her magazine increases in value. Thus you see that woman's work and prospects are encouraging in Sweden.

"The good Årsta family are all well. They sent me some apples not long ago.

"What shall I say more? This I will say, that my dear Margret must always bear in mind that if ever she have a desire to come again into our high latitudes, she will find spacious rooms at Arsta, and large, loving hearts there to welcome her, and that in my heart her little chamber is always ready to receive her. In this love I embrace thee, my child, and am thy old friend, "F. B."

In April of 1865, soon after receiving the above letter, I left home for some months, going first to France, whence I immediately wrote to my dear friend. This letter, full of detail, and calculated, as I hoped, to give her pleasure, shared the fate of hers to me written at Christ-

mas. It was lost; and in the month of June when I too was beginning to be anxious for news, I received from her the following:—

"STOCKHOLM, *7th June*, 1865.

"How is it, my dearest Margret, that I hear no news of you? It is now two months since I wrote you a long letter, giving you all particulars about ourselves, and since then I have not had a single line from you. A packet of books, it is true, has come to me from your father and you, for which I am much obliged, but books are not the same as letters. And I wish so earnestly to know something about my dear child.

"As I told you so much in my last, I will now merely say that I am about to break up housekeeping, and shall leave Stockholm towards the end of the present month, and remove to Årsta, where the Solbergs are ready to receive me.

. . . . . .

"The great events in North America, and the triumph of principle; the extinction of slavery, and the almost miraculous conclusion of the war; the assassination of Lincoln when his work

was done—all this great drama has been to me, as you will imagine, subjects of increasing and inconceivable interest, and the great victory for the whole world and humanity, which has been the result of the American war, has been a real elixir of life to my soul.

. . . . . .

"The little book, 'Silas Marner,' has given delight to all who have read it, the Wredes, the Quidings, &c.

"I cannot write more till I know that my dear Margret is alive and well, and still remembers her old friend, "F. B."

"ÅRSTA, *July* 31*st*, 1865.

"At length, my beloved Margret, I have received a letter from you, and know that you are alive and well. . . . . .

"I was greatly surprised to hear that you were in France. . . . . .

"I have now been at Årsta for about a month, and wish that I could have you here, where I believe you would enjoy yourself as you did last year. Everything looks just as it did last summer. The Reders are again living in their

wing. The Lagers and Solbergs visit each other almost every week, and the young people have round games and dances. Last evening they danced 'Weaving Valmar' and the 'Curtseying Polska,' played at 'Borrowing Fire from a Neighbour,' and other games, in the lower saloon, till eleven o'clock. Ingeborg, who is my guest for a few days, danced and played with the young people, whilst Mrs. Reder, Mrs. Solberg, and I, looked on. . . . .

"The treat for the Carl's school, at Gålön, again took place on the 14th, in the most beautiful weather, and was precisely the same as when we were there together. Fröken E—— danced again incessantly with the children. She, however, has become stouter and stronger, and it seemed to me that the children's sandwiches were more enormous both in size and number than last year. In every respect this institution appears to be increasingly prosperous. . . . . .

"I have not much news to send which can interest you. You will have read in the papers of the great tropical heat which has prevailed here, together with thunder-storms and heavy rain." . . . . . .

"Årsta, *September 26th*, 1865.

"My Beloved Margret,

"I have written so long a letter to-day to your dear sister that I have only time to write a short note to you. But write I must and will, in order to thank you for your letter from Clarens, where it was a great pleasure to know that you had met with my charming friend Mrs. Campbell.

. . . . . .

"Life at Årsta is very quiet now, for the Reders have left, and four of the Solbergs are in Stockholm. Therese is gone with Sofie in order to enter the Academy of Music as a pupil, for she has a fine voice and great musical understanding. Before this dispersion of our young people, I had a party for the Reders, the Lagers, and the Solbergs, which was quite successful, dancing and singing going on till half-past eleven. . . . . .

"My birthday, which you and the others, my dear child, made so beautiful for me last year, was celebrated very sweetly by my young friends. I was now greeted in the morning with the 'Hosianna' hymn, and other beautiful songs, under my window; the same also at night. And now, my very dear young friend, you may

see your old friend sitting in the evening at a nice spinning-wheel, spinning, spinning merrily in company with Mrs. Solberg, and quite delighted with this occupation for the autumn and winter evenings. In the forenoons, I read and write in the large rooms you remember—the boudoir and the saloon. My last literary work is a kind of compendium for children, or indeed for older readers, of my travels in Palestine. The first part only will be published by Christmas. I shall send it to you. . .

"Your loving old friend,

"F. B."

Miss Bremer might be said, at this time, to stand as a venerable oak, under the fostering shadow of which had sprung up many saplings, the offspring of her own great intellect and divinely-inspired heart. As all had derived life and strength from her, so now they looked upwards towards heaven through her branches. But as there can be no perfected development in shadow, and as in God's work there is no stuntedness nor dwarfing of life, the parent-tree was removed as much for the sake of this younger generation as for the higher uses for which itself was needed.

Miss Bremer, far happier than most, was permitted to see all her noblest aspirations crowned with success. Young, vigorous, pure-minded women, her own spiritual daughters, were growing up around her to carry on her work, calmly and wisely to realize every dream of her ardent and philanthropic mind. Never surely was a human life more fully crowned with success. Scarcely had she a cherished desire, whether as regarded individuals, classes, or nations, especially Sweden and America—those two countries to which her heart's love was given—of which she was not permitted to see the accomplishment. Her very soul sang a *Te Deum Laudamus* over the new dawn of peace and the extinction of slavery in America, also over the important changes introduced early in last December in the representation of her own beloved country, and that the King had lately declared "Education to be the only means by which a sure foundation can be laid for the welfare of a country;" an opinion supported by his ministers, especially by her enlightened friend De Geer. She saw the Swedish women calmly and wisely vindicating their own rights as human beings to a more independent life,

and bravely earning their own bread in many a new occupation, as law-copyists in Fröken Esselde's bureau, as telegraphists, &c. She saw the asylum for *pauvres honteuses* established in a new and more suitable house, capable of accommodating ten additional inmates—thirty in all, and this principally by her own persuasive pen.

One and another of her friends were being taken away. Lotten Vennberg was gone, and also, during the summer, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden. Another life too was removed, so humble a one it is true that it might seem almost absurd to mention it, were it not ennobled by simple piety and old reverential fidelity. This was the aged coachman, Carl Adolfsson, who was "willing to go," he said, but added "he ought to have lived to drive Mamsell Bremer back to Årsta."

So the year 1865 passed on into winter. Christmas was approaching. Christmas at Årsta, that for which Miss Bremer had yearned so often when abroad at this season. She felt that in no country was Christmas so beautifully kept as in Sweden, just as the pine-tree seemed to her more lovely than the palm. The wish

of her heart was again granted, and she was about to spend the Christmas at Årsta.

I must now borrow the words of one of the daughters of the worthy family, under whose roof she had indeed come to end her days.

"Miss Bremer had become, if possible, still dearer to us. She was the sun which enlightened and warmed every one and every thing. She amused herself during the autumn by spinning in the evening; the rest of the day she wrote.

"Christmas Eve was the happiest imaginable. She celebrated it with thirty poor children belonging to the estate—danced with them round the tree, gladdened them with nice presents, partly prepared by herself, and spoke to them many precious words about the significance of Christmas. Afterwards, we all presented to her our gifts, for every one had made her something, and this seemed to give her pleasure. We then had music; it was the last time we played to her; first Therese and I played the 'Overture to Semiramis,' by Rossini; then Therese sang 'The Wanderer,' by Schubert, and 'On New Year's Day,' by Geijer; after which, she asked me to play a religious aria,

composed in 1667, by Stradetta. Finally, Therese played some organ preludes. Tante Bremer listened to our notes with the greatest delight, for the last time.

"After tea, she herself read aloud to us two of Hans Christian Andersen's stories,—first, 'The Christmas Tree,' and, secondly, 'How the Nightingale Sang to the Emperor.' All were delighted, for none could read more beautifully aloud than she did. Thus we heard her read for the last time; then she left the dining-room never again to enter it!

"That night she dreamed, as she told us the next morning, of hearing the most glorious music, such as she had never heard in reality: now, of a certainty, this music has been realized to her.

"She and I drove early to church for the Christmas matins, and she sang the hymns and 'Halleluia,' with full voice. She was delighted to see the illumined church, but she took cold in coming out. She was taken ill on the second Christmas-day, but she made light of it; she coughed, and had a slight pain in her chest. The following day she seemed better. I drank tea with her in the saloon, and she conversed

with her usual animation, eloquence, and cheerfulness. Next day she was much worse, and a physician was sent for. He pronounced her illness to be inflammation of the lungs, and wished her to keep her bed; but she remained up. Various remedies were applied, but without effect. She probably did not suffer much, but her strength was soon exhausted, and all hope was over.

"She was very cheerful, never complained, and conversed much. Yet there was an evident unrest about her which greatly distressed us. We did all we could for her.

"'You make me so comfortable, my dear, good children,' she said, 'you make me so happy by your care!'

"On the fifth morning, she took several turns round the saloon, leaning on my arm, and gazed from the windows on the beloved familiar scenes for the last time. Soon afterwards, she began to speak of death, and said that 'she would have liked to remain a little longer to finish the work she had begun.' Later on, she said—

"'Now I am so tired that if God were to call me, I am content.'

"Afterwards, she said, as if speaking portions of inner thought, 'God's light in nature! There is something great in the voice of nature. I have a sense of the Divine Perfection—it is good—it is beautiful!'

"Directly afterwards, she took to her bed. The pain and weakness increased. She looked at us in the sweetest manner, called us by the tenderest names, and continually pressed our hands. Her brother-in-law, and sister, arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. She recognized them, and said, with reference to us, 'Those who surround me have been so good and thoughtful to me—so worthy!'

"It was a moment of inexpressible solemnity to us all!

"About an hour later, she became unconscious of the outer world; uttered only broken sentences from time to time as, 'My soul is in the right place, but still there is combat.' 'The love of Christ is great, immensely great!'

"Soon afterwards the last strife commenced. At eleven she took some medicine; but at two was unable to swallow. Certainly, she suffered at times, but the end was easy.

"Two faint notes in the minor key were the last sounds from Tante Bremer's gentle lips. She had ceased to breathe.

"The moon, which had before been hidden by dark clouds, now came forth and cast its light on the corpse of one of earth's noblest women; but in our hearts there remained a dark impervious night, which no light at that time could penetrate. We now again see light, otherwise we should poorly have comprehended the teachings of her beautiful life.

"At first the awfulness of death left its impress on her benign features, but an expression of peace was there, as she rested in her coffin. She lay in her own chamber, which Therese and I decorated with creepers and flowers in pots. No snow had yet fallen, and we wove innumerable wreaths of green leaves and white everlastings, which we laid on the coffin. It was black, and on the plate, which was placed at the foot, were engraved the words:—

"'*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!*'

"The guests invited to the funeral were Baron Wrede, Justitiesrådet Carleson, Professor Bergfalk, Major Myrberg, etc. Some simple

refreshments were partaken at Årsta, and the dependents carried the coffin, hidden by wreaths, to Österhanninge church. Many chaplets were of laurel and cypress sent by her friends and those whom she had benefited; the most touching, perhaps, was a wreath of white camellias sent by the poor children of "the Silent School."

"The service took place in the church. We had decorated the altar with white linen and green wreaths, and a cross of flowers and leaves. The catafalque rested on a carpet of interlaced fir-twigs, and a dirge on the organ was played as the coffin entered the church. We had formed a large choir, and sang the hymn, 'Oh, day of hope whose dawn begins.'

"Pastor Lager gave a touching address; after which, 'Hosianna,' her favourite hymn, was sung, followed by, 'I go towards death where'er I go.'

"Fru Fredrika L——, Hulda Dahl, Ingeborg, and Edla, were present, together with a number of girls from the Seminarium, and all carried bouquets of flowers. These, with a great crowd of sorrowing people, joined the procession, and thus the beloved remains were carried

3462

to their last resting-place in the burial-ground of the Bremers.

"It was very long before the grave was closed. All wanted once more to gaze upon Frèdrika Bremer's flower-covered coffin. Yet at length it was done. Ten poor children, who followed in the procession, laid their wreaths on the grave."

Fredrika Bremer loved the light. A thorough Scandinavian, she strove persistently after it; but, wiser than the old heathens, who flung themselves from the precipice, to reach, as they said, "the other light," rather than endure old age, she devoted her declining years to ascending ever upwards towards the divine, eternal light, and thus, on the last day of the year 1865, entered into the promise which she had selected in her text-book, "Golden Corn," for that very day:—

"There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever."—Rev. xxii. 5.

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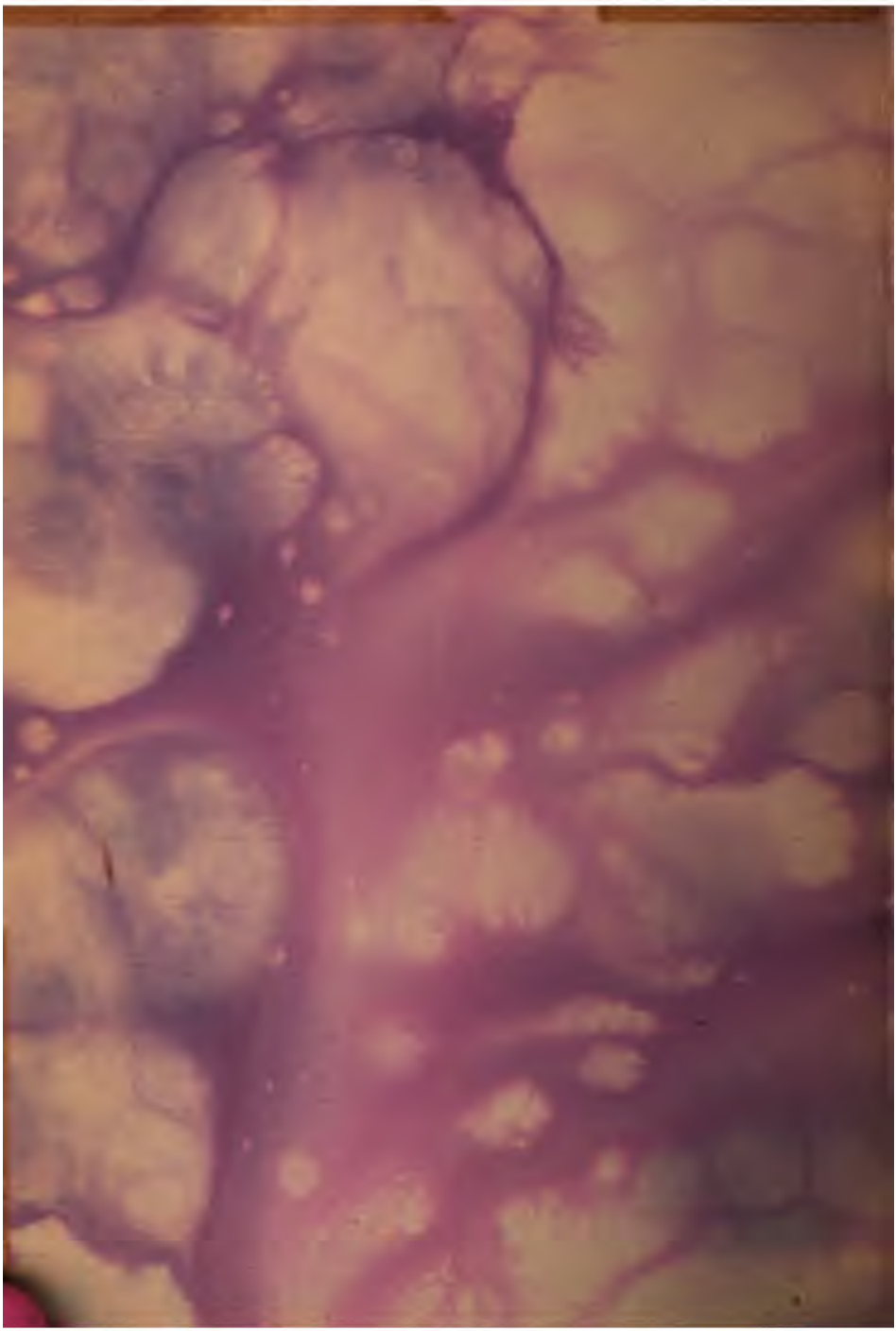

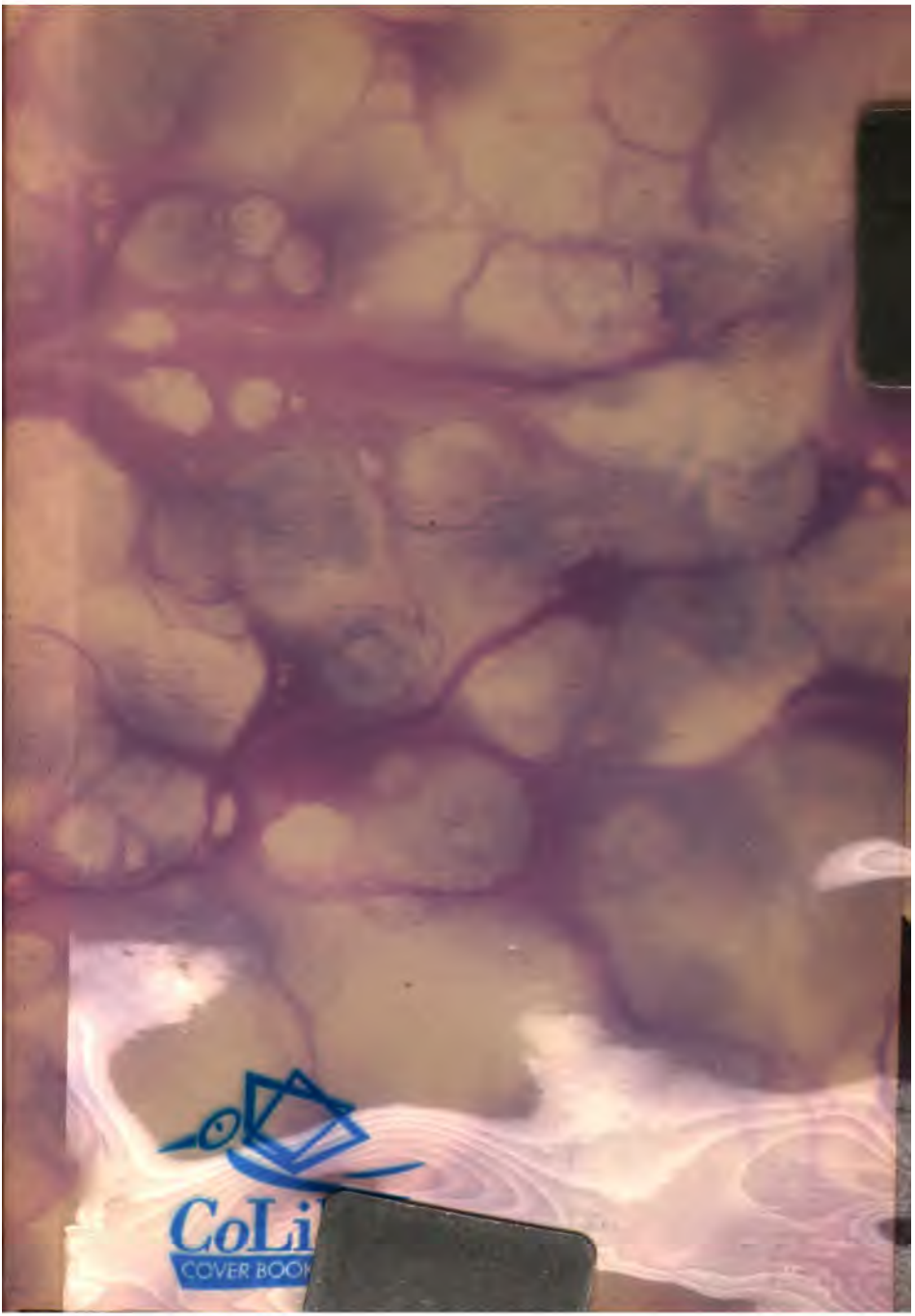
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